





PREFACE.

There are few people who will not acknowledge an innate aversion to Guide Books. They consult, rather than read them, and fling them aside for ever as soon as they have gained the requisite information from them. The patient Compiler of a Dictionary may receive few thanks for his labour, but if he have done his work well, he has the satisfaction of knowing that it may prove of enduring worth. The Author of a Handbook, on the contrary, except in a few rare and notable instances, is perfectly aware that in the space of a few years, much of what he has written will be obsolete,—that houses will have changed inhabitants—that ancient buildings will have disappeared, and modern ones sprung up,—that old associations will, in some measure, be effected by new objects of interest, and that his little book—the fruit, perhaps, of considerable labour—will share the fate of many more aspiring productions and find its last home at the trunk maker's. So discouraging a prospect may be borne philosophically, if only the author can feel assured that

in his progress towards that inevitable bourn, he shall neither be voted a bore, nor prove useless to those who may seek his guidance and advice.

In the Handbook of Dorking, the Author has endeavoured, as far as possible, to avoid prolixity, and to keep clear of every topic which might prove dull and uninteresting. It has been his aim to point out to strangers every object of interest connected with the town of Dorking and the exquisite scenery lying adjacent to it,—to accompany them in their rambles through the woods and lanes, and over the hills,—to point out a few of the hidden charms which might otherwise escape their eye,—to be their companion, their chosen companion, he trusts, while wandering amid scenes which should “unloose their bonds of care,” or visiting haunts which have become sacred by historical or literary associations. This is the task proposed; the visitors to Dorking and its neighbourhood will prove the best judges as to the way in which it has been accomplished.

Before concluding the preface, the Author begs leave to thank all those who have kindly afforded him information, or who have made a pleasant task still pleasanter by the interest they have evinced during its progress. It would be

inviduous to mention a *few* names,—it would be impossible to mention *all*, and therefore he is compelled to content himself with this brief and general knowledge.

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C. O. M. M. U. S.

Redland
Woods

To Hook
& Hook

SCALE OF MILES



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MAP
OF THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF
DORKING.



A HAND-BOOK OF DORKING.

“ Oh ! pleasant land of idlesse !
Jollity bides not 'neath the trees,
But thought, that roams from folly free,
Through the pure world of poetry,
Puts on her strength in scenes like these.”

MARY HOWITT.

“NAME a third country town for beauty and cleanliness, and all that makes a place pleasant, worthy to be numbered with Dorking and Guildford.”

So writes Martin Tupper, the far-famed author of “Proverbial Philosophy.” We believe that the praise which he has awarded to Guildford is well deserved; an intimate acquaintance with Dorking enables us to corroborate his opinion respecting that town with a still greater measure of certainty. In order to describe it properly, we will take it for granted that our readers know no more about Dorking than the few brief and dry particulars which they may have gleaned from the pages of a Gazetteer.

Many of them, in the old coach-days, probably passed through it on their way to Horsham or Brighton. If they were gifted with the love of beauty, or with an eye for the picturesque, they could not fail to be struck with the town, so peacefully does it lie in the valley, surrounded by hills and uplands,

which in some directions are clothed with foliage, and in others stand out bare, and yet withal, beautiful in their form and outline.

DORKING, or Dorchinges according to the Domesday Book, is situated upon the Pip-Brook, a little stream which runs parallel with the town on the north side, and after crossing the London road, empties itself into the Mole under Box Hill. In olden times, the streams in the neighbourhood were famous for producing perch, and we are told that "Dutch merchants used to come frequently from London to eat water-souchy, made of them in great perfection here." Dorking is bounded on the North by the Parishes of Mickleham and Great Bookham; on the East by Betchworth; on the South by Leigh, Newdigate, Capel, and Ockley; and on the West by Wotton. By the coach road, it is twenty-four miles from Cornhill, twelve from Guildford and Horsham, five from Letherhead, and about nine from Epsom.

The statistics of Dorking, and all necessary information respecting the town, we shall endeavour to compress within as small a space as possible. Readers of Guide-books, like birds of passage, come and go with the season, and very little does it concern them to be informed upon all those minute points which the writers thereof are sometimes tempted to bring under their cognizance, and which tend to make their volumes flat and unprofitable.

Be it known then, that Dorking must at one period have been a place of considerable importance. In name and repute it is very ancient, and it is

probable that the manor was given by William the Conqueror, to Gundreda his daughter, who married the first Earl of Warren and Surrey, for we find that the seventh earl claimed the right of holding the market and fair in the town, the latter on the eve and day of the Feast of the Ascension, at which season it is still commemorated. Upon the early history of the town, we do not propose to enter. At one period, it must have been a place of considerable resort, and the number of large inns which it contained, affords us some idea of its prosperity. The remains of one or two of these ancient buildings, now used for other purposes, are still standing, and will be viewed with interest.

Among these, the Queen's Arms at the corner of West Street, near the Post-Office, appears to have been the largest. It extended a considerable way down the Street, and probably terminated at the spot now occupied by the Bell; the old bar and the old sign have been preserved, and the date 1591 is still visible.

At the north-west angle of the High Street, on the present site of the Post-Office, there was another very large inn, part of which is still standing, although long ago converted to other purposes. It bore the sign of the Lower Chequers, but was changed at the time of the Restoration to the Old King's Head. This inn was the resort of many celebrated men, and on the glass of the windows, removed about thirty years ago, many curious devices and signatures were engraved.

The markets, too, were large and well-frequented in those days, but the Market House falling into decay, was pulled down in 1813, and never re-built.



THE OLD MARKET HOUSE.

From this circumstance, we may safely argue that the trade of the town was in no very flourishing condition at that period.*

Time has gradually destroyed nearly all traces of Dorking's primitive condition, and the shops and houses have been modernized in accordance with the spirit of the age. Mr. Thorne, in his "Rambles by Rivers," one of the most charming volumes in Knight's Shilling Series, describes it as a "long, neat,

* Among the curiosities lately sold in the Bernal collection, was a gilt sacramental cup, shaped like a wine-glass, with a curiously-chased stem. It was found on pulling down an old house near Dorking, and is supposed to have been concealed in the roof from which it fell, in the time of the Parliamentary War. It sold for 11 guineas.

quiet town, famous for its poultry, butter, and other good things," and considers that it is quite unmatched for the number and variety of pleasant rambles it offers, by any other town within the same distance of London. With less truth, or rather with singular incongruity, the author of "A Promenade round Dorking," describes the town as "London in miniature, possessing shops, little inferior in taste and display, to the boasted lines of Cheapside or the Strand." The shops and houses in the High Street give one the idea of general comfort and respectability, and certainly resemble those of London in one particular; that all which have been constructed of late years, are built with a view to convenience rather than effect. Why the two objects should not be combined, we have never yet been able to determine. Adaptation to use is of course the first thing to be studied, and it is now recognised as "the germ of the beautiful and the elegant in every style of architecture." Let this then be the main object, but this being secured, it is assuredly no mean consideration how the eye may be best pleased, or at any rate not offended. And the simple exercise of taste would prevent those deformities which destroy the effect of so many of our modern buildings.

An extract from a work upon the picturesque,* which we have lately met with, furnishes an example of one error which is strikingly obvious in the architecture of several of our houses. It is the

* The Elements of Picturesque Scenery, by H. Twining.
Longman & Co.

only one to which we shall allude. "The science of mechanics or of building introduced the unquestionable improvement of carrying off the water by an internal system of spouts and gutters, instead of exposing the foot-passengers, as in some parts of the Continent, to the dripping from the eaves, or to the still less agreeable contributions from the water-spouts. But as the overhanging of the roof became no longer necessary by these improvements, the bulging cornice should have immediately taken the place and office of the suppressed projection of the roof. However, by a gradual diffusion of taste in architecture, the deep cornice and moulding are becoming more and more generally adopted; but had this improvement of taste kept pace with the progress of the science of building, the uniform blank wall, terminated only by a narrow and insignificant coping, would never have been tolerated, even in this country of innovations."

The parish church, which was opened for divine service in 1837, has no architectural beauty to recommend it. It is dedicated to St. Martin, and consists of a nave, aisles, transept, and chancel. The building has a square tower, surmounted by an octagonal spire, and will accommodate about 1800 persons. It was raised by voluntary subscription amounting to £10,000., £500. of that amount being presented by the Incorporated Society for Building Churches.

There are several tablets in the church, but the only names which the stranger will recognize, are those of Abraham Tucker and Jeremiah Markland,—





notable men both of them, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in other portions of this volume. Hoole, the well-known, but unpoetical translator of Tasso and Ariosto, is buried in the churchyard.

The churchyard happily no longer in use is an unattractive spot, surrounded by houses and destitute of trees; but it is remarkable in one respect, for the Roman road leading from Arundel to London crossed its north-west angle, and many coins, "chiefly of the smaller and least valuable brass, but including silver ones of Tiberius and Antoninus, have been found here at different times."

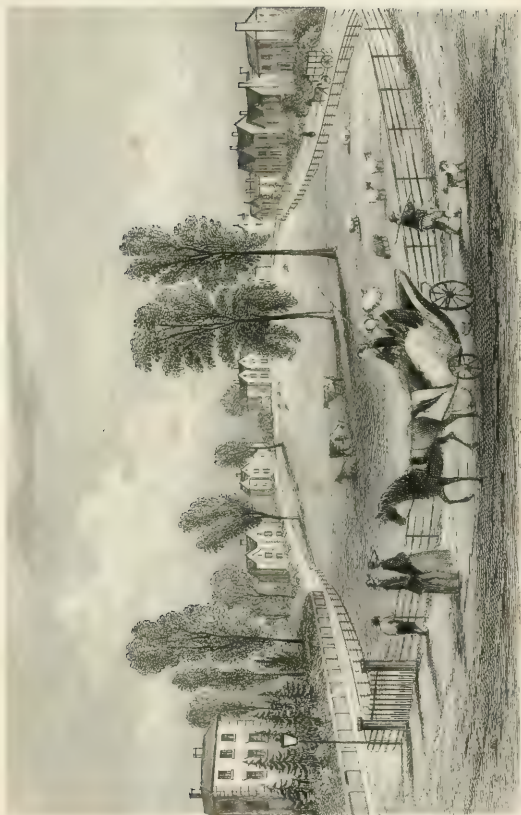
St. Paul's church which was consecrated for divine service in the summer of 1857, is finely situated on a sloping piece of ground at the back of Rose Hill, which was presented for the purpose by Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., of the Deepdene. The church is built of Bath stone and flint, and in style is Early Decorated or Geometrical. It will contain between 500 and 600 people. The East and West windows are filled with painted glass by Hudson, and the walls of the interior are ornamented by ecclesiastical devices in stamped stucco. "The west gable" (we quote from the professional description in *The Builder*) terminates in a bold oak shingled bell-cot." The parsonage which adjoins the church, fitly harmonizes with the ecclesiastical structure and after the lapse of years, when it has become somewhat sheltered by foliage, will present a very pleasing appearance. The incumbent is the Rev. J. B. Calvert. The church as well as the parsonage were built at the sole expense

of John Labouchere, Esq., of Broome-Hall, who also liberally endowed the church.

In West Street stands the Congregational Church, a neat, brick edifice, capable of accommodating 800 persons. It was built about two years before the parish church, and both buildings stand upon the site of older places of worship. A plain Quaker Meeting-House on Rose Hill, and a rather pretty Wesleyan Chapel in Church Street, complete the list of our places of worship.

Unfortunately, the description of almost every town involves an account of its workhouse, which is generally the ugliest and the most conspicuous building in a locality. Dorking Union stands out prominently enough, on a noble eminence commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. It contains sufficient accommodation for 250 persons, and the utmost care and attention are bestowed upon all its internal arrangements.

The large cellars or caves beneath the town, dug out of the sand rock, are highly curious. It is said that more than a hundred years ago, a man was foolish enough to expend all his property in making the largest of these excavations, at the bottom of which there is now a spring of pure water. Not far from these cellars, is Rose Hill, once the property of Richard Lowndes, Esq., in whose days the estate consisted of a spacious mansion and beautiful grounds, but the house has been divided, and on the land several villas have been built, some of which can boast of architectural beauty, while all present the appearance of comfortable residences.



At the east end of Dorking, is Shrub Hill, the residence of Lady Elizabeth Jane Wathen, the daughter of the late Earl of Rothes. The grounds attached to the house are laid out with considerable taste, and afford ample scope, by the undulations of the land, for all the mysteries of landscape gardening.* They are bounded by Cotmandene, a beautiful and healthy common, of about twelve acres in extent, the favourite resort of cricketers during the summer months, and a pleasant promenade at all times, for the soil is dry, the air fresh and breezy, and the view of the surrounding country, "beautiful exceedingly." At the back of the common, rises the mansion of the Deepdene, but in summer, it is not wholly visible from this point, owing to the density of the foliage. A pretty row of almshouses, fronted by a garden, adds considerably to the general effect; there is an air of cleanliness and comfort about them, and the inmates appear happy and contented in this quiet retreat.

There are a few pleasant and comfortable lodgings upon Cotmandene, and several others in the town, which are eagerly sought after by visitors as long as the season lasts. In summer, too, several of the residents of Dorking are in the habit of seeking a sea-change and of letting their houses during their absence, and many a man of business who may be seen daily in the City, and who seems as though

* Nearly opposite Shrub Hill, are the nursery gardens belonging to Messrs. Ivery, which are open at all times to the inspection of visitors. The lover of flowers, and who does not love them? cannot fail to be gratified by a stroll through the grounds and greenhouses.

he were wedded to his counting-house and his ledgers, is glad to daff the world aside, and spend his evenings at Dorking, for, thanks to the rail! the daily journey to and fro occupies no more time than the coach or omnibus drive to Hampstead or Highgate. Not only has the railroad improved the trade of the town, but it has, in no small degree, promoted the comfort of its inhabitants, who can now realize almost every advantage which a city life affords, and be at the same time free denizens of the country, enjoying its peculiar charms and reaping all the benefits which it so freely offers.

It would be idle to say aught with respect to the trains, for every visitor will doubtless bring a Bradshaw in his pocket, and if not, cards are to be obtained gratis in the town, affording every information with respect to the transit between Dorking and London. On referring to them, the tourist will find that he has the choice of two stations, and if his residence be situated at the east end of the town, he will choose the Box Hill terminus,* from whence also free transit by omnibus is granted twice a day, to and from Mickleham and Letherhead, for the advantage of railway travellers.

During the summer months, the tourist has generally the option of travelling to London on alternate days, by a Brighton coach: there is, also, a coach twice every day to Letherhead and Epsom, in connection with the Epsom line of rail.

There are several respectable inns in Dorking

* The omnibus, however, which is in connection with the trains runs only to the Dorking Station.



London & the Country



and two hotels, the Red Lion and the White Horse, both of which are well conducted, and the visitor will find nothing to complain of on the score of charges. At the back of the Red Lion, and belonging to its proprietor, is a room in which public meetings, balls, concerts, and lectures, are frequently held. It is well lighted and ventilated, but by no means large enough for the requirements of the town.

In a literary point of view, Dorking may be considered deficient, when compared with other towns of the same size and importance. There are however one or more private Book Societies, and within the last few months a Literary and Scientific Institution has been started under the happiest auspices. This society has sprung from the ashes of another, which lately occupied the same building called the Rotunda, and which although unsuccessful was enabled to retire from the field with flying colours, and to contribute a liberal sum in aid of its successor, as well as to the Working Men's Society of which more anon. If we may judge from the prospectus of the new Literary and Scientific Institution, it will differ little, if at all, from its brethren, which enjoy for the most part a flourishing existence in the various towns of England. A Library, Reading Room, Lectures, and Classes, are the four main advantages it offers, and if this varied *pabulum* prove true and sound in quality, few will be disposed to grudge the small sum required on admission. No arrangement appears at present to have been made for the benefit of strangers, but this omission will probably be supplied. A monthly

subscription at a somewhat higher rate than that demanded for annual members, might be serviceable to the Institution, and would certainly prove so to the visitors, who frequent Dorking during the months of summer.

A kindred Institution, designed however for another class in society, claims the name of the Working Men's Institute. The design is a noble one, for no one is so ignorant now-a-days as to imagine that any portion of society is better or happier for ignorance. A strange kind of devotion indeed must that have been of which ignorance was the mother; if the parent were purblind, the child must have proved a veritable imp of darkness. Let us be thankful that in England, however short a distance we may have advanced in practice, we do yet heartily maintain the claim of every man to be instructed, not only in religious truth, but in all sound and useful learning. What is "sound," and what is "useful" may give rise to many a controversy, but in the meanwhile the principle is ceded, and if the working man has only just ground enough on which to plant his foot firmly, he knows that with the consent and approbation of all good and great men, he may possibly advance step by step until he is lord of a mental territory, such as the highest aristocrat in the land finds it difficult, perhaps impossible, to attain. But to return to the Working Men's Institute. It is we have reason to believe under good management, and deserves encouragement. Gifts of books or money, or even better still an occasional lecture on some interesting topic, are the means by which the claims of the

Institute can be met by those who have it in their power and heart to render a true service to the Working Men of Dorking.

In some respects, Dorking can boast of considerable advantages. It is well lighted by gas, supplied with good water, and admirably paved;* the soil and site, too, are highly favourable for a good drainage, and if, in some parts of the town, a deficiency has been felt in this respect, there is every prospect of its speedy and effectual removal.

A quiet and beautiful spot on the Reigate Road, not far from the Punch Bowl Inn, has been occupied for more than two years, as the Cemetery of the town. The ground comprises four acres, more than half of which has been consecrated. There are two Chapels, and the style of both is in the second period of gothic architecture, or Decorated. A gate-house for the person in charge of the Cemetery, is in the same style, but adapted to domestic purposes. The architect, H. Clutton, Esq., has succeeded in erecting two chapels, which are alike appropriate, and beautiful. He has at the same time been eminently favoured by the situation. "God's Acre," (we like to use the old and poetical term,) could not have been set apart on a more beautiful and favoured site, at such a convenient distance from the town.

* The management of the Highways is under the control of a Local Board, elected annually, and much credit is due to that Body for the very excellent state of repairs in which the Highways of the Parish are kept. Considerable improvements have lately been effected on the Westcott Road, and the Station Road which was formerly as bad as road could be, has been put into an admirable state much to the comfort and satisfaction of all foot passengers.

Visitors to Dorking who may be invalids, will find that every comfort is to be met with in the town. The highest medical aid can be obtained on the spot, and the facility afforded for drives, rides, or walks, the extreme dryness of the soil, the quality and variety of all marketable commodities, are advantages which they who are in search of health can alone properly estimate.

Dorking is especially famous for its Lime and for its Fowls. In the Chalk Pits, which are situated about half a mile from the town, on the north side, are several large kilns. The lime produced here is much valued for its property of hardening under water, and it is said to have been first extensively used in the metropolis, in building the London Docks, and the Sessions House and County Gaol at Horsemonger Lane.

The poultry of this neighbourhood has gained a still more extensive reputation. Dorking fowls are distinguished by their colour and by an additional claw, and are supposed by Manning to have been introduced into this country by the Romans, since Columella, in his Husbandry, describes "fowls answering to these." Singularly enough, for it has never been accounted for, the fowls are said to degenerate when removed to another locality. The breed was, we believe, becoming scarce, but since the poultry mania sprang up, more attention has been paid to it, and in a few years, we may expect a decided increase.

To those of our readers who have been smitten by the prevailing malady, we recommend a small

volume upon the Dorking fowl, written by the Secretary of the London Poultry Association.

Dorking is by no means behind other towns in its educational advantages; there are some good private schools; and the National schools, as well as those in connection with the British and Foreign Society, are well attended and efficiently conducted.

And here it will be well to mention the Choral Society, which is carried on with spirit and success. There are we believe two meetings of the members every week, but as the public are not admitted the visitor to Dorking will be unable we fear to form his own judgment on the musical status of the town.

All charitable objects are here liberally supported, and as a single instance of the generous, as well as patriotic feeling which prevails, it may not be amiss to state, that, at a public meeting, held in the town, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, the sum of £400. was collected in the room, and a very considerable addition was afterwards made.

As a town, Dorking is increasing in population,* and ere long it will in all probability greatly extend its boundaries. Within the last two or three years the formation of the Arundel Road, on either side of which, small, but respectable houses have been built, has enlarged considerably the size of the town.

At the western end of Dorking, two or three new roads have been made, on either side of the Horsham Road. That on your left-hand as you leave Dorking

* The last Census was taken in the year 1851. The town then contained 3490 inhabitants, while the entire population in the Parish amounted to 5995.

is yeleft the Harrow Road, and that on the right which has two or three branches, if such we may term them, winding terrace-like up the hill is at present known by the single name of the Falkland. On both these sites small lots of freehold land are purchaseable, and every man is free to build such a dwelling-place as may accord with his humour, or suit his finances. Nothing could be finer than these sites, and the town besides being greatly extended might at the same time be much improved in appearance, if the hill side were to be studded with tasteful villas or picturesque cottages, but the building which has at present been achieved is for the most part frightful enough to afflict an architect with the nightmare, and to make every lover of the picturesque vexed and even indignant.

It is sad enough, that these wide and beautiful roads which have received every assistance from nature, instead of gaining anything from the hand of art, should be dotted over with these shapeless excrescences.

The lover of the picturesque will look with a jealous eye, upon every innovation likely to injure the beauty of old scenes with which his dearest associations are linked, or to destroy the charm with which his imagination has invested the familiar objects of a neighbourhood. The inhabitant of a flat country is peculiarly liable to be annoyed in this way. The destruction of an old cottage, the removal of a rustic bridge, or the felling of a patriarchal tree, which, from year to year, had breathed him a welcome "thro' all the summer of its leaves,"

will awaken the feeling of melancholy and desolation. The mind becomes conscious of a loss, which comparatively trifling though it be, does, nevertheless, affect it.

But in a hilly country, our resources are manifold, and whatever changes may occur in Dorking or its neighbourhood, the grand features of its scenery must ever remain the same. Indeed, we believe that, far from being injured, the natural beauty of the site will be improved by the cultivation of taste and by the hand of art. If not, we have still "the strength of the hills," the beauty of shady lanes, of noble woods, of dingles and bosky dells, of wild open commons; and no false taste, no innovator, though daring as Mr. Brown himself,* can ever entirely destroy the natural loveliness of this romantic neighbourhood.

It has been truly remarked that "a small circuit round Dorking teems with a larger abundance of literary associations than probably any other locality can claim." There are not, however, many reminiscences of this kind connected with the town itself, but what there are shall be here recorded.

* "Capability Brown," or "The famous Mr. Brown," as he has been called, to distinguish him probably from his less illustrious kindred, was truly notable about the end of the last century, for endeavouring to spoil nature, and to gain a name by the robbery. He was a quack landscape gardener, if we may use the term, and all the energies of his nature were devoted to carrying out a faulty, because an artificial system. The following anecdote, related by Sir Uvedale Price, is amusing and significant. "Brown was vapouring one day, as Mr. Cambridge himself told me, about the change he had made in the face of the country, and his hope of seeing his plans much more generally extended before he died. Mr. Cambridge, with great gravity, said, "Mr. Brown I very earnestly wish that I may die before you." "Why so?" said Brown, with great surprise. "Because," said he, "I should like to see heaven before you have improved it."

From 1729 till 1746, the Rev. John Mason, the author of "Self-Knowledge," resided in Dorking, as the pastor of the Nonconformist community, and towards the close of that period, he wrote the work which keeps his fame still fresh among us. In it, the author has treated a most important subject, clearly and concisely, and therefore, in a popular manner, but we find in his work no grand thoughts, no majestic utterances. The mantle of our old divines has not descended upon Mason. His words are not winged, his ideas have in them no seminal power, he neither discovered the depth of meaning hidden in the world around him, nor does he evince any profound acquaintance with the human heart. He lacked imagination—a want grievous and irreparable, since without it, a man sees at best but dimly, and fails inevitably when he attempts to penetrate into the "life of things."

Dr. A. Kippis, who succeeded the Rev. J. Mason in the pastorate, was a man of considerable note in his own day. He wrote for the "New Monthly Review" and the "New Annual Register," and published a life of Captain Cooke; his activity was very great, his powers were varied and by no means superficial, and he has given full scope to them in his great work, the "Biographia Britannica," which was indeed a failure, but solely because the plan was too vast, the research requisite too minute, and the expected harvest too poor, to repay his industry, and the toilsome labours of his coadjutors. It will be remembered that it was on observing "the names of little note recorded in the Biographia Britannica,"

that Cowper wrote the following humorous lines :—

Oh! fond attempt to give a deathless lot
 To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
 In vain recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age :
 Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
 Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand ;
 Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
 So, when a child, as playful children use
 Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
 The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
 There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
 There goes the parson, Oh illustrious spark !
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk !

The last name we shall mention is that of the Rev. James Joyce, the father of the present Vicar of Dorking, and for the following remarks we are indebted to the Rev. J. S. Bright, who has kindly permitted us to make use of the M.S. of an admirable lecture delivered by him on the Literary Associations of Dorking.

“The works of the Rev. James Joyce chiefly consist of one prose and one poetical production. The volume of verse, which was entitled “The Lay of Truth,” was published in 1825, and dedicated to Lord Grenville, then Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Its object was to combat the principles, and counteract the influence of infidel and licentious modern poetry, respecting which he observes in the preface, ‘our language has received a blot, and much as I venerate

“The muse of fire which can ascend
 The highest heaven of invention.”

I could fervently wish that the light of Genius were never kindled, or that it were extinguished at once, rather than that it should flash terror and destruction on the dearest interests of mankind.' This work treats of the most serious topics which can possibly engage human interests and enquiry, since it surveys the dignity of man, the presumptive proofs of the immortality of the soul, his capacity for religion, his susceptibility for indefinite improvement, the illusions of pleasure, with their noxious effects upon the powers of the understanding, raises its voice against the seductive influence of some modern poetry, and urges the necessity of cultivating moral feeling to understand spiritual truth. The gravity of the danger justified his effort. The work properly belongs to the range of ethical poetry, and is marked by refinement of taste, occasional delicacy and felicity of description, elevation of thought and universal seriousness of purpose.....The other work is a treatise on "The love of God." It states the constituents of that divine principle, describes the manifestations and fruits here, and its large influence on the happiness of those who are redeemed, and who enter into the joy of the heavenly world. The close of the book contains an argument of some novelty and considerable interest, for the writer shews that the originality and inspiration of the Scriptures may be fairly defended, on the amount of existing evidence, sensibly strengthened by the presence of this one doctrine of "Love to God," which all the wisdom of man could never discover. He insists

that as the Jews were indisposed for scientific inquiries, and neglectful of philosophy, such a divine and peculiar thought could reach them only in a supernatural way, and that it came from God alone. The nature of his affirmation respecting the originality of the doctrine is better appreciated when the accuracy and extent of his scholarship is borne in mind. His reading comprehended the Greek philosophers from Plato to Plotinus, which, with his knowledge of the ethical writers of Rome, constituted him a competent judge of the pretensions of uninspired men under the most favourable circumstances of civilization and refinement.

His style betrays his high admiration for Plato, and the whole work recalls that noble school at Cambridge of which John Smith and John Howe rank as illustrious members. Throughout the treatise, there are obvious indications of the mental vigour and delicate tact of the author, but the work would have commanded a higher position in literature, had the massive stems of thought been graced with a few flowering creepers of elegant fancy, or had there been occasional outbursts of imaginative light and beauty."

Our notice of the town has been very brief, but as Dorking is, for the most part, without historical associations, and devoid of noticeable antiquities, it does not admit of a lengthened description. It would have been easy to spin out this chapter by detailing local incidents, or by rummaging out of musty volumes a few additional facts which the reader would be certain to skip while in search of more

attractive matter. We might have given a copious history of the town, with a full, true, and particular biography of every nobleman who has possessed an interest in the manor—we might, in an allowable digression, have brought before the mind's eye, the illustrious members of the Howard family, to whom, either in part or as a whole, it has for centuries appertained—we might have written a flourishing account of the funeral of one Duke of Norfolk, or the marriage of another, with a long list of titles and a seasonable tirade upon the vanity of all human hopes and dignities—then, from the “Register Booke” of Dorking, we might have made a selection of singular births, marriages, and deaths, and have disinterred some of the estimable worthies who have long slept in that quiet resting-place—giving them, as it were, a duplicate life, though probably a brief one, in the pages of our “Hand-book.”

All this, we say, we might have done, and thus have bestowed upon our preliminary chapter, that air of dignified dulness, which we so often meet with at the commencement of Guide Books, and which seems to be put on as the most respectable, and time-honoured prelude to a topographical campaign. Of course, in wandering out of the customary track, we have consulted the pleasure of our readers rather than our own credit, and we expect, in return, that they will peruse this volume with loving and uncritical eyes, and be disposed to “make the best of it,” where it fails in attractions, and to bestow their modicum of praise when it is justly deserved.

"O Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."

COLERIDGE.

THERE are two methods of describing scenery, and according to the cast of a man's mind, will he adopt one or the other. The lover of the picturesque seeks for pictorial effect, and his descriptions will often prove admirable specimens of word-painting. This is Walter Scott's peculiar forte, and nothing we have ever read—scarcely anything we have ever seen, leaves so vivid an impression on the mind as some of his graphic sketches. Another writer, on the contrary, in describing nature, will represent what he sees in it, but his vision will be affected by his own mental habitudes. The beauty of mere form, of colouring, or of sound, the wavy outline of the hills, the gorgeous hues of autumn, or the exquisite delicacy of the earliest spring-green, the roaring of the mountain torrent, or the voice of a hidden brook, "singing a quiet tune," will influence him in as far as they touch the springs of feeling, recal old associations, or awaken new suggestions, in as far as they find their way into the soul, and by influencing the current of his thoughts, affect his whole being, and become emphatically "a joy for ever."

It was in this way that Wordsworth felt the power of nature. Beneath what we may call the surface-meaning, there is throughout his works a deeper meaning, which, like the signs of masonry,

is understood only by the initiated. It requires something more than a mere liking for poetry to appreciate him fully, for he appeals not to the eye, but to the heart, and moreover, to those emotions of the heart which lie the deepest, and are but seldom stirred. It was his aim to "see into the life of things," and so to converse with nature, that he might gain from her, not merely a sensuous gratification, but inward strength and solace for his daily life. And so in addressing his sister, he says that

———"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

And in another exposition of his poetical creed in that much-maligned poem, "Peter Bell," which, however, contains some of the most exquisite lines that Wordsworth ever wrote, he says:—

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me; her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower.
If I along that lonely way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire,
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May, in life's daily prospect, find,
May find, or there create?

To the man of true genius nothing is impossible : but to describe nature as he sees it with the eye, is the only course which the ordinary prose writer can adopt, and the author of a Guide Book should endeavour to bring vividly before his readers the scenes which he is recommending to their notice.

Even to accomplish this, however, is by no means a light task. Take, for example, a single view—one of the many beautiful home-scenes with which Surrey abounds. To give a skeleton sketch of it, is easy enough—to point out the shady stream and the lazy cattle cooling themselves in its refreshing waters, the true old English cottages with their thatched and deeply-slanting roofs, their lattice windows, and their rustic porches half-hidden by the roses and honeysuckles which entwine them—to guide the rambler's steps to the bosky dell, or to the delicious greenery of a wood, with its time-worn gate and awkward stile, and its little winding path, which, for aught we can tell, may lead us far away into enchanted land—to tell him that upon one side of his road, he will see sandy banks and firry

woodlands, that on the other, the land is comparatively flat and devoted to pasturage—to do all this, obviously requires nothing but the most ordinary powers of observation.

But to fill up the sketch, and to invest the scene with the life and glory which we are conscious that it possesses, to bring it with all its pictorial effect, clearly before the reader, so that when he looks upon it for the first time, he may feel as though he were gazing on a spot already made familiar to him—*hoc opus, hic labor est*. Whilst, however, we make no pretensions to this highest attainment in the writer of a Hand-book, we hope that we shall succeed in giving our readers a sufficiently just idea of the scenery round Dorking to induce them to examine it for themselves, and that some of our remarks, and all our facts may be useful to them in their excursions.

Speaking broadly, the general characteristic of the scenery is beauty—never degenerating into mere rurality—never rising into sublimity. The hills are lofty, but their height is generally broken by trees or brushwood; the woods are fine, but their extent is bounded, and in wandering through them, the sense of enjoyment is unmingled with awe. We recommend the visitor, to take, in the first place, a general view of the town and neighbourhood, from the summit of one of the hills. Perhaps, on the whole, Denbies is the most suitable for this purpose, for, although from that site, the prospect is by no means picturesque,

it is extensive and well-defined, and will give him the survey of a wide sweep of country.

If he choose his position well,—and he will find several eligible spots in the field skirting the road which leads to Ranmore Common,—he will, with the assistance of the map, gain a correct idea of the surrounding localities, as well as of the town itself. Few of the lions in the neighbourhood will escape his ken. Box Hill indeed, is hidden, but that is almost the only important object which is screened by the rising ground on the left. The town itself lies clearly before him, with the Glory in the background, and the Deepdene a little to the left, beyond which he will see the avenues of Betchworth Park, nearly a thousand feet in length, and the pretty village church of Brockham, whose white spire, with “silent finger points to heaven,”—then the long and straight line of railroad running beneath him, Markland’s old house beyond it, which has lately been renovated, and is easy distinguishable by the adjacent pond,—the hamlet of Westcott on his right, with its picturesquely-situated church,—to which Birkett Foster alone could do justice,—the wide expanse of country looming in the distance, and the somewhat faint outline of the Evelyn woods,—which have become classic by association,—will give the excursionist no vague notion of his “whereabouts,” and of the pleasant rambles which are in store for him.

Woe betide him, if he bring not true country tastes to this scene of beauty. “We receive but

what we give," and giving—cocknified impressions, and a love of show and bustle, an inclination for the amusements and flirtations of a watering-place, or for the activity of a commercial town,—what can he expect in return? Need we wonder that, if brought to Dorking by some strange infatuation, such a visitor should speedily wish himself in his own world again, and pronounce it a "dull, lifeless, dreamy place"?

DENBIES AND RANMORE COMMON.

"Such beauty should unloose our bonds of care."—ALEX. SMITH.

It will not be amiss, since we are so far upon the road, to see what is to be seen of Denbies and Ranmore Common. The estate of Denbies is now in the possession of George Cubitt, Esq., whose father shortly before his death, effected considerable alterations in the grounds, and erected a spacious mansion, to take the place of the small house, which formerly occupied the site.

The prospect from the hill does not greatly differ from that which we have just described in the field near it. The old carriage drive to Denbies is entered upon from the London road, and the lodge is only a stone's throw from the turnpike gate. The ascent by this route is through a delightful shrubbery, beautiful at all seasons, but especially so in the early spring, when the birds



View from the River

are in full song, and the tender green of the trees imparts an indescribable charm to the landscape. A new road has been lately completed, leading direct from the Station, and winding gradually up the hill by the same route, and a little above the rough cart road we have already mentioned, as leading to Ranmore Common.

The original building was converted from a farm house into a gentleman's residence by Mr. Jonathan Tyers, a singular man, of Vauxhall notoriety, who gave full scope to his eccentric tastes, in his disposal of the grounds. "He seems," says Mr. Brayley, "to have intended that his country-seat should form a striking contrast to the place of general amusement at Vauxhall." In the centre of a gloomy wood, which he called, "*Il Penseroso*," he built a small temple, covering it with a number of serious inscriptions, and at the termination of one of the walks, there were two skulls placed upon a pedestal, with some verses beneath them, said to be written by Soame Jenyns, while at a short distance from the temple, two figures as large as life, represented the Christian and the Unbeliever in their last moments, with a statue of Truth treading on a mask.

On Mr. Tyers' death in 1767, these fantastic embellishments were removed, and the visitor can now enjoy all the beauty of the scene without having his taste annoyed by such strange incongruities. Passing through the grounds to Ranmore Common, the change in the scenery is very striking; the eye wanders over an ample surface of wild heath land, about which several small cottages

are scattered at intervals, while far beyond this foreground, is an extensive landscape, and if the tourist look in the direction of London, he will see St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. On this open moorland it is said that the present owner of Denbies, is desirous of erecting a church and school-house. There are however difficulties in the way, which we believe cannot at present be surmountéd.

The common is several miles in extent, and across it there is a delightful ride towards Guildford, commanding some glorious views. Not far from Ranmore is Polesden, once the residence of Sheridan, but the house in which he lived was pulled down many years ago to make way for a more commodious mansion. If the tourist is inclined for a rather long walk, he can wend his way through this estate, and beneath a noble avenue of beech trees, until, on passing the entrance-lodge, he finds himself on an open road; he must then turn to the right, and in a few minutes, will enter on another road, whence he can either diverge to the left and visit Great Bookham, a pretty country village, or to the right, when he will drop down upon Westhumble, and enter the London Road about a mile from Dorking.

It is worth some fatigue to accomplish the walk we have described, or at all events to make this descent, since the view of Box Hill, and of the adjacent country has, from one or two spots on the road, a finer pictorial effect than from any other position.

LEITH-HILL.

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

KEATS.

THE most direct route is by Coldharbour Lane, to reach which the tourist must pass through South Street, until he comes to a large substantial white house, the residence of J. Stilwell, Esq. Let him leave that house, and also the Falkland road with its tributaries upon his left, and then keep along the lane which a short time ago was closely bounded on either side. Indeed the visitor who may return to Dorking, after the absence of a year or two will be greatly struck by the change in this corner of the town. For the first half-mile or more, the prospect is much confined, owing to the steep banks and trees, which obstruct the view. Beyond Mr. Barclay's farm-house, which lies upon the right, the lane widens for some distance into a road, then again it contracts, and the eye rests with delight upon the overhanging foliage, the sandy banks which brighten in the sunshine, and the wild flowers which, ever and anon, peep out from among the brushwood.

Here and there, a few cottages by the road-side give a human interest to the scene. Up a steep bit of brae at an angle of the road, the tourist must mount for the sake of the view, and it may not be amiss to mention, that if he be not in the humour

for so long a walk as we propose taking him to-day, he can from this eminence, turn off to the right, and by a winding and pleasant path, find his way to Westcott Common—of which more anon. Or, by a gate, he can enter fields, through which, by a circuitous route, remarkable for its beauty, he can reach the same point to which we now intend taking him by the direct road. A pleasant road it is, forsooth, and feeling “the witchery of the soft blue sky” above him, or listening to the wandering voice of the cuckoo, or to the still sweeter cooings of the dove, “in firry woodlands making moan,” the traveller is not likely to become weary, and before he reaches the village of Coldharbour, he will be gladdened by many a scene of beauty. It is believed that on the site of Coldharbour, a city once stood, and a little above it, is Hanstie-Bury, an ancient intrenchment. “It occupies the brow and summit of a commanding height, from which a vast expanse of country is overlooked, in almost every direction, except where the prospects are interrupted by the Leith Hill range.”

In April, 1817, in a field a short distance from the camp, a ploughman turned up a wooden box containing about 700 Saxon coins; the box instantly crumbled to pieces. Many of the most valuable of these coins were transferred to the British Museum.

Before our traveller ascends the hill, the church, the parsonage, and the school-house, will attract his attention: with beauty all around them, these buildings happily add to the general effect. When

the hill is mounted which overlooks Coldharbour, there is about half a mile of rough furzy ground to traverse ere he comes in sight of Leith Hill proper, and the Tower crowning its summit. He will see a fir-wood on the right hand, and keeping in the path which leads along by the side of it, will come to a valley, into which he must descend,—and then mounting again up the hill side, will soon reach the wished-for goal.

And now we cannot describe the view which bursts upon us in any language so appropriate, as that employed by John Dennis, the foe of Addison and Pope—the most unhappy of men, the most virulent of critics! In the following passage, however, he appears under a more genial aspect than usual.

“In a late journey I took through Surrey, I passed over a hill, which shewed me a more transporting sight than ever the country had shewn me before, either in England or Italy. The prospects which in Italy pleased me the most, were the Valdarno from the Appennines; Rome and the Mediterranean from the mountains of Viterbo, the former at forty and the latter at fifty miles distance; and the Campagna of Rome from Tivoli and Frascati: from which places you see every foot of that famous champaign, even from the bottom of the Tivoli and Frascati to the very foot of the mountains of Viterbo, without anything to intercept your sight. But from a hill I passed in my late journey, I had a prospect more extensive than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, pomp, and

magnificence: the hill which I speak of is called Leith Hill, and is situated about six miles south of Dorking. It juts out about two miles beyond that range of hills which terminates the North Downs on the south. When I saw from one of those hills, at about two miles distance, that side of Leith Hill, which faces the Downs, it appeared the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen, but after we had conquered the hill itself, I saw a sight that would transport a stoic; a sight that looked like enchantment and a vision beatific! Beneath us, lay open to our view all the wilds of Surrey and Sussex, and a great part of those of Kent, admirably diversified in every part of them with woods, and fields of corn and pasture, and everywhere adorned with stately rows of trees.

“This beautiful vale is about thirty miles in breadth, and about sixty in length, and is terminated to the south by the majestic range of the southern hills and the sea; and it is no easy matter to decide, whether the hills, which appear thirty, forty, or fifty miles distance, with their tops in the sky, seem more awful and venerable, or the delicious vale between you and them more inviting. About noon on a serene day, you may, at thirty miles distance, see the water of the sea, through a chasm of the mountain, (that is of the South Downs, called Becting Gap), and that above all, which makes it a noble and wonderful prospect is, that, at the very time when, at thirty miles distance, you behold the very water of the sea, at the same time you behold to the southward the most delicious

rural prospect in the world. At the same time, by a little turn of your head towards the north, you look full over Box Hill, and see the country beyond it between that and London; and, over the very stomachers of it, see St. Paul's, at twenty-five miles distance, and London beneath it, and Hampstead and Highgate beyond it."

The tower on the hill was built in 1766 by a certain Richard Hull, a gentleman of property who resided at Leith Hill Place. It was in very different condition formerly from that in which the visitor now beholds it, and contained two rooms, well furnished and fitted up for the accommodation of tourists. Hull died in his 83rd year, and was, by his own request, buried beneath the tower. In the earlier part of his life, he had been intimate with Bishop Berkeley and with Pope.

"In the summer of 1844," says Mr. Brayley, "the summit of the hill became, for several weeks, a station for a party of sappers and miners, who were employed to ascertain the correctness of the admeasurements made for the General Survey of the Kingdom, under the orders of the Board of Ordnance. On St. Swithin's day (July 15th) in that year, the air was so remarkably clear, that an observatory, only nine feet square, near Ashford, in Kent, was seen with the naked eye; and a staff about four inches in diameter, on Dunstable Downs, was discernible with a small telescope. The spires of forty-one churches in London were also visible, as well as the scaffolding around the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster."

There are a few houses in the neighbourhood of the hill which demand the attention of the tourist. Tanhurst, which is situated upon the southern declivity, a mansion now in the possession of Justice Vaughan Williams, was once occupied by Sir Samuel Romilly,—a truly great statesman, who was wont, in the few intervals of leisure which his arduous career afforded, to escape to this delicious retreat.

In the narrative of his life, he frequently mentions it with affection, as though his domestic happiness was increased by the beauty of the spot where he enjoyed it.

“For we are touched by outward influence,
And deeply stirred by that which round us moves.
The things of sense
Awake the soul to purer, holier loves.”

Between Tanhurst and Leith Hill is situated Wotton Camp Hill, which was formerly an encampment. The house which marks the site is the residence of Mrs. Evelyn.

Leith Hill Place is now the residence of J. Wedgwood, Esq. Broomhall is in the possession of J. Labouchere, Esq., whose name as the founder of St. Paul's Church, has already been mentioned by us, and “the grounds which are extensive and park-like, contain some fine timber, and include many views of a picturesque and diversified character.”

Leith Vale, the seat of Leighton Hadley, Esq., is another charmingly-situated house, small in appearance, but commanding glorious prospects in every direction. There are many other residences within ken, but our space will not allow us to

mention them, nor indeed is it necessary to catalogue names which would prove of no significance to the passing traveller.

When the tourist has refreshed his body and mind with a lounge on the short, heathery grass, enjoying the glorious prospect, he had better descend the other side of the hill by a gentle declination into the road which leads through Abinger Common.* It is one of the most delightful roads imaginable. The view of a noble range of hills on the left, and of distant landscape beyond, is soon obstructed by the shade of a fir forest, and amidst its breaks and glades, lie a few rustic cottages in peaceful seclusion, in one of which, during the summer months, an artist, whose name has become almost like a household word, takes up his abode. "The Woodland Mirror" and the "Forest Portal" were conceived by Mr. Redgrave in this delicious retreat, and some of the beech trees of the neighbourhood are now immortalized on his canvas.

Here the tourist will willingly linger, and if he be of an imaginative turn, a thousand pleasant fancies will flit before him. Why should he not dream awhile? Is he not in Arcadia? and does it require a great stretch of imagination to people these shades with forms of loveliness and beauty? If the creations of his own brain are not forthcoming he will think, at any rate, of "the heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb," and of those "eyes

* This Common is frequented by the Blackcock, the Woodcock, and the Snipe. It is a favourite haunt of Entomologists, who often succeed in capturing very rare insects during the summer months.

which made a sunshine in a shady place," or he will see Jaques in gloomy contemplation under the shade of melancholy boughs, or Robin Hood and Little John, and Friar Tuck, and all their merry company, or better still—better than all of them, save Una—the fascinating Rosalind, fascinating even in her man's apparel, in her doublet and hose, living with Celia "here in the skirts of the forest like fringe upon a petticoat."

Enjoy awhile, O dear friend and companion, these woodland musings; forget, if thou canst, the many briars which obstruct thy path in this work-a-day world; let the gentle influences of nature fall refreshingly on thy spirit; let the sweet voices heard only by those who hold loving communion with her, speak to thee of tranquillity and joy. And in order to suggest pleasant and appropriate thoughts, read the following passage—to thyself if thou art alone, or to the loved one who has shared with thee the pleasures of the way, and heightened every enjoyment by her sympathy and presence.

"I resolved to-day to go out into the neighbouring pine-wood alone, to con over some notes which I am anxious to read by myself with only an occasional remark from a wood-pigeon, or what may be gained from the gliding, rustling squirrel. There is scarcely anything in nature to be compared with a pine-wood, I think. I remember once, when after a long journey, I was approaching a city ennobled by great works of art, and of great renown, that I had to pass through what I was told by the guide-books, was most insipid country,

only to be hurried over as fast as might be, and nothing to be thought or said about it. But the guide-books, though very clever and useful things in their way,* do not know each of us personally, nor what we secretly like and care for. Well, I was speeding through this 'uninteresting' country, and now there remained but one long, dull stage, as I read, to be gone through, before I should reach the much-wished-for city. It was necessary to stay some time (for we travelled vetturino-fashion) at the little post-house, and I walked on, promising to be in the way whenever the vehicle should overtake me. The road led through a wood, chiefly of pines, varied, however, occasionally by other trees.

"Into this wood I strayed. There was that almost indescribably soothing noise, (the Romans would have used the word *susurrus*), the aggregate of many gentle movements of gentle creatures. The birds hopped but a few paces off, as I approached them; the brilliant butterflies wavered hither and thither before me; there was a soft breeze that day, and the tops of the tall trees swayed to and fro politely to each other. I found many delightful resting-places.

"It was not all dense wood; but here and there were glades, (such open spots, I mean, as would be cut through by the sword for an army to pass, for

* Of course, they are "very clever and useful," but we fear, Mr Helps, you are slightly satirical, and are enjoying a quiet laugh at the expense of *guide-writers*—very useful folks, perchance, *in their way*, but somewhat dull and prosy!

that I take it, is the meaning of the word glade), and here and there stood a clump of trees of different heights and foliage, as beautifully arranged as if some triumph of the art of landscape had been intended, though it was only Nature's way of healing up the gaps in the forest. For her healing is a new beauty.

"It was very warm, without which nothing is beautiful to me; and I fell into the pleasantest train of thought. The easiness of that present moment seemed to show the possibility of all care being driven away from the world some day. For thus peace brings a sensation of power with it. I shall not say what I thought of, for it is not good always to be communicative, but altogether, that hour in the pine-wood was the happiest hour of the whole journey."*

By this time, we hope that an hour equally happy and equally rememberable, has been spent on Abinger Common, of which Mr. Helps' description reminds us very strongly. Starting then once more, there are several routes open to the tourist, and before he leaves Dorking, he should make himself acquainted with all of them. Turning off to the right, almost at the end of the Common, he will soon find himself in Friday Street, (how different from its city namesake!) and passing through the Evelyn woods, and in front of the mansion now inhabited by W. J. Evelyn Esq., he can easily stroll on into the road to Dorking, or he may, "an he

* *Companions of My Solitude*, pp 80-83 J. W. Parker & Son.



list," turning his back upon Friday Street, mount an ascent, and over an heathery, and for the most part treeless common, called the Warren, walk on until he drop down upon Broadmoor, and through the Tillingbourne estate, wend his way into the direct road.

Another and shorter route, supposing him to be near the gate at the end of Abinger Common, will be to go through it, and on—on, through a long but beautiful lane. One more path, and this is the path which we now propose taking him, is by a turning to the left, and by "a road as plain as that to parish church," which road will, in truth, soon conduct him to Abinger Church, of which the subjoined engraving affords an accurate delineation.

"The Church is a capacious and substantial old building, chiefly of stone and rubble work (plastered over), standing on a very commanding spot in an elevated part of Surrey; and having, in consequence, a higher site than any other church in the county, it is dedicated to St. James; and consists of a nave and chancel of one span, extending to the length of ninety feet; with a second chancel (partly used as a vestry) on the north side; making the width of the whole about forty feet.

The chancels are separated from each other by two arches, the one semi-circular, the other pointed; there are several lancet windows, both in this and other portions of the edifice; the older parts of which may be referred to the Norman times."

So far Mr. Brayley, whose account as far as it goes is sufficiently correct. But within the last

year, Abinger Church has undergone a complete restoration, under the superintendence of Mr. Woodger. During the repairs, two piscinas, the sedilia, a door placed in an unusual position, and an Early English window were discovered. The repairs were effected without any charge to the parish; the Rector, the Rev. J. Welstead S. Powell, making himself responsible for the whole sum required. Including the restoration of a chancel belonging to W. J. Evelyn, Esq., of Wotton, which was effected by that gentleman at his own expence, and the setting up by Lord Abinger, of some beautiful memorial windows, the whole cost has been little short of £1500. The pulpit contains some fine carvings of early date, presented by the Rector; the Font, which is of good form, and surmounted by a lofty and handsome pyramidal cover was the gift of young persons; the cover of the Communion Table was given chiefly by the poor; and the Porch was rebuilt in an appropriate manner by the farmers of the parish, who also were instrumental in providing an organ.

Mr. Brayley mentions, and so may we, the little public-house near the church, and a deep well attached to it, "from which the water is raised one hundred and thirty-seven feet, by alternate buckets." The old stocks are on the green in front of Abinger Hatch, but no one, it appears, has ever had the honour of occupying them. The traveller will be pleased with his walk from Abinger Church into the Guildford and Dorking road. Near views and distant prospects will delight his eye—delicious bits of woodland or

lane scenery, gates over which, if he lean for awhile, he will be able to discern, more or less distinctly, many notable objects in the distant landscape, while here and there a farm-house, lying in peaceful seclusion and venerable with age, adds greatly to the charm of these truly English scenes.

Once fairly on his road homeward, we must leave our companion to his own musings and observations, since the three or four miles he will have to traverse, will come under our notice in another ramble.

BETCHWORTH PARK AND BROCKHAM.

"Pause we awhile near Betchworth's solemn groves
And arching avenues, whose shadowy gloom
Makes soothing twilight in the sunniest hour."

M. D. BETHUNE.

We propose contenting ourselves with a stroll to-day, and in an entirely different direction, viz.:—through Betchworth Park to Brockham. The Park lies to the east of the town, and the stranger will find his way without difficulty by referring to the Map. It is the property of Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., but is quite free to the public: indeed the proprietor has kindly placed seats in the most delightful situations for the benefit of ramblers.

Betchworth Park is a spot to be visited on a hot summer's day, when the refreshing shade of the trees affords a delicious contrast to the bright blaze of sunlight, and the stillness of nature harmonizes with the quiet peacefulness of the scene, or lovelier still, perhaps, does it appear to the eye of the artist when "Autumn lays his fiery finger on the leaves," and the varied tints of the foliage increase the picturesqueness of the view. Let us hear how it struck Dr. Aikin in 1798. Writing in the *Monthly Magazine*, he says :—

“Approaching Betchworth Castle, from Dorking the road leads through an outer park, skirted with rows of old chesnut trees, of large dimensions, and of forms which a painter would rather denominate grotesque than picturesque. The peculiar manner in which this tree sends off its branches, making elbows and sharp angles, and often crossing each other in the most irregular lines, gives it a very singular character; but, on the whole, the chesnuts of Betchworth impress the beholder with extraordinary ideas of gigantic greatness. The inner park, at the extremity of which the house is situated, has two fine avenues, the one of elm trees, the other of limes, the tallest I ever beheld. This last is a triple avenue, resembling the nave of a cathedral, but greatly surpassing in grandeur the works of human hands.

The trees touch each other with their branches, forming on the outside a vast screen, or wall of verdure. Within, the branches meeting at a great height in the air from the opposite sides of the

rows, form Gothic arches, and exclude every ray of the meridian sun. I never felt a stronger impression of awful gloom than on entering these solemn walks in the dusk of evening. The river Mole, washing the edge of Betchworth Park, has, in some parts, a respectable breadth, and is beautifully shaded with aquatic trees and bushes,"

The Castle mentioned by Aikin in the foregoing quotation, appears to have been a place of some note in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but in the reign of Queen Anne, a considerable part of the old building was pulled down, and the remainder converted into an ordinary mansion. In the course of years, it became neglected, and fell into a dilapidated condition. When it came into Mr. Hope's possession, he caused it to be entirely dismantled. As a ruin, it is now contemptible, except as seen from the Mole or from the fields which lie on the opposite side of the river, but the situation is as fine as any in the neighbourhood, and the site has its own peculiar interest for all lovers of literature, since through the greater portion of a long life it was the residence of Abraham Tucker,* the author of the "Light of Nature pursued," a work which has not lost its interest even in the present day, when the student of philosophy is compelled to labour in a wider field. It was a favourite book of Robert Hall's,

* Half a century earlier, the castle was inhabited by the poet Browne whose "Britannia's Pastorals" and other poems are now read only by the curious. They deserve to be neglected, for they are without vitality and were written rather as intellectual exercises than with the hope of "speaking from heart to heart, from mind to mind."

who regarded it "as a work in which the noblest philosophy was brought down by a master-hand and placed within the reach of every man of sound understanding"; and Paley, speaking in still stronger language, says "I have found in this writer more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects that he has taken in hand, than in any other, not to say in all others put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled."

A. Tucker's life was uneventful and retired, but it had a daily beauty in it and a noble purpose, which have assuredly for us, more significance, if not a greater interest, than any accumulation of incidents, however varied and surprising. He was born in London Sept, 2nd, 1705. Before he was two years of age, both his parents died leaving him under the care of his maternal grandmother, and his uncle, Sir Isaac Tillard, a man of worth and piety, of whom in after years, his nephew always spoke in terms of profound veneration and respect. Tucker was educated at Bishop's Stortford whence he removed to Oxford in 1721, and was entered as a Gentleman Commoner at Merton College, where he soon evinced the predilections which clung to him through life. His pursuit of the study of philosophy and the mathematics did not prevent acquirements of a lighter description, since we find him learning French, Italian, and Music. In 1726, he was entered at the Inner Temple, but from the weakness of his constitution, or the competency of his fortune, or perhaps from both causes combined, he was never called to the Bar.

At the early age of twenty-two he purchased Betchworth Castle, and paid considerable attention to rural affairs, studying agriculture by the help of books, as well as by practical observations. In 1736 he married. In 1754 his wife died. Of the eighteen years of married life which preceded that sad event we know but little, except that three daughters were born to him; but it was in all probability the happiest portion of his life.

After his wife's death, "his first amusement," says Mr. Manning, "was to collect all the letters which had passed between them whenever they happened to be absent from each other, which he copied out in books twice over, under the title of *"The Picture of Artless Love"*; one copy he gave to her father who survived her five years, and the other he kept to read over to his daughters frequently."

His two children (the eldest born had died in infancy) now engaged much of his thoughts and time. It appears that he instructed them himself, and it would be curious to know the results of this home-education. Tucker's intellectual powers, highly cultivated and richly matured as they were, had not hitherto produced much apparent fruit, but he now commenced his great work, *"The Light of Nature"* which was not completed without much labour, for "he not only formed and wrote over several sketches before he fixed on the method he determined to pursue, but wrote the complete copy twice with his own hand; but thinking his style was naturally stiff and laboured, in order to improve it, he had employed much time in studying the

most elegant writers and orators, and translating many orations of Cicero, Demosthenes, &c., and twice over, *Cicero de Oratore*,"*

It is singular that the author of so remarkable a work should have produced nothing else of any consequence. It seems as though he had husbanded his powers for one grand exertion, and had exhausted them with the effort. Like most men of eminence, Tucker set a high value on time, and rose early in the morning in order to pursue his studies, but at length, owing probably to his incessant application, his eyes became weakened, and in the year 1771 or a little later, he lost his sight altogether. His biographer, Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, gives the following account of him at this period. We will conclude our brief sketch with the passage.

"This affliction, (referring to his blindness) the greatest that could befall a man of his pursuits, he not only bore with composure and resignation, but with the utmost cheerfulness, being frequently much diverted with the mistakes into which his infirmity betrayed him. His favourite object, however, was not abandoned in consequence of this calamity, his mechanical ingenuity enabling him to direct the construction of a machine which guided his hand, and enabled him to write so legibly, that his productions were easily transcribed by an amanuensis.

"It was at this period that the amiable character of his daughter had occasion to display itself. It

* Manning's and Bray's History of Surrey. Vol. I., p. 559.

would be impossible to do justice to the filial affection, to the nice and unwearied attentions, by which she contrived to mitigate the weight of her father's misfortune. She transcribed the whole of his voluminous work for the press: and so entirely did she devote her time, like Milton's daughter, to those pursuits which would make her most useful to her father, that she applied herself to the study of the Greek language, in which she made such a proficiency as to be enabled to preserve to her father during the remainder of his life, an intercourse with his favourite authors, of which misfortune must otherwise have deprived him.

“During Mr. Tucker's blindness, he completed the latter volumes of the “*Light of Nature*,” but before the necessary arrangement of their publication was concluded, he was seized in 1774 with an illness which proved fatal; and he died, as he had lived, with perfect calmness and resignation.”

Having once fairly introduced our reader to Betchworth Park, we will leave him to wander about it at will. Let him especially be careful to discover all the beauties of its higher ground. Along the upper road and above it, or down amidst the thick shade of the trees, now resting his eye upon the distant landscape, and now inspecting some grand old tree which has outlived many a human generation, he will find much that will induce him to linger, or to revisit again and again this delightful spot. If it suit him, he can return to Dorking by the upper road; crossing a bridge which leads into the Deepdene estate and opening a little gate on the

right, he will by a narrow, and pretty path arrive at Mr. Hope's lodge, cross his carriage road, and passing through a turnstile and up a slight ascent, see Cotmandene and the town before him.

We, however, are going on to Brockham, by a pathway through the fields to the right of Betchworth Park. The white spire of the village church will, from some points, mark the way which has to be traced, and if the tourist miss the path, he is not likely to go far astray, and will be all the more gratified when he finds himself on the village green. So much by way of comfort.

This village green is one of the true, old-fashioned poetical sort, with its little inn, clean, cosy, and inviting, and pretty cottages, sprinkled at intervals round it, logs of wood lying here and there in pleasant confusion, sometimes a few lazy looking horses grazing on the fresh grass, and the pretty church itself at one end,—all adding to the effect, and contributing to form a cheerful rural picture.

Another point of interest, and one very powerful in our eyes, is, that on this green the good old English game of cricket is played with a hearty good will during the summer months.

Verily it is a noble sport, and deserves to be supported by all true-hearted right-thinking men, whether gentle or simple. It removes in a measure those class barriers, which are so foolishly strong in England, and well would it be for our peasantry if their recreations formed a greater subject of interest, to those who have it in their power, to improve and humanize them.

All men must have recreation, and it is a most unhappy sign to those who love their country when they mark the way in which avarice, and competition, are gradually striking at the root of all healthful enjoyments, and leaving it to the publican to provide the cheapest and most pleasurable resource, in the short hours that can be snatched from work. But this is not all. There are many good people, narrow-minded but conscientious, who would ignore recreation upon principle. Because the sense of enjoyment, and the love of amusement have induced manifold evils, they pronounce forthwith that recreation especially for the poor, is an evil thing, not in anywise to be sanctioned or encouraged. But they do not care to inquire how much of the mischief lies at their own door, and in what degree their contracted notions tend to aggravate that evil which they are so earnest to suppress.

Brockham Lodge, a pleasantly-situated house, not far from the green and on the banks of the Mole, was the residence of Captain Morice, a lyric bard, beloved by all convivial spirits, but religiously shunned by the sober and serious portion of the community. The popularity which he once possessed, has considerably diminished of late years,—and justly so, for no tolerance of feeling should ever forgive, except by forgetting, the desecration of the noble gift of poesy.

THE MOLE.

The gentle river journeyeth on,
Long time unmarked, save by the fresher green
Where thankful meads, whose thirsty sides she bathes,
Strew bright-eyed flowers along her lingering way."

M. D. BETHUNE.

Near Brockham, the river Mole assumes as picturesque an aspect as in any part of its course, and as this poetically famous, but comparatively insignificant stream, merits more than a passing notice at our hands, it may be as well to give it that notice in the present place.

We said that the Mole was poetically famous, and this is so true that nearly all the reputation it possesses has been given it by Spenser, Drayton, Milton, Pope, and Thomson.

In the marriage of the Thames and the Medway—an exquisite episode in the most wonderful of all poems—Spenser introduces this river at the bridal feast. Drayton, whose poems deserve to be far more read than they are, makes old Father Thames in love with this "soft and gentle" stream. The following passage is extracted from his *Poly Olbion*:

The Thames it seems, has gone forth to woo the Medway, but like many other false suitors, bestows his affections elsewhere, while on the road to courtship.

With De Foe's anecdote, we must conclude our notice of the Mole, and having described the river in its poetical and geographical aspects, we will leave its banks and return to Dorking, there to rest for awhile, and to gain the refreshment of dinner or of tea, whichever may best suit the tastes of the tourist and the time of day.

THE GLORY.

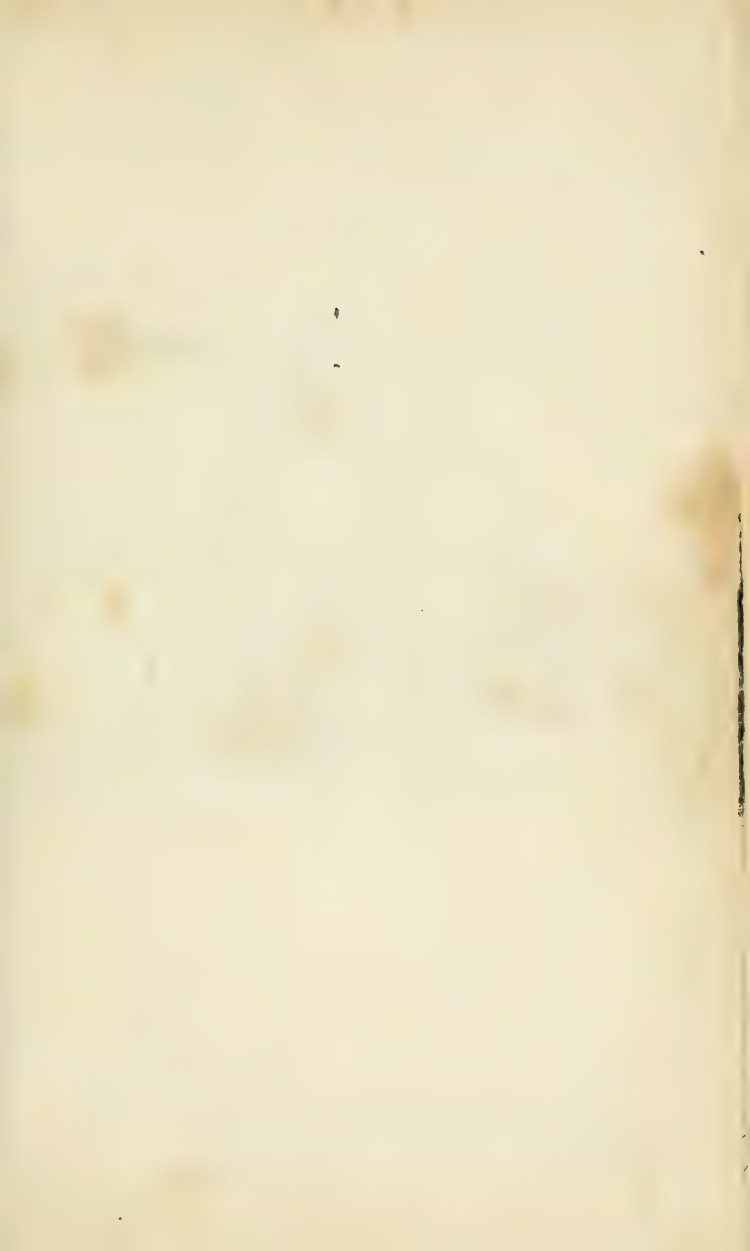
"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold."

CAMPBELL.

Starting again for a short but very beautiful walk, let us turn through the fields and woods at the back of the town, and find our way to The Glory, the name given, *par excellence*, to a clump of Scotch firs, standing on a rather lofty ascent, and commanding some noble views through the open spaces which have been cut for that purpose in the wood. Standing at a little distance from the clump, and looking in the direction of Dorking, you will see to the right of it,—Norbury, with its mansion "bosomed high in tufted trees," and Box Hill, a spot connected with a thousand pleasant associations, and with which most people are in some degree familiar; to the left you gain a distant view of Westcott Church, and nearer glimpses of Bury Hill Park.

Turning round, you will see beyond the Holmwood Common, its Church, crowning the hill, and not far from it a windmill, which evidently occupies the most airy situation in the neighbourhood; the eye may also wander towards Red Hill and Reigate, which lie to the left, but when the tourist has enjoyed the scene sufficiently,—and as there are seats on which to rest, he has every inducement so to do,—let him continue the path from which he slightly deviated in order to gain the clump, and it will lead him down to a gate and through a field, while at the same time a most extensive and lovely prospect will burst upon him,—soon he will come to a stile and find himself in another field, then instead of continuing a straight course, let him turn off to the left in the direction of a few small cottages, and passing through two or three gates which enclose them,* he will find himself in one of the most beautiful of our Dorking lanes,—a bold assertion, for the neighbourhood of Dorking and the country for some miles round it can boast of many—long, picturesque, and shady, as the lanes of Devonshire, with lofty banks, and trees fantastically leaning over them, while their roots, often denuded of soil, stretch themselves out in every direction in search of nourishment.

* "Time changes a' things, the ill-natured loon," and since writing the above, an iron railing has shut in the field, and the tourist must find his way into the lane a little further down. The fact is that a large house has recently been erected on Tracehurst Farm, which is the property of Thomas Stilwell, Esq., and so, not being a right of way, the little path we mentioned is closed.



First of all:—

“From the Surrian shores clear Wey came down to meet
His greatness whom the Thames so graciously doth greet,
That with the fern-crown'd flood he minion-like doth play
Yet is not this the brook enticeth him to stay.”

(This does not speak well for the taste of Father Thames, for the Wey is certainly a pleasanter river than the Mole. But to continue the quotation):

“But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the shole,
'Gainst Hampton-Court he meets the soft and gentle Mole,
Whose eyes so pierced his breast, that seeming to foreslow
The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and there;
And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applied himself to fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.”

Now when Isis and Tame hear of their son's fickleness, and that the seductive charms of the Mole have allured him from the right path, no wonder that they become sad and fearful lest he might “thus meanly be bestowed.” So exercising at once their parental power, they endeavour “to hasten him away.”

But Thames would hardly on: oft turning back to show,
From his much-loved Mole how loth he was to go.”

Old Holmesdale, the Mother of the Mole, is equally opposed to the match, since she considers the Thames “a flood of far more mean descent.”

“But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,
Compared to that high joy to be beloved of Thames:
And headlong holds her course his company to win,
But Holmesdale raised hills, to keep the straggler in;

That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt,
 (Yet never was there help, but Love could find it out.)
 Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night,
 (According to her name to show her nature right),
 And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep;
 Till gotten out of sight, far from her mother's keep,
 Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run;
 As longing to embrace old Tame and Isis' son."

Milton mentions this river, as

"The *sullen* Mole that runneth underneath."

Pope uses the same epithet,—he was not likely to chose another, for all his descriptions of natural objects are either borrowed or dreadfully commonplace—and finally, Thomson in his "Summer," speaks of the

—"soft windings of the silent Mole."*

And here we cannot do better than extract from Brayley's History of Surrey, (to which, more or less, we stand indebted in every portion of this volume), a rather long but interesting account of the Mole.

"This river, which was anciently called the Emele, Emlyn, and Emley stream, gives name to the Hundred of Emley Bridge, or *Amele-brige*, as it is spelt in the Doomesday Book, and through the whole of which it flows. The etymology of that name may be referred to the British word Melin or Y.-Melyn, the mill; and thus indicate the *Mill-river*; an opinion which receives corroboration from the

* We must not omit to mention, albeit in a note, the sweet and graceful poem on the River Mole, written by Miss Bethune "in aid of the Fund for Building National Schools at Lethbridge." It is in all respects a charming volume, pleasantly written and pleasantly illustrated.

In the spring time, these banks are bright with primroses and wild hyacinths, and while walking below, you will often see about you a group of merry laughing children, gathering these "stars of earth" and twining them in tasteful wreaths round their straw hats. The love of flowers evinced thus early in life, is a love which deepens as we advance in years, for in the struggle of life, we feel more than ever the need of their soothing influence. Often, too they recal the memory of early and happy days, and keep the heart fresh, in spite of all that is calculated to harden and corrode it.

We do not mean to affirm that they exert a *directly* moral influence, but indirectly we believe that in common with all God's works, they serve in no small degree, both to elevate and to purify, and if we are unconscious of such a result, it is our own fault. If we shut our eyes and close our ears, and suffer the poor troubles or the vain ambition of the world to absorb our thoughts, we cannot hope to gain strength, and joy from the wonders which God has scattered so lavishly around us.

All poets love flowers, and so do children. In this taste,—we may almost term it a passion,—the child and the poet agree: it is indeed essential to the existence of the poet that he should retain through life, the child's feelings of joy, of wonder, and of love, the child's impulse of freedom and gladness, and this sense, these impulses are called forth more by the beauty of flowers than by any other of the works of nature. It would be easy to fill a volume with illustrations from the writings

of our English poets, proving the strong love they have felt for them, and how this love has given rise to their choicest imagery, to their most felicitous allusions. But in the whole field of English poesy, there is not a poem on the *religious lessons* to be gathered from the flowers, at all comparable to the following of Keble's, which we extract from "The Christian Year."

Most of our readers are perhaps acquainted with it, and many will have learnt it by heart, but "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and therefore it shall be transcribed entire.

"Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchang'd the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide,—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes :
For ye could draw th'admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys :
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and own'd you good ;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
' Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.' ”

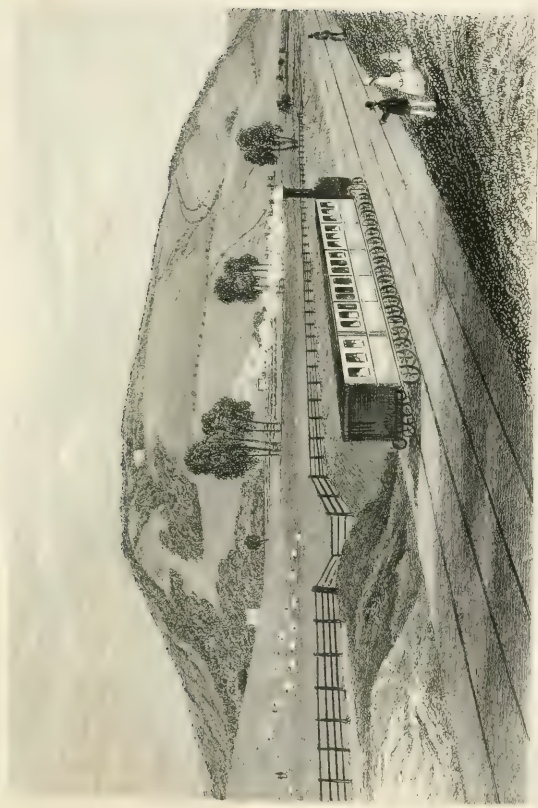
It is not necessary to point out to the tourist the beauties of the lane upon which he has now entered, nor will he require any guidance from us ; suffice it to say, that it leads to one portion of the Holmwood Common, and ceasing to be a narrow lane, broadens as we advance along it, but returning through it to Dorking from our starting-point, he will lose no portion of its beauty, and passing beneath a bridge which connects the Deepdene estate at this point he will very soon reach Cotmandene, and Ram Alley, a dull, miserable lane, but the shortest possible route to the eastern end of the town ; or by turning through a gate to the left, a little before he reaches the common, he will find himself on the old path by which he ascended to The Glory, where we may safely leave him to his own resources.

BOX-HILL.

“ Fair scenes for childhood’s opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in.”

WORDSWORTH.

What shall we say of Box-Hill, and how shall we describe the manifold beauties of which it forms the nucleus ? In all seasons, under all aspects, it has its own peculiar charms. Whether viewed



from below, or enjoyed from the summit in connection with the distant scenes which come within our ken, it is in sooth a glorious and rememberable spot. Sorry are we to say that the pic-nic parties from London, which through the long hours of the longest days, "summer high" upon this hill, know in reality very little about it.

Generally they ascend from the gardens of the Burford-Bridge Hotel, a spot illustrious as the occasional resort of many of our literary men,—where Keats wrote the latter portion of his *Endymion*, and where, sitting under the apple-trees, Hazlitt read with delight the *Astronomical Discourses* of Dr. Chalmers,—a spot, too, where many young couples have retired in the first golden days of matrimony, when the ripening promise of the future came to them—

"In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round a nightingale,—in sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow."

Well, having ascended from the Hotel, (and the reader must pardon the slight digression into which we have been drawn by the subject), they usually select some inviting and shady nook near the cottage which Mr. Hope has erected on the summit, and having pitched their tent—that is to say, deposited their baskets with all the creature comforts contained in them—they stroll about in cosy couples or uncomfortable trios, (the Spaniards are strong upon this point, and say the company of

three is like the worst company a man can have in this world or in any other), and in very brief circuits around the place of meeting.

It would not do to go far. What if they lose their way, miss their party, and find, after a painful search, only the well-picked bones of chickens, empty Pale Ale bottles, and a few fragments left after a sumptuous meal, to testify to their "whereabouts." The man, then who really wishes to see Box Hill, must not go there on a pic-nic. Let him take a chosen friend if he will, and with our Guide also as a companion, he will be able to see and enjoy, to wander freely wherever inclination may lead him, and with provisions in his pocket, he will not find it difficult to make out a day upon the hill.

The traveller can ascend the hill either by the London or the Reigate road. The one ascent we have already mentioned as commencing near the "Hare and Hounds," just beyond Burford Bridge; the other is not far from Box Hill Farm, and has the advantage of being somewhat nearer to Dorking. Taking this route, we pass under a bridge of the railway, and soon find that we have the choice of two paths: that to the right leading along the range of chalk hills which present to us their rounded outlines, white hollows, and dark fir-plantations, as we travel by the railroad from Reigate to Dorking, while the left-hand path girdles Box Hill, and brings us by a gentle ascent to its summit.

This, therefore, is the path for us, and we cannot pursue it far without meeting with seats placed at convenient distances, and in well-chosen situations, for the benefit of sight-seers, a kind act on the part of Mr. Hope, and one for which all excursionists should do him honour. We shall soon reach the cottage before-mentioned, and can, if we please, enter its garden, and gain some slight refreshment. The view from this spot is not picturesque, but it is very extensive, comprehending many of the objects which the tourist has already admired from Denbies.

These widely extended views are to many people, exceedingly captivating. We have often, in our rambles, met with travellers who appeared to think that a distant prospect would recompense them for any amount of labour. It is, in fact, "*distance*," not the real beauty of the scenery, which, in this case, "lends enchantment to the view." If this be a delusion, it is by no means an unaccountable one.

It may be said that a panoramic landscape gives more scope to the imagination—that while the eye wanders at will over an apparently boundless field, the dimness of its outline, and the uncertainty of its details, enable the mind to appropriate its varied features, to people them according to its fancy, and to give "a local habitation and a name" to the "airy nothings" of which it seems to be composed. It may be said, too, that the unity of impression which we naturally receive from such a scene is in itself an element of the sublime, and that it must awaken even in the dullest soul, the sense of freedom, of grandeur, and of infinitude.

But, on the other hand, it can be alleged, and we think with greater truth, that a near and beautiful prospect stamps itself far more vividly upon the mind; that in hours of after-thought, we can recal it more distinctly, and that above all, the imagination is more lively, and vigorous, when the range of visible objects is circumscribed.

We know that the most glorious poems, the most wonderful efforts of creative power, have been conceived and executed in the dull atmosphere of gloomy city streets, and as Milton's glorious epic was written when all the outward beauty of the universe was hidden from his eyes, and Bunyan's inimitable allegory, with its varied imagery, its exquisite pastoral pictures, its visions of unrivalled splendour, was composed within the iron gratings of a prison*—so do we believe that the imagination is oftentimes most alive when our vision of outward things is extremely bounded, and that the man who will gaze with little emotion upon a far-reaching and almost limitless prospect, may be conscious of thoughts "which lie too deep for tears," as he lingers over the nearer and minuter beauties that

* "From the room in which I sit to write," says Montgomery, "and where some of my happiest pieces have been produced,—those I mean which are most popular,—all the prospect I have is a confined yard where there are some miserable old walls and the backs of houses which present to the eye, neither beauty, variety, or anything else calculated to inspire a single thought, except concerning the rough surface of the bricks, the corners of which have either been chipped off by violence, or fretted away by the weather. No; as a general rule, whatever of poetry is to be derived from scenery, must be secured before we sit down to compose—the impressions must be made already, and the mind must be abstracted from surrounding objects. It will not do to be expatiating abroad in observation, when we should be at home in concentration of thought."

crowd his pathway, and which while blending with some happy association, or striking some chord that has long ceased to vibrate, may appeal to his deepest and tenderest emotions. However this may be, and whether or not our conviction be a true one, it matters very little to the explorer of Box Hill, since he will there be able to enjoy both descriptions of scenery if he will dash off from the accustomed track into its pleasant vales and the shade of its woodlands.

And here we will quote again from Dr. Aikin, who has described the scenery round Dorking with great correctness and felicity. Of Box Hill, he thus speaks.

“It comprehends a considerable space, being composed of three or four smooth green ridges, separated from each other by narrow dells, and uniting at the summit into one lofty wooded top.

On the side facing the vale of Letherhead, its descent is not much short of perpendicular, forming a kind of chalky crag naked and crumbling where not bound by the box trees and other shrubs, which in most parts give it a rich and thick covering. Its foot is bathed in the Mole, abruptly terminating its declivity, and giving it a fringe of aquatic trees and verdant meadows.

“Its peculiarity arises from its resemblance to the bold, broken crags of mountainous countries, which, however, it only holds on this side; for where it bends round to join the Reigate ridge of chalk hills, it puts on the same rotundity of form with

the rest. Its crest affords a walk uncommonly striking; winding through the plantations of box, and at the openings affording bird's-eye views of all the charms, as well of the Letherhead Vale, as of that much longer one in which the former terminates. It is difficult to determine whether this romantic hill produces a greater effect as an object from the subjacent vale, or as a station for a prospect. The point of view whence the hill itself is the most striking spectacle, is from the very elegant cottage and grounds of Mr. Barclay, seated directly beneath it. The vast perpendicular wall of verdure, forming a side-screen to those grounds, has an effect of real sublimity, as well as uncommon beauty; and a similar happy circumstance is perhaps scarcely to be met with in any other ornamental scene.”*

It will be seen from the above description that the character of the hill is greatly varied, since on the side by which we have ascended, it is wavy and rounded in its shape, while on the other which overlooks Norbury and the vale of Letherhead, it is abrupt and in some parts even precipitous, rising at its highest elevation about 445 feet above the level of the Mole. The name of the hill is, of course, derived from the tree which is apparently indigenous to its soil, and which, on the western acclivity, covers 230 acres of its surface.

Almost all the good wood-cuts which appear in the present day, are drawn upon this wood, and it is also “much used by mathematical instrument

makers, for scales and rules ; by cabinet-makers for veneers ; and by the turners of London and Tunbridge for many purposes."

To the botanist this part of the country presents peculiar attractions, and on this subject we will give a brief extract from a clever but anonymous writer. "If Surrey has been justly called 'the garden of England,' Box Hill and its circumference of twenty miles, may be as aptly termed her *flower-garden*, since, within that space, the careful botanist may find every indigenous flower of our island. The stately mullein, lowly pimpernel, or poor man's weather-glass, euphrasia (eye-bright with her mysterious legend), campanula rotundifolia, daffodil, heart's-ease, forget-me-not, (beloved by small blue butterflies), wild clematis, woodbine, hawthorne, eglantine.—but why should I attempt to select, where Titania's upholsterers would have been puzzled, among such infinite variety, to decide on the decorations of her bower."

"On the north-western brow of Box Hill," says Mr. Brayley, "and nearly in a line with the stream of the Mole as it flows towards Burford-Bridge, was buried Major Peter Labelliere, an officer of Marines ; who during the latter years of his life, had resided at Dorking, and in accordance with his own desire, was interred on this spot. An attachment in early life to a lady by whom his addresses were ultimately rejected, is supposed to have preyed upon his mind, which at a later period, religion and politics combined, entirely unsettled ; yet his eccen-

tricities were harmless, and himself the only sufferer. He was the author of several tracts, both polemical and political; but the incoherency of his arguments was demonstrative of mental incapacity. Long prior to his decease, he had selected this spot for his burial-place; and in compliance with his often-expressed wish, he was deposited with his head *downwards*, in order, he said, that 'as the world was turned topsy-turvy, it was fit he should be buried so, that he might be *right at last*.' Great numbers of people witnessed his interment; and the slight wooden bridge which then crossed the Mole having been removed by some mischievous persons during the ceremony, many were obliged to wade through the river on returning homeward."*

As the traveller passes over the crest of the hill, he will soon overlook the hotel we have before mentioned, and a number of villas situated not far from the road will attract his attention. The most prominent is Burford Lodge, mentioned by Dr. Aiken as the residence of a Mr. Barclay. It is now the property of Mr. John Matthew, the proprietor of the Burford-Bridge Hotel.

Not far from this is a singularly constructed cottage, called "The Grove," in which for some time the late Marquis Wellesley resided. The grounds attached to it are extremely beautiful, and lead down to the Mole, which can without difficulty be crossed from them. The visitor will look at this cottage with considerable wonderment, since it is built close to the dusty road in a sort of pit, and

* History of Surrey, vol. I, p. 162.

in such a way as almost entirely to exclude the sun. Passing along the highway, its thatched roof and chimney stacks are alone visible. It looks like two cottages and is in truth divided, having not even a covered way between the buildings. It belonged originally to Mr. Reeves, a man of strange tastes and odd conceits, for he made a kind of hermitage here, and formed several winding walks, "somewhat lavishly studded with inscriptive tablets and moral rhymes." One of these was written by the "fair Quakeress," Mrs. Knowles, whose name is familiar to us as appearing in connection with Dr. Johnson's.

It would be idle to point out all the objects which attract the eye of the tourist while lingering on the brow of the hill before he descends into the London road. The prominent features of the landscape are visible from many other localities, but the general effect is different, and all true lovers of nature know how frequently we receive a new impression even from familiar scenes when they are viewed from a new stand-point. On this topic we might enlarge, but it is scarcely suitable to enter into a disquisition while lingering on the verge of a descent, not precipitous indeed, but so sloping, that if any facetious friend were to forget our dignity and his own, and urge on the discourse, or give vent to his eloquence by a thump on the back, we might soon find ourselves going "downhill with a velocity perfectly astounding."

Gently then and quietly, let us descend,—for in

summer the dry, short grass is often extremely slippery,—and when once fairly on the turnpike road, we will decide upon our next exploit.

From the Burford-Bridge Hotel to Mickleham, the scenery is remarkably fine, and reminds us of some of the roads in Scotland. The Box Hill range upon the right—Norbury with its finely-wooded heights upon the left—houses or cottages perched high upon the hill—the trees which skirt the road side—and sundry traits of scenery, which cannot well be described, but are nevertheless full of significance, recall to the author's mind many a beautiful spot in Perthshire, where, near the banks of the Tay, or in a more secluded home, in the very heart of the mountains, he once spent several months of quiet happiness, away from friends and almost without books, but revelling in the full enjoyment of Nature, which never speaks so strongly to the heart, or seems so worthy of its affection, as when listened to in hours of unbroken and protracted solitude.

The distance from the hotel to Mickleham is little more than a mile. On the way we meet with two or three historical or literary associations. In Juniper Hall, a fine house on the right hand, fronted by some noble cedars, Talleyrand once found a retreat from the storms of the Revolution, and several illustrious refugees took refuge in the same haven, among whom the names of Madame de Staël, the Comte de Narbonne, le duc de Montmorency, M. Girardin, M. Sicard, and M. D'Arblay

stand out most prominently—the latter will come before us again as the husband of Madame D'Arblay, the well-known author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," and also of one of the most amusing Diaries in the language. It may not be amiss to mention that the cedars which add so much to the charm of this residence were planted nearly eighty years ago, and that the prospect-tower which stands on the adjacent summit of Box Hill, was erected by Mr. Broadwood, the piano-forte manufacturer, to whom Juniper-Hall once belonged. It is now the property and abode of Miss Beardmore.

In the opposite meadows is Fridley-Farm, once the residence of Conversation-Sharpe, as he was called, a gentleman illustrious, as the name implies, for his colloquial talents,—the friend of Sir James Mackintosh, Francis Horner, and other notable men, who visited him in his retreat, and the author of "Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse," a book which lived out three or four editions.

The village of Mickleham does not demand much notice from us. Briefly we would say, that the scenery by which on all sides it is surrounded, is truly beautiful and singularly diversified, and that it is the abode of a number of highly-respectable families.* Viewed architecturally, the Church, (in

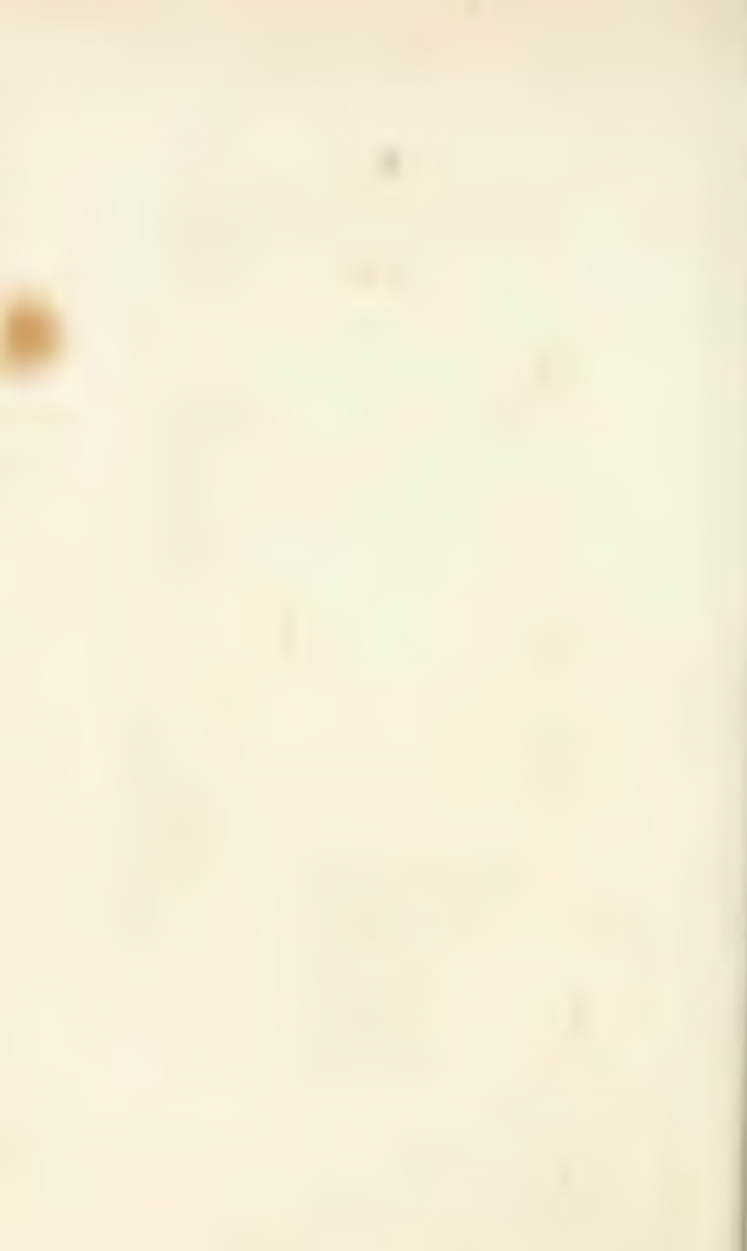
* James Mill, the illustrious historian of British India, and his son John Stuart Mill, whose name is equally familiar as the author of treatises on Logic and Political Economy, resided for some time at Mickleham. In this village, too, Professor Daniell, once of King's College, wrote his works on Meteorology and Chemistry and it is now the abode of Samuel Weller Singer, Esq., a name well known to the readers of old English literature and of "Notes and Queries." He edited an edition of Spence's "Anecdotes of Pope," and is the author of a remarkable work, entitled "Researches into the History of Playing Cards."

which, by the way, Frances Burney was married) is by no means remarkable, but its quaintness appears to us to suit this locality far better than a more showy edifice. Close to the church stands the Rectory, now occupied by the Rev. Alfred Burmester. It is a pretty Swiss cottage and as our engraving will show, Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" could scarcely be more picturesque.

The village is not very cheerful, since many of the villas which stand on either side of the street are protected by heavy brick walls which shut in a great deal of beauty, and appear somewhat gloomy to the passing traveller.

The inn is clean and comfortable, and visitors will find in it an agreeable temporary abode. A lane which runs down by the side of it will lead us to Norbury by a pleasant and expeditious route. This estate has its ancient history, and Mr. Brayley has informed us of the earliest extant records of the manor,—how Oswald, a Saxon Thane held five carucates of Richard de Tonbridge, which are supposed to be included in this estate,—how in 1315, "William Husee held of the Earl of Gloucester, Norbury, in Mickleham, by the tenure of military service, as half a knight's fee, valued at £10. per annum,"—how Isabel his daughter, married William Wymeldon, and transferred Norbury to his family in the reign of Henry the Sixth,—how, at length, it fell into the hands of Thomas Stodewolfe, Stydolph, or Stydolf, (like the Vicar of Wakefield, we like to give the whole name, or rather its variations) whose family held it for several generations, until,





in the eighteenth century, it was sold to Anthony Chapman, who being somewhat of a leveller in his tastes, cut down almost all the walnut trees for which the estate was famous, and at length sold it in 1774 to William Lock, "the Mæcenas of English Literature and Art,"—the friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Frances Burney.

The modern history of Norbury commences from Mr. Lock's accession to the estate. At that time, the old manor-house stood near the road on the lower side of the park, and as it had become ruinous, the new owner pulled down the greater portion of it, and erected a mansion on the brow of the opposite hill,—“a situation, possibly, which from the beautiful scenery it commands, has no equal in the south of England.”

It has been said that scarcely any language can do justice to the magnificent prospects commanded by the hills of Norbury, but the anonymous writer of a very pleasant article in the *Athenæum* has not only been successful in the way of pictorial description, but has succeeded admirably in bringing up before us the many associations with which the spot is linked, and which cause it to be viewed with no small reverence by every lover of art and literature. And as a good quotation is at any time preferable to an original but inferior sketch, we shall avail ourselves to the full, of the literary ability displayed by the journalist. The extract, although long, will be read with interest.

“Come with me to the terrace, worn in the hill-side of Norbury Park by the countless feet of

slumbering generations, and look across the valley to the hills sweeping down into it on every side. Leith Hill, with its thousand feet of altitude,—Deepdene, temple-crowned ‘to the best of brothers,’—Betchworth of chesnut avenues,—Denbies, leafy and undulating,—Box Hill, making the most of his five hundred feet, abrupt and half bare, with his summer clothing, green all the year round, worn like the mantle of an Indian king, and nearest and fairest, Norbury herself,—

———‘Where, up the sunny banks,
The trees retire in scattered ranks,
Save where, advanced before the rest,
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
Lonely and huge, the giant yew,
As champion to his country true,
Stands forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scattered host.’

“How the heart swells, as if it felt the huge space from hill to hill, consciously occupied by Deity. Such scenes must be enjoyed silently; you are passive—intensely satisfied—you feel the religion of nature—you look towards the grim yews between one and two thousand years old, flung into ‘frantic attitudes,’ as Lord Lindsay says of the cedars of Lebanon, as though the cross had transfixed in them the agonized spirits of their old worshippers, and you muse on the *Druids*—you criticize the formation of Box Hill, and remember that sea-shells are found on its top, and you think of the *Deluge*,—you consider who drew the ground plan of this fair spot, and you revert to the *Creation*.

“Many who have travelled in Switzerland and Italy have found the wooden bench on this terrace

a sort of Comus's seat ; and like Comus, I might tell them.

I know each dingle," &c.

but I will not fatigue my companions by shewing them all at once. The lower part of the park is priory land. The old priory, afterwards the mansion-house, stood half-way between the two bridges, and the lofty vaulted kitchen or refectory, still exists, with a niche above the wide fire-place ; but the principal part of the present building is modern, and in the occupation of farm servants. Medals have been dug up in the garden, which the medalist of the British Museum has pronounced to be pocket-pieces, sent by the monks of Bayeux to their brethren in England, as Christmas presents.

"It was at Norbury Priory that Sir F. Stidulph received John Evelyn, when he walked over from Wotton ; and we can fancy the good old gentleman, not a little pleased at the opportunity of shewing off his trees to the famous planter and delightful writer,—brushing his beaver, taking down his walking-staff, and trotting off his guest to the upper park : for, says Evelyn, 'here are such goodly walks and hills shaded with yew and box, as render the place extremely agreeable ; it seeming from these evergreens to be summer all the winter.' He also mentions, 'the walnuts innumerable, which he was told brought in a considerable revenue.' In fact, they have, in some seasons, sold for £300. ; at other times for no more than 5 shillings.

"The air of Norbury has always been fostering. Sir Thomas Lawrence was here encouraged to make

his first and only attempt at modelling, and finished an eminently successful likeness of his venerable friend, of whom he always spoke and wrote in terms of the warmest affection. 'I am not afraid,' he says, 'of forgetting this dear man, and know that I am the better for his life and death. It is thus a blessing as well as a distinction, to have known him.' And again 'I go to Norbury, to witness grief and resignation, the one as sincere, the other as pious as can exist in the tenderest and most virtuous minds. Mr. Lock is to be buried, by his own accurate directions, in the simplest manner, and exactly as his mother was—a walking funeral, and the coffin borne by his labourers.'

"It was at Mr. Lock's table that the lively Fanny Burney met an interesting foreigner, brave, unfortunate, and speaking broken English. How could a young novelist's heart resist such attractions, when their owner did his best to win it? There seems, however, to have been parental disapproval to overcome; for we find Mr. Lock interceding for the lovers, bringing forward letters from the Prince de Poix and Count Lally Tollendahl in General D'Arblay's favour; obtaining, at length, a reluctant and apparently ungracious consent to the marriage, and himself taking Dr. Burney's place at the altar of Mickleham Church, and giving away the bride."

"With affectionate care, he had hunted out a small cottage at Bookham, adapted to the slender finances of the young couple; and here, after they had been left awhile to their own resources, the relenting father sought them out, without giving notice of

his intentions, and sending in his name from his post-chaise, ‘ere he could reach the little threshold of the little habitation, his daughter was in his arms.’ How long (and I think the naughty Fanny’s tears blotted her writing) how long she there kept him she knew not, but he was very patient at the detention! tears of pleasure standing in his full eyes at his rapturous reception.”

“The good Doctor probably expected that the popular novelist of her day, and dresser to the Queen Charlotte, would do better for herself than marry a poor émigré. She on the other hand, with a head full of Orvilles and Delvilles, thought General D’Arblay cut out according to pattern. And then what scenes he had for his wooing! the painted room! the Druid’s grove! the cathedral walk! Yet one would like to know that there had been a greater struggle than seems to have taken place between her affection for him and for so kind a father. To eke out her slender means, she wrote *Camilla*, and published it by subscription. Kind Mrs. Lock took infinite pains to procure subscribers; and with the proceeds of the book, Mr. Lock built the authoress a pretty cottage at Westhumble, on a piece of his own ground, which received the name of *Camilla Lacy*. Here we will suppose her existence to have been quite paradisiacal; yet we are angry with her for shewing so little power of description in the novel she wrote among such beautiful scenery.

“There is more freshness and nature in the city scenes of ‘*Evelina*’ than in the country scenes of

‘Camilla.’ She gives you no little peeps,—glimpses, as it were, of Norbury between the trees; her heroine’s rural walks do not recal *real* fields and lanes, with stiles and wild flowers and brambles, and the cuckoo in the distance. On the other hand, ‘Conversation Sharpe’ could illustrate abstract truths by easy and graceful allusions to the beautiful scenery around him. ‘There are few difficulties,’ he writes, ‘that hold out against real attacks. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills,’ and so on. He reminds his friend, Francis Horner, of the long and singular conversation that had taken place between them in the woods of Norbury, and refers to

‘The Druid grove, where many a reverend yew,
Hides from the thirsty beam the noon-tide dew,’

Such a man deserved, if not to have a Norbury Park, yet to live, as he did, on its skirts, ‘like a fringe on its petticoat.’

“A word, at parting, on the sylvan prides of the park. Evelyn commemorates its walnuts, yews, and oaks, but makes no mention of its beeches. Perhaps they were not flourishing in his time, but I could now show him, if he were here to see, a beech whose branches extend over an area of upwards of 100 feet in diameter; another whose white, smooth trunk runs up a perpendicular height of 160 feet; another, another, and another, with faces that one knows again after the lapse of 7 years, as readily as the eyes, nose, and mouth of old acquaintances, and each as different from his neighbour, as distinct in his own individuality, as the men one meets in



the streets—true ‘old English Gentlemen’ of the forest.

“The yews, however, are the peculiar glory of the park: the veritable *verd antiques*. ‘A hundred years is in their sight but as yesterday.’ They were in their manhood when William the Conqueror was a little boy. Each century, it is said, adds a new bark to their rugged coats, and now and then, when a decayed giant goes to his long home, the number of barks which come to light at his dissection enable the learned to identify him with one of the ‘old yews of Mickleham,’ registered in Doomesday Book,—perchance ‘tis a fable,—I, for one, mean religiously to believe in it, as well as in the murder of the little princes in the Tower, in spite of all the ‘Historic Doubts’ that ever have been or shall be written. These old superstitions are as proper to the woods, as ghost stories are to old castles.

“How finely these yews are placed on this steep slope; and what strange, mysterious sounds of unseen life are heard among them in the stillness of evening! Measure one of the trunks, 18 feet in girth? Aye, it is so; within a foot of the size of the second-class cedars which Lord Lindsay praised so poetically. None of your modern small waists here! and they have their names too,—*bells* are christened, and why should we not christen trees? There is ‘the Fallen Giant’ coiled up as in mortal agony; ‘the King of the Park’; ‘the Horse and its Rider.’ It would be easy to invent more.

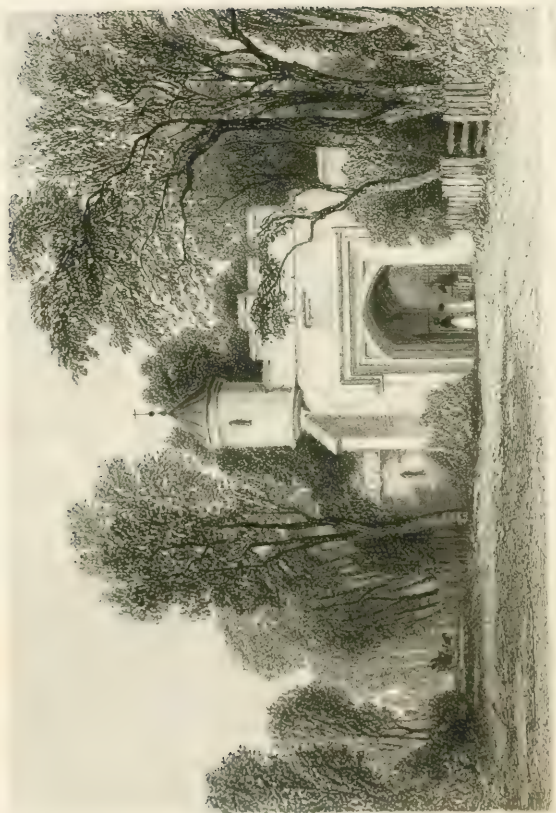
“The Druids, perhaps, walked here—Monks certainly did, and lo! close adjoining the yews, ‘the

cathedral walk,'—one of those natural aisles whose meeting elm-boughs suggested the Gothic arch. Thus in immediate juxtaposition, stand the symbols of Britain's earlier and later faith. Here you have the vegetable saints of the 'contemplators' (if the Hebrew root of their name be the true one), the astrologers, geometricians, historians, statesmen, poets, priests, prophets, of our unfledged nation—they hold the heart by many strings!

"But *there* stands the cross; and down go the cromlechs! the idolatrous priests, where are they? their 'stones of memorial' have become blank records; they are 'made ashamed of the oaks they have desired', their 'groves on the high places' are cut down, with this almost solitary exception—its gloomy shade beneath which nothing flourishes, a true emblem of the dark Druidical faith. But advance a few steps further, and look upward and around. Do these cathedral arches, towering to heaven and admitting its cheerful light, freely ventilated by the winds which blow wherever they list, and sheltering, not slaying, the seed-bearing herb,—Oh! do these whispering boughs speak an untranslateable language? do they illustrate nothing?"

Very little need, or indeed can be said, after such an admirable description, but there are a few facts likely to interest the tourist which we must mention before leaving Norbury.

There are three footpaths through the grounds belonging to the public. The first is from Mickleham to Fetcham Scrubbs, and passes within about



a hundred and fifty yards of the house; another is entered upon through Mickleham Lodge, and leads out again into the highway to the left of the lodge which is represented in the engraving; the third and last foot-way is from Bookham, across Beechy Wood to Westhumble.

Next to the beauty of the site, the antiquity and majesty of the trees form the most striking and impressive feature of the estate at Norbury. Box trees, venerable with age, and lofty as forest trees—beeches, whose wide-spreading branches and dark green foliage impart the delicious sense of security and repose,—and above all the majestic and patriarchal yews, which have probably seen as many centuries revolve as did the longest liver among the antediluvian fathers,—these form the true glory of the manor, a noble and priceless possession! It seems strange, does it not? that these woodland Sires should live on from century to century, enjoying their quiet existence, and their vegetable loves,—and that we, with our keen sense of enjoyment, our love of life, our discursive faculties, should survive only a few short years, ere we pass for ever from the earth? Strange, indeed it would be, were it not for the life, beyond life, and the better country to which our shadowy existence here is but the portal!

In the month of October, a rare moth, the Dotted Chesnut (*Glea Rubiginea*) frequents the yews and feeds on the ripe berries. The juice intoxicates it, and it is easily caught at night.

The manor of Norbury comprises about 550 acres. “The grounds are greatly diversified; in some places

descending to the winding banks of the Mole in steep declivities; and in others, rising with bold sweeps into round knolls and commanding eminences. In the disposition of the trees (which are of almost every species) and plantations, much judgment has been exercised; and the rides and walks are so managed as to lead to those points from which the landscape can be best seen, and the picturesque beauty of the scenery best appreciated."

From Norbury the traveller can find his way to Westhumble, by passing across Fridley Meadows and over Pray Bridge, which will lead him at once into the street, a short distance from Camilla Lacey,* the residence of the Lady Caroline Cavendish, and originally the abode of Madame d'Arblay, for whom the house was erected by her kind and constant friend, Mr. Lock.†

Most of our readers are perfectly well acquainted with the story of Madame d'Arblay's life. It has been told so pleasantly in her own Diary, it has been condensed and illustrated so graphically by the most brilliant of living writers, that a biography, however brief, would be out of place even in a Handbook of Dorking.

Dr. Burney, the fond and indulgent father, who wept over Evelina, and "seemed to think that going

* There is a very sweet walk over the fields to Dorking, which is entered upon near the House, and we recommend our readers to choose it. However beautiful a road may be, it is always well to escape from it, if one has the choice of a field-path. In the present instance, the pleasantest route is also the shortest.

† Since that time, great improvements have been made in the house and grounds, and additional lands have been purchased.



PRAY BRIDGE IN FRIDLEY MEADOWS.

to court was like going to heaven,"—Daddy Crisp, who fancied himself a genius, and who hated the world because it did not acknowledge his powers, but who loved "his Fannikin" as warmly as he could love any one,—Dr. Johnson, too, who was tenderly attached to her after his fashion, and "clasped her in his huge arms, imploring her to be a good girl,"—the quiet house in Saint Martin's Street—not always quiet, however, for Burney's concerts sometimes attracted thither all the lions of the day,—Fanny's first meeting with the King and Queen, and the melancholy result of the interview,—her long and weary thralldom,—her escape at last, after five years slavery, with the miserable annuity of £100.!—her visit to Juniper Hall, and what came of it,—the publication of *Camilla*, and the warm and genial friendship of Mr. Lock and his family,—all these people, facts, and feelings, and many more, equally interesting and rememberable, are well known to the readers of *Madame d'Arblay's Diary*, and of *Macaulay's Essay*. To them it will be pleasant to visit this home and haunt of a woman, who if she has not written any novel which may rank with the highest as a work of art, has left us at least one fiction which the world will not willingly let die.

"Miss Burney," says Macaulay, "did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama; and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not

contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters."

THE DEEPDENE.

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand.
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!

MRS. HEMANS.

"Who has not heard of the Deepdene, a princely pile, combining Art's Museum with the Paradise of Nature?"

TUPPER.

Among the lions of Dorking, the Deepdene ranks pre-eminent; in the estate itself there are views to be met with as fine as any in the neighbourhood; and in the mansion, a noble gallery of sculpture, an admirably arranged collection of Etruscan vases, and some fine paintings will prove attractive to all lovers of art. Before entering upon any description, let us hear how it struck some who chanced to visit it years—nay centuries ago.

In 1655, John Evelyn writes in His Diary, "I went to Darking to see Mr. Cha. Howard's amphitheatre, garden, or solitarie recess, being 15 acres environ'd by a hill. He showed us divers rare plants, caves, and an elaboratory"; and in another place he speaks of it as "the extraordinary garden at Dipden."

Old Aubrey speaks of the place in much more eulogistic terms. Some years after Evelyn's visit, he thus writes:—"The Hon. Charles Howard hath very ingeniously contrived a long hope, (i.e., according to Virgil, *Deductus Vallis*) in the most pleasant and delightful solitude for house, gardens, orchards, boscages, &c., that I have ever seen in England. He hath cast this hope into the form of a theatre, on the sides whereof he hath made several narrow walks, which are bordered with thyme, and some cherry trees, myrtles, &c. Here was a great many orange trees and syringas; and the pit (so I may call it) is stored full of rare flowers and choice plants. He hath there two pretty lads, his gardeners, who wonderfully delight in their occupation and this lonely solitude, and do enjoy themselves so innocently in that pleasant corner, as if they were out of this troublesome world, and seem to live in the state of innocency. The house was not made for grandeur, but retirement; neat, elegant, and suitable to the modesty and solitude of the proprietor, a Christian Philosopher, who in this iron age lives up to that of the primitive times.—Here are no ornaments of statuary or carver, but the beauty of the design and lapidary speaks for itself

and needs no addition out of the quarries. In short, it is an epitome of Paradise, and the garden of Eden seems well imitated here."

The Deepdene appears to have been fortunate in its inmates. The Mr. Howard mentioned by Aubrey was very fond of the study of natural philosophy, and especially of chemistry. His son also is said to have had a taste for the fine arts, while his second son, the tenth Duke of Norfolk, "being of a quiet disposition and of literary habits, likewise sought the seclusion of the Deepdene; where he erected a new mansion on the site of that which had been occupied by his predecessors, and died in August, 1786.

About the beginning of the present century, the estate was purchased by Thomas Hope, Esq., the illustrious author of "Anastasius," and the father of Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., to whom it now belongs. He was a man not only of great natural genius, but of exquisite taste and vast acquirements. He had travelled much, and unlike some men who,—

"Resemble copper-wire or brass, which gets the narrower
by going farther;"

his mind had enlarged by the experience which he gained and by the observations which he made in foreign lands. For works of art he evinced an early predilection, and his knowledge of sculpture and of architecture was far beyond that of the mere dilettanti.

In 1804, he published "A Letter on a series of Designs for Downing College, Cambridge." His next work, entitled "Household Furniture and In-

ternal Decorations, executed from designs by the Author" appeared in 1807. Then followed "The Costume of the Ancients," and "Designs of Modern Costumes" and some years afterwards, the publication of "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek," secured for him the fame of a great and original writer.

"Where," wrote Sidney Smith, in an article in the Edinburgh Review, "where has Mr. Hope hidden all his eloquence and poetry up to this hour?—How is it that he has, all of a sudden, burst out into descriptions which would not disgrace the pen of Tacitus—and displayed a depth of feeling and vigour of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel?"

"Anastasius" is included in Bentley's series as one of our standard novels, and there are few romance readers who have not spent some pleasant hours over its pages. Shall we say that it has one fault? the result of Mr. Hope's affluence of imagination—it is too diffuse. But then how few tales are not? who does not lament over the prolixity of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe, those wonderful and inimitable productions? who does not wish that the Heart of Mid-Lothian had terminated more abruptly?—that Dickens had not injured his tales as works of genius by spreading them out over a given quantity of paper? and even that Robinson Crusoe had been shorter? The mistake on the side of the author arises from many causes, but it is always a mistake, and—like the

“seventeenthly, not to be tedious” of the Puritan divine, cannot fail to injure the effect.*

Passing over Mr. Hope’s work on architecture and some other productions of his pen and pencil, not from want of interest, but because to notice them as they deserve would require more space than we have at our disposal; there is one phase of his character which is especially noteworthy, and on which we shall borrow the following apposite remarks from the valuable lecture of which we have already availed ourselves.

“It would be difficult to estimate the measure of impulse which Mr. Hope imparted to the cultivation of the fine arts at a time when Government was apathetic or unfriendly, and when the present popular enthusiasm in their pursuit, fostered by the enlightened interest and sympathy of Prince Albert and our beloved Queen, was altogether wanting.

“It would be impossible to specify more than one or two instances of his patronage, but these, from their value, and extensive effects it would be unpardonable to suppress. The first is the encouragement which he gave to Flaxman, both by commissions for sculpture, and by his employment of that artist’s pencil in the illustration of Homer, Æschylus, and especially of Dante, the ‘poet of all time.’ The original outlines are part of the treasures of the Deepdene library, and it may be safely affirmed

* The readers of “Coningsby” will remember that that clever novel was composed amidst the shades of the Deepdene. Have the sweet scenes in this garden of Eden left any traces of themselves in the composition?

that the printed illustrations of Dante are among the most helpful apparatus for reading and understanding the 'Divina Comedia.' The forms of tragic horror—diversified retribution—demoniacal anger—wearisome expiation—saintly and celestial rapture, are depicted with such a force and variety of splendour as may make Englishmen pleased with a patron who could discover and enlist such pre-eminent abilities and the achievements of so mighty and modest a genius as John Flaxman.

“The next and remaining instance of Mr. Hope's patronage is that which he felicitously extended to Thorwaldsen, the Danish Sculptor, who had been residing for three years at Rome, where he had been sustained by a government allowance for the prosecution of his studies. He had pursued his course with unremitting application, and having now reached the allotted term of his residence in the centre of the arts, was beginning to turn his thoughts to the sad necessity of suspending his efforts at Rome and re-visiting his native land. There he was, brooding over these things with a sad and heavy heart; and there stood his Jason—with spear and golden fleece, modelled with surprising beauty; but most were insensible to its merits, and none had given him a commission to execute it in marble.

“Mr. Hope was in his carriage—just about to leave Rome, when his fellow-traveller was detained by some passport difficulty; and the Irtharino was ordered to drive to Thorwaldsen's studio. Mr. Hope saw the Jason, and instantly gave the sculptor a generous commission to execute it in marble. It

now stands in the vestibule of the Deepdene,—the classic beauty of the face, the sweetness of the lips,—the upper one just curled and quivering with superb disdain of the foe, the power and elasticity of the limbs—with its heroic bearing, combine to make it an object of almost priceless value.

“Thorwaldsen always kept the anniversary of the day of Mr. Hope’s visit as one of the most joyful and auspicious events of his life. It must have been a felicity to his patron to know that he had emancipated so great a genius from early embarrassment; and had given both an impetus to the artist, and a publicity to his extraordinary abilities, which contributed to the success and fame of the greatest sculptor Denmark ever produced.

“Thorwaldsen was not unmindful of his obligation. He was not too proud to be grateful. In the advancing and widening career of his celebrity, he always looked back to the opportune and invaluable patronage of Mr. Hope, and testified his gratitude in a manner which indicated the power of his hand and the vigour of his imagination. He presented him with a votive mural tablet, upon which is sculptured in alto-relievo a female figure, an emblem of art, pensive, with an air of tender depression in her countenance, though still persevering in the use of the style and tablet: the lamp burns weakly and dimly—the lyre, the symbol of joy, is laid aside and mute—the owl, the emblem of night, obviously intimates grief and darkness—the Genius comes; the wings are not yet folded from recent flight, which has been so rapid that the plumes seem to

close and fold slowly from the unspent energy and momentum of the course—he has scarcely drawn near to the lamp before he lifts the oil-cruse, to pour forth an immediate and much-desired supply. The *a Genio Lumen* expresses the object of the design, and suggests expressively the timely and encouraging influence of the patron, and the cheerful light which it diffused over the subsequent career of the artist.”

To describe the interior of the mansion of the Deepdene does not lie within our province, to describe it effectively is beyond our power; for we should be compelled to dilate upon the antiquities of Etruria, ancient and modern sculpture, pictures by old artists and by living painters, coins, medallions, photographs, china and jewellery; upon every thing that is quaint and singular, upon every thing that is new and beautiful, and last, not least, we should have to catalogue the treasures of a noble library.

But our avocation lies abroad under the canopy of God's heaven. Like Dr. Johnson's friend, who never went into church, but always took off his hat upon passing one, we pass the mansions which lie upon our route, make a few remarks, take off *our* hat, and then continue our “picturesque promenade” in search of “fresh woods and pastures new.” We ought however, to say something about the grounds—something sparkling and original by way of testifying our appreciation of their charms. But “silence is golden,” says the proverb, and moreover they are so beautiful that our narrow list of appropriate

adjectives would soon be exhausted. The fulness of beauty which by the aid of nature and of art characterizes the whole estate of the Deepdene, would only serve to show the barrenness of our imagination if we attempted to delineate it.

Was there not somewhere a gallery dedicated to female loveliness, in which every maidenly and matronly charm which graced the city, was pourtrayed upon canvass? and was not one young girl so exquisitely beautiful, that when the artist attempted to take her portrait, he felt his skill fail him, and instead of the likeness, simply placed her name upon the wall? We cannot distinctly recall the story, but perhaps some of our readers will,—at any rate, let them take it for what it is worth, and allow us to imitate that artist and to pass by the Deepdene with little more than a mention of its name.

In the summer of 1857, on the 29th of June, the annual meeting of the Archæological Society, of which Mr. Hope is Vice-president, was held at the Deepdene. A pleasant day it was, for the Members who inspected the treasures of the mansion, and they having adjourned to the Red Lion Hotel, for even Antiquarians as some old writer judiciously deserves, must feed like common mortals. An excursion was made to Wotton Park, by the invitation of Mr. Evelyn, and from thence to Abinger Church.

BURY HILL, ROOKERY, WOTTON, &c.

Oh blessed summer sun !

As thou art to this landscape, which were dull

And bare indeed without thee, so may we

Be to the shadowy places around us, full

Of an interior radiance, shedding forth

A stedfast light of tenderness and truth.

B. R. PARKES.

The walk which we have chosen for this day's excursion is certainly as pleasant, and contains as many features of interest as any which the tourist has yet taken. Part of the ground he has indeed already traversed, but we trust we need offer no apology for leading him over it once more. There is a great deal to be seen, and a variety of interesting information to be detailed about the localities we are now going to visit—more perhaps than the traveller will care to see or to learn in one day, but he can easily select any portion of this chapter, and use it for a guide, leaving the remainder for another opportunity.

Bury-Hill, the seat of Arthur Kett Barclay, Esq., is situated on the south side of the Guildford road, about half a mile from Dorking. The park attached to it is open to the public, and on the summit of the hill which is called the Nower, a rustic temple or summer-house has been erected for the accommodation of tourists, from which there are delightful prospects in every direction.

The park is remarkably beautiful, for the undulations of the ground, the finely-grouped trees, the sandy banks which adorn some of the declivities, and the distant views which heighten the charms

of the near landscape, the hand of art and the more delicate hand of nature—in short, a thousand minute particulars blend together so as to form an harmonious whole, with which the tourist, unless indeed he have no poetry in his soul, cannot fail to be charmed.

But in describing the park, we have omitted to mention the way of access to it. The shortest route from Dorking is to enter at the commencement of Coldharbour Lane, taking the first path to the right. The carriage entrance to the house is from the Guildford road, and lies beyond this portion of the estate, from which it is separated by an enclosure and a gate, but either route is free to the public. The private portion of the grounds commences at the second lodge, to avoid which it is necessary to turn off to the right into the hamlet of Milton—a cheerful spot, consisting of a school-house and a few pretty cottages which lie at no great distance from the Guildford road. From none of the points which we have mentioned can a view be obtained of Mr. Barclay's house, which is in a remarkably sheltered situation. It is well situated, and presents the appearance of a comfortable family mansion, in front of which there is a fine sheet of water, and although the scenery beyond it is by no means comparable in beauty with that which we behold from other portions of the estate, it is nevertheless calm and reposeful, and possesses a quiet charm which may perhaps compensate for the want of any more picturesque elements.

Mr. Barclay is well known as the head partner in the firm of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, & Co., the





famous brewers, whose establishment in Southwark excites so strongly the curiosity of foreigners. The family are lineal descendants of the illustrious Robert Barclay, the apologist for the Quakers.

As he passes through Milton Street, the tourist will see upon his left, the kitchen-gardens and stables belonging to the Bury-Hill estate,* but he will be more struck by the pretty cottages, and the great taste evinced by the cottagers, whose little gardens are so pleasantly laid out, and so bright with flowers that the passer-by is gladdened in his heart, and the weary and desolate wayfarer, when “scorned by the world, and left without a home,” would fain give utterance to the feelings so exquisitely expressed in Campbell’s *Pleasures of Hope*.

“Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray,
Down by the hamlet’s hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot’s romantic glade, are seen
The blossom’d bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o’er its humble gate, and thinks the while,—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm.”

Crossing the Guildford road, we now turn into a narrow lane and then through some fields on the right hand, till we reach Milton Court, an old mansion, which was erected in all probability about the close of Queen Elizabeth’s reign. The engraving of the house will give the reader some idea of

* If it suit his fancy, the ramblor can cross a little wooden bridge, not far from Milton school-house, and mount the hills which lie at the back of Westcott. The views from the high ground are exceedingly fine and extensive, and Dorking itself is seen to great advantage.

its primitive condition. The Court is now undergoing the most thorough and substantial repair, and will in all probability present an appearance when completed, superior even to that of its earlier days. The ancient staircase, too of which an accurate representation is given on the opposite page will be preserved intact. It is well to know that the ruin into which we feared that Milton Court was likely to fall, is thus averted, and much credit is due both to the architect and the proprietor, Douglas Biggar, Esq., for the taste and skill by which this fine old building will be converted into a modern gentleman's mansion.

As the abode of Jeremiah Markland, who "for modesty, candour, literary honesty, and courteousness to other scholars, is justly considered the model which ought to be proposed for the imitation of every critic,"* it will not be visited without some emotion, and some feeling of reverence. Markland was a man of extremely retired and studious habits, and so devoid of ambition, that more than once, he declined offering himself for the Greek Professorship at Cambridge, saying that "instead of going a hundred miles to take it, he would go two hundred the other way to avoid it." The outward facts of his biography are soon told.

He was born in the year 1693, and was the son of the Rev. Ralph Markland, vicar of Childwall in Lancashire. Jeremiah was educated at Christ's Hospital, and forms one of an illustrious band who have received their earliest instruction there. He

* Quarterly Review, vol. 7, p. 412.



then passed to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and became a fellow and a tutor, but refused to enter into holy orders. In 1743, he resided at Twyford : in the year following he went to Uckfield in Sussex, where he resided until 1752, when he removed to Milton Court, where he died in 1776 at the age of eighty-three. Through a long life, he lived on, a solitary man, without wife or child, without society, without even the ordinary social intercourse of which most of us feel the daily need,—surrounded only by his beloved books, by the writings of men who had died centuries and centuries before, but “the precious life-blood” of whose spirits, still imparted warmth and energy to his own. So he lived on, looking somewhat morbidly on the world around him and at the political horizon, but gazing with delight on the classic fields of ancient lore—fields which he was only too proud to cultivate and to embellish. But secluded though his course was, he was by no means selfish, and poor though he was, his purse was always open to the necessities of the indigent.

“In 1765, he distressed himself to support the widow with whom he lodged, in a lawsuit with her son, which, after an enormous expense to Mr. Markland, was terminated against the widow. His whole fortune after that, was spent in relieving the distresses of the family.” This brought him into great pecuniary difficulties, and it seems that in 1769 he was glad to accept an annuity of £100 from Mr. Strode, a former pupil, whose veneration for his master continued after death, for he it was who put

up the brass plate in Dorking Church to the memory of Markland. That memory still survives, and if the great scholar be venerated by the learned for his critical sagacity, far more highly should he be venerated by all of us for the charity of his life, the kindness and courtesy of his conduct, and his great disinterestedness. So true is it that

———"The actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Let us now turn once more into the Guildford road and pursue our onward course. On approaching the hamlet of Westcott, the new parsonage-house, and then the school rooms, will attract the eye. There are several good houses in Westcott, and a great number of small cottages, but few, either of the houses or the cottages, add in any way to the picturesqueness of the scene. It pleases us in spite of them,—for the situation is unquestionably fine, and the beautiful little church standing on the side of the hill, adds greatly to the charm of it.

The church was built by subscription, and is greatly indebted to the liberality of Lady Mary Leslie and the late Charles Barclay, Esq.

Above the church, there is a clump of trees with a seat beneath them, whence the tourist may behold an extensive and panoramic landscape, and a little further on, and standing on still higher ground, is Holcombe Cottage, the residence of some members of the Fuller family, to whose eldest brother the estate of the Rookery belongs. Descending by a sandy path, we arrive at the gates of the Rookery. There is a bridle path through the

estate, leading in front of the house, through an iron gate, and up the steep side of a hill—to gain which it is necessary to open a small wooden wicket.

But let us not hasten too quickly through this exquisite place. Like Betchworth Park, it should be visited under the full glow of a summer's sun, when the dense masses of the foliage refresh us with their shade, and when the surface of the water which runs through the grounds is unruffled by the breeze, when Nature herself appears “rapt into still communion,” and

——“Not a breath creeps through the rosy air,
Although the forest leaves seem stirred with prayer.”

In the “leafy month of June,” the Rookery will be seen in all its glory, for the little islets on the lake are planted with rhododendrons which are then in full bloom. Time was, and that not many years since, when the stranger might ramble at pleasure over almost every portion of the grounds, but the curiosity of sight-seers exceeded their discretion, and now if the visitor deviate into any of the bye-ways, he is liable to be warned off. No one can complain of this restriction, for a limit must be fixed somewhere, and it is but just that the proprietor of an estate should be free to enjoy all the charm of its seclusion. And indeed, it is impossible to speak in terms too eulogistic of the noble manner in which the landowners round Dorking throw open their grounds to the public, and even endeavour in many ways to facilitate access to them. True it is that through the estates of most of our landed proprietors there is an undoubted right of way, but it is of

course optional with them to leave us this "way," and nothing besides, to shut us out from their fields, their woods, and from every "dingle and bosky dell" that tempts us with its beauty,—threatening us on the one side with a man-trap, and on the other with a spring gun, if we ever venture to ramble in search of the picturesque.

They might have acted as some of the Scotch nobility are acting at the present time, and have made Dorking almost as unvisitable as several beautiful spots in the Highlands; but happily for all of us, good sense and right feeling have the predominance here, and on the whole, we do not think any undue advantage is taken of the liberty enjoyed, or that it often degenerates into licence.

The Rookery was once the property of Abraham Tucker, who sold it in 1759 to David Malthus, the translator of Goethe's *Sorrows of Werter*, and of a book far more healthy in its tone,—*St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia*. His son, "*Population Malthus*," was born at the Rookery in 1766, and after studying at Jesus' College Cambridge, became Professor of History and Political Economy at Haileybury, and although his opinions have been severely controverted, and are, in some respects, undoubtedly faulty, he will ever hold a distinguished place among our political economists. There is nothing remarkable about the house, which is low and roomy.

"Immediately in front, the brook has here expanded into a large sheet of water which supplies a corn-mill at a short distance lower down. There is also a small cascade, and one or two less expan-

sive lakes, formed on the devious course of the stream, and giving interest to the scenery. From the narrowness of the vale, and the undulating character and height of the hills which bound it, this seat has an air of much seclusion.”*

Mounting the hill and passing beneath the dark green foliage of a beech wood, the tourist must climb higher and higher still, until he reaches a gate and meets with a narrow green lane, intersecting his course. Let him cross it and take the stile directly facing him, and in a few moments he will find himself on the Tillingbourne estate, a sweet retired spot, upon which there stood a mansion, which after being left for a long time in almost ruinous condition has, at length, been pulled down.

There is still, however, one good house on the estate, built originally for the steward, and now rented by John Nicholson, Esq. The whole of the property is in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk. The stream which runs through the grounds is a tributary of the Wey. The water is clear and sparkling, and its course is occasionally broken by gentle falls which add greatly to the beauty of the scene. An artificial cascade, partly concealed by the trees, is a novelty in this part of the country, and as such is worthy of notice. From Tillingbourne we emerge upon Broadmoor, a beautiful valley, resembling those which one frequently meets with in North Devon. It is shut in by hills, partly bare, partly covered with trees, and contains several small cottages. A little stream runs also through the

* Brayley's History of Surrey, vol. I., p. 110.

vale and serves to keep the grass fresh and green, even in the hottest season of the year.

“Thou mayst know if it be well with a man,—loveth he
gaiety and solitude,

For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm
lake slumbereth among the mountains.

How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that
are bred in loneliness,

For there is, as it were, music in his heart and he talketh
within him as with friends.”

To enjoy this music in heart, to spend an hour of delicious idleness, or of quiet thought, let the tourist seek out some peaceful nook upon Broadmoor; for there are few places in which the luxury of solitude could be more fully realized. But *we* may not linger even here; the soft grass invites us to repose, the calm and beautiful valley, the deep blue sky, the heat of the mid-day sun, doubly welcome in this cold clime, because so seldom felt in its full intensity,—every gentle sound, every blessed sensation, would tempt us to enjoy the luxury of a day-dream; but such a dream would look so strange in a Hand-book, it would be a novelty so unprecedented in this species of literary composition, that we dare not yield to it, for the writers of Guides must of course have a precedent for all they say and do,—like most of our officials, they must consent to be under the “empire of routine.”

There are two paths, or rather roads, through the valley, by either of which the tourist may find his way to Leith Hill. But turning off to the right hand and mounting a hill which is shaded by some

noble firs, we soon come abreast of a hedge or bank within which stands a grand old beech tree. Let the tourist wend his way across the furzy common, surveying as he walks along, a scene of remarkable beauty, and he will ere long arrive at Friday Street, and enjoy the sight of a small sheet of clear water, fine banks overhung by fir trees, and a few rustic cottages, with a modern farm-house adjoining. The features of the scene are simple enough ; the whole effect is exceedingly charming ; and no artist or poet, no true lover of the beautiful in nature, should visit the "Garden of Surrey," without spending some hours at least in the neighbourhood of this quiet haunt.

While lingering here, we will tell the tourist of another walk at no great distance from this point, which he would do well on some future occasion thoroughly to explore. A very short ramble through the pine wood will bring him out into the broad road which he has already traversed on returning from Leith Hill. There is a large mansion, half hidden by the trees, not very far from the road which leads to Abinger Church. It is called Parkhurst, and is the residence of the Hon. P. Scarlett. Open the gate and take the path through the pasture woods ; it is a lonely spot, and you are not likely to meet even a labourer, which is a pity, for you soon emerge upon a wild, but singularly fine common, commanding a beautiful view of Holmbury Hill which lies to the west of Leith Hill, and now, as there are three or four very tempting routes, you will not know which to take.

The path which we trust you may be fortunate enough to choose, inclines slightly to the left, and passing through a gate you descend by a rough and narrow road and enter upon Felday, a hamlet containing several straggling cottages and a very small dissenting chapel. The valley is lovely at all seasons, and will amply repay the tourist for any fatigue he may incur in the *détour*. Through Pitling Street, (which, by the bye, is a road of great rural beauty), and through a lane which may vie with some of those in the near neighbourhood of Dorking, the tourist will have to walk ere he emerge upon the Guildford road.

Having described one walk, let us take another, for the beauties of Felday and Pitling Street must not tempt us away from the classic haunts immortalized by *Sylvia* Evelyn, or from an inspection of the old church—a truly venerable pile—where all that is mortal of him now reposes, and where, from his monument, he still speaks to us, saying “All is vanity which is not honesty, and there is no solid wisdom but in true piety.” Turn we then through a gate into the beech woods which lie behind the old mansion yeilded Wotton House. A short walk of exceeding beauty will soon bring us within sight of the mansion concerning which Mr. Tupper thus writes;—

“The mansion at Wotton is a brick-built, large, and irregular pile; has its terraced-cut hill, temple, fountain, conservatories, woods and waters; within are the average amount of ancient and artistic objects common to the many fine seats of Surrey:

an earthen vase of gold coin found within the manor, and some personal reliques of Sylvan Evelyn, may be particularized.*

Evelyn's own account of his ancestral dwelling, and of the natural beauty which surrounds it lovingly on every side, is quaint and graphic. Listen to it, dear reader, even though it be already familiar to you as presented in the pages of his 'Diary.' Speaking of the house, he says:—

'It is situated in the most southern part of the shire; and though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, though by few observed; from it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the coast of Sussex, in a serene day. The house is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers, as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most tempting and pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse, to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance.....I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural,

* A Railway Glance at the County of Surrey. E. Andrews, Guildford.

and (till this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses) the most magnificent that England afforded, and which, indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegance since so much in vogue and followed for the managing of their waters and other elegancies of that nature.”*

Our own idea of Wotton House as it presents itself to our view in these modern days, is that it somewhat resembles a spoilt child who has been injured by too much kindness. It appears never to have been let alone. One member after another of the Evelyn family has touched it up, enlarged, or beautified it, from motives of convenience or of taste, and the consequence is, that we have now a heterogeneous pile of buildings, and an architectural frontage which laughs to scorn the notion of adhering to any particular style or age. But what matter? A mansion so nobly situated and the site whereof is fraught with such pleasant associations; a mansion withal so spacious and convenient, requires not the additional charm of beauty or uniformity of structure.

“Adjacent to the house, are the conservatory, flower-garden, and pleasure-grounds: the former being stored with curious exotic and native plants and flowers; and the latter embellished with a fountain, a temple or colonnade, and an elevated mount cut into terraces. The stream that flows through the park (taking its rise at about the

* Diary of John Evelyn, vol. I., p. 3.

distance of a mile, in the high grounds of Abinger parish) is intersected by several dams, and formed into small heads of water, one of which is crossed by a bridge. This demesne has been long celebrated for its thick woods, and abundance of fine timber, particularly beech, is now growing here.”*

The grounds were originally designed by John Evelyn, who appears to have directed every improvement on the estate, even when it was in the hands of his elder brother. His knowledge of trees, his love of horticulture, his great taste,—somewhat injured, it is true, by too fond an adherence to the foreign fashion then in vogue—and his hearty and keen appreciation of all that is agreeable in the life of a country gentleman, rendered him the fittest of all occupants for the position which he filled. But ardently as he loved rural pursuits, and happy as he felt in the retirement of the country, he never suffered these relaxations to distract his attention from the stern duties of life. He lived in the most stirring period of our history, at a time when good men were kept asunder by the bitter rancour of party, and when political disputes appeared to stifle all the gentler and softer feelings. It was an age for stern and unflinching heroism,—it was not an age for the winning graces which adorn a more peaceful period.

But John Evelyn appears to have possessed them. When we are asked for a model of the true English gentleman, we still point to him, just as we point to Sir

* Brayley's History of Surrey, vol., V., p. 34.

Philip Sidney as a model of the English hero. His works do not display remarkable genius, but they are replete with interest, full of wise observations on men and things, and simply and pleasantly written. The Diary is readable at all times,—so is or ought to be “*Sylva*,”—not indeed continuously, but in scraps,—and the *Life of Mrs. Godolphin* has passed of late years into new editions.

Evelyn lived in an age of great men; from the friendship of some of the greatest, he was deterred by his political opinions, but the few good and illustrious men who shared in the fortunes of the Stuarts were among his chosen companions.

Jeremy Taylor a name never to be mentioned without reverence—the most eloquent prose writer in our language, was John Evelyn’s “ghostly father.” Writing in his Diary (just two hundred years ago) he says “I made a visit to Dr. Jeremy Taylor, to confer with him about some spiritual matters, using him thenceforward as my ghostly father. I beseech God Almighty to make me ever mindful of, and thankful for, his heavenly assistance,” and many letters are still preserved written by the Bishop, full of earnest advice and religious consolation. When Dr. Johnson was walking one day with his friend Garrick through a noble mansion, and looking at the treasures it contained, he exclaimed “Ah, David, David, these are the things which make it hard to die,” and Taylor, after visiting his friend at Sayes Court, writes to him in these words:—“Sir, I came to see you and your Lady, and am highly pleased that I did so, and found all your circum-

stances to be a heap and union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy of the prettiness of your abode, or so low an opinion of your prudence and piety, as to think you can be any way transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from their height before one month's possession, and that strangers and seldom-seers feel the beauty of them more than you who dwell with them. . I am pleased indeed at the order and cleanness of all your outward things; and look upon you, not only as a person, by way of thankfulness to God for his mercies and goodness to you, specially obliged to a greater measure of piety; but also as one who, being freed in great degrees from secular cares and impediments, can without excuse and allay, intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God."

It is not our purpose to relate, even in the briefest manner, the facts of John Evelyn's life, nor can we stay to examine the interior history which forms his true biography, and which, alone, can give those facts significance. This only let us say, that the narrative of Evelyn's career presents us with much that is worthy of deep consideration. Here was a man, endowed with every noble gift of body and of mind, happy in his home, happy in his friends, favoured with affluence, familiar with the highest nobility of the land, and better still, enjoying free intercourse with the nobler aristocracy of genius, and yet acknowledging through the course of a long life the pre-eminent felicities of a religious course, and proving by the consistency of his actions the

genuineness of his faith. There is something very beautiful in the decision of a man so earnest in the pursuit of knowledge—so capable of enjoying with keenest relish every pleasure the world could offer, who, nevertheless, deliberately preferred the “good part,” and sought, before all things, the “better country.”

Let us come now to his tomb, and while visiting that quiet resting-place, we shall surely be compelled to acknowledge that “the memory of the just is blessed.” The footpath which the tourist must take, is in front of Wotton Place, and leads across the park into the highway. The carriage road which lies to the right of the house is not intended for a thoroughfare. When the road is gained, he must return in the direction of Dorking until he reaches Wotton Hatch, a quaint, old-fashioned, comfortable inn, the very model, in fact, of what a country inn ought to be. Exactly facing it, is the road leading to the church, in itself a very simple edifice, but situated in so sweetly retired a spot, that it might well attract the tourist even if it were not the burial-place of a great man.

Our engraving, while it accurately delineates the church, affords no idea of the beauty of its site. In gloomy weather indeed, the large trees by which it is surrounded, and the long rank grass which almost covers some of the time-worn stones, impart an air of sombreness and gloom, but in the more gladsome season of the year, there is just enough sadness about it to fill the heart with a pleasing melancholy.



“Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
The grateful earnest of eternal peace.”

“Wotton Church,” says Mr. Brayley, “is an ancient irregular structure, occupying the brow of a hill near the northern extremity of the parish, about a quarter of a mile from the high road, but it is almost concealed from view by a vista of chestnut trees. It is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist; and constructed of stone and flints, intermixed with chalk, and partly plastered over; the roofs being covered with Horsham Slabs. The interior consists of a nave, chancel, and north aisle; and opening from the latter, is the monument room, or sepulchral chapel of the Evelyns.

At the west end is a low square tower (containing three bells); adjoining which, and opening into it by a high-pointed arch, with round mouldings is a large south porch. The pews are old, but substantial, and painted to imitate wainscot; and in the angle on the south side, near the chancel, is an old panelled oaken pulpit. There is a high wainscoting at the east end, with the Creed, &c., in tables. The east window consists of three divisions of trefoil-headed lights, and on the south side is a lancet window, with a deep splay. The font is a circular basin of stone, standing on a similar pedestal, in a pew near the entrance.”*

* The History of Surrey, vol. V., p. 38.

The enclosed chapel at the east end of the north aisle, contains the monuments of the Evelyn family, the earliest of which bears the date of 1603. It is to the memory of George Evelyn, of Long Ditton, who before he was brought to his "long home," had been blessed with two wives and twenty-four children.

There are several inscriptions on the walls, in prose and verse, in English and in Latin—those which record the memory of "the never-to-be-forgotten John Evelyn" and his beloved wife, must be transcribed entire.

"Here lies the body of John Evelyn, Esq., of this place, second son of Richard Evelyn, Esq., who having served the public in several employments, (of which that of Commissioner of the Privy Seal, in the reign of K. James the 2nd, was most honourable), and perpetuated his fame by far more lasting monuments than those of Stone or Brass, his learned and useful Works, fell asleep the 27th day of February, 1705-6, being the 86th year of his age,—in full hope of a glorious resurrection thro' Faith in Jesus Christ.

Living in an age of extraordinary Events and Revolutions, he learnt, as himself asserted, this truth, which pursuant to his intention, is here declared,—"That all is vanity, which is not Honest, and that there is no solid Wisdom but in real Piety."

Of five sons and three daughters born to him from his most virtuous and excellent wife, Mary, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Browne, of Sayes Court, near Deptford in Kent, only one daughter, Susanna, married to William Draper, Esq., of Adscumb, in this county, survived him; the two others dying in the flower of their age, and all the sons very young, except one named John, who deceased 24th March, 1698-9, in the 45th year of his age, leaving one son, John, and one daughter, Elizabeth.

“Mary Evelyn, the best daughter, wife, and mother, the most accomplished of women, beloved, esteemed, admired, and regretted by all that knew her, is deposited in this stone coffin, according to her own desire, as near as could be to her dear Husband, John Evelyn, with whom she lived almost three-score years, and survived not quite three,—dying at London, the 9th of Feb., 1708-9, in the 74th year of her age.”

There are several tablets in the church worthy of notice; one, for example, in memory of Dr. Bohun, a particular friend of the Evelyns; another to the memory of the Earl of Rothes, and a third commemorative of Major Augustus Wathen, “who, after a period of 30 years devoted to the service of his country,” died at the early age of forty-five. There are also several of the Evelyn monuments which will excite attention and interest. On the north side of the churchyard and *eighteen feet* under ground, according to his especial request, are deposited the remains of William Glanville, a nephew of *Sylva* Evelyn. Like his father, who “will’d his body to be wrapp’d in lead,” and buried in the sea, William Glanville was a singular man, and the memory of his eccentricities still survives him, for he “directed his executors, out of his personal estate, to purchase lands or rents of inheritance in fee-simple, of the clear yearly value of £30. to be vested in trustees (in a perpetual succession) for the purpose of paying to five such poor boys of the parish of Wotton as the trustees should nominate, and of an age not exceeding sixteen years, the sum of 40s. each, on condition that such boys should attend on the anniversary of his death, and with

their hands laid upon his gravestone, repeat by heart in a plain and audible voice, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the Ten Commandments, and also read the 15th Chapter of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, and write in a legible hand, two verses of the said chapter. With the remaining sum, apprentice fees, not exceeding £10. each, are to be given for the binding out such poor boys to handicraft trades: or to husbandry;" and Glanville's directions are observed to this day.

It is time we should hasten homewards, and instead of returning by the high road, with which we are already familiar, let us choose a pleasanter, though a somewhat more devious route. Descending the hill from the Church, we come in sight of the Parsonage, so prettily delineated in our engraving, from whence the easily-discoverable road will lead through some meadows, then into a lane, and anon by turning to the left and again winding slightly to the right the traveller will cross a small brook at the bottom of Westcott Street. traverse a few more meadows and find himself at length in the region of Milton Court.

"What a direction," one of our readers may exclaim, "how is it possible to find the way. It reminds us of Thomas Hood's song:—'Straight down the crooked lane, and all round the square!'" And another, disposed to be critical, may say, "Why then was not the description of Milton Court introduced here? We have already been taken out of our way to see the house, and now we are brought



back to it again on our route to Dorking." So we are fairly charged with two errors. Now then for our defence. To the first "count," we plead guilty of an unavoidable obscurity? to the second we reply that there are reasons "plentiful as blackberries," why Jeremiah Markland's house and merits were discussed on a former page, but must we then declare them "on compulsion?" This only let us say in extenuation of the error, if it be one, and of all the errors and deficiencies cognizable in our Handbook, that "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

THE HOLMWOOD AND OCKLEY.

—————"Meditation here

May think down hours to moments. Here the heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,

And learning wiser grow without her books."

COWPER.

Some of our readers will probably wonder at what they may deem omissions in this little volume. They may remember several exquisite haunts that are not even mentioned, and others which are only alluded to may appear to them worthy of a lengthened description. We are quite ready to acknowledge that a hundred scenes might be sketched which we have not brought into our picture; as it is, we have merely noted the more prominent of our country landmarks,—the broad features of the neighbourhood—leaving to all lovers of the beautiful the pleasure of exploring for themselves some of its minuter charms. Our task is nearly concluded. Our last excursion must be taken to-day.

Starting upon the Horsham road, we soon reach the commencement of the Holmwood Common, an extensive tract of undulating land, covered with bushes, furze, and rough short grass, which is, however, tolerably good in some parts, and serves as food for a great number of horses and cattle. There are many cottages and several good mansions scattered over the Common. Lodging-houses, too, are rather numerous, and through the summer months generally occupied. Cockneys come hither

to rusticate: mothers with delicate and town-nurtured children are glad to turn them out on this fresh, breezy Common, that they may learn something of the "vigorous joys of health;" and the weary bookworm, having found that

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

Which must not be deep-searched with saucy looks," haply flings aside his musty tomes, to read the fairer page which is here spread out before him.

The Redland woods, which lie to the right of the Common, as the tourist advances from Dorking, are very fine and should be well explored; they cover the side of a rather lofty eminence, over which there are several winding paths leading in the direction of Coldharbour.

The Holmwood district Church is beautifully situated on the loftiest part of the Common, and the parsonage-house adjoining commands an extensive and glorious prospect, "graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods."

Defoe tells us that "Holmesdale" was once frequented by red deer, and that in the days of James 2nd, "they have hunted the largest stags here that have been seen in England;" he also informs us that it was "once famous for producing such quantities of strawberries, that they were carried to market by horse-loads."

Beyond the Common, the road possesses few features of interest until we deviate to the right in the direction of "Ockley, or Aclia, seated near an old Roman Post-way, which is called Stony Street" where King Athelwold, son to King Egbert, fought

a bloody battle against the Danes which proved very successful unto him."

"Oakley," says another writer, "is so called from the vast numbers of oak trees growing in the neighbourhood, and it had formerly a castle, which was besieged by the Danes, but relieved by King Ethelwolf, who came to the assistance of the place; it stood near the church, and the moat surrounding it is still visible. In the church-yard, are a great number of rose bushes at the heads of the graves, owing to a custom similar to that practised by the ancient Greeks, viz.—that when a lover dies before marriage, the survivor plants a rose at the head of the deceased, which is taken notice of by the people for many years after."

Ockley is one of the prettiest of country villages. There is about it that quiet and reposeful beauty which so often charms us in this neighbourhood. Standing upon a beautiful green, backed by Leith Hill and Holmbury, and adorned with tasteful and rural cottages and a sparkling stream of water—it is a spot which Washington Irving would love, and to which he only could do justice. The authoress of "Our Village" would, indeed, have invested it with a different and perhaps superior charm, but she has entered the "silent waiting-hall where Adam meeteth with his children" and Miss Mitford's stories are concluded for ever.

Ockley has been lately described in a rhyming letter, by Bessie Rayner Parkes, and the following lines may be very well inserted here.

Ockley is a model village,
 Planted mainly amidst tillage;
 The tillage on that wholesale scale,
 Which doth in England much prevail;
 No garden-farms of dainty trim,
 But all things with an ample rim
 Of hedge and grass, a double charm
 In every fertile English farm,
 A sweet concession to the need
 Of Nature for her roadside meed,
 A fair appeal to human sight,
 And simple beauty's lawful right.

Ockley has a church, a spire,
 A many-generation'd squire,
 Straight roads which cut it left and right,
 A noble green by Nature dight,
 Old houses quaint and weather-streak'd,
 And troops of children rosy-cheek'd.

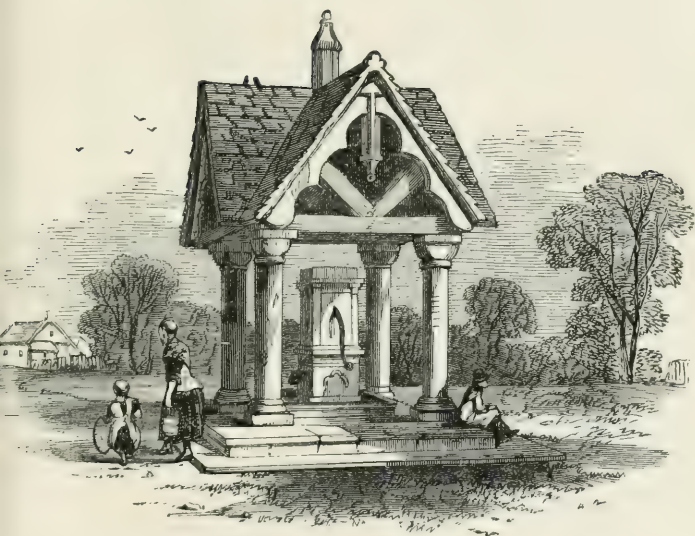
Here, when the morning, broadening over
 Glorious fields of wheat and clover,
 Strikes on every glistening leaf,
 And kisses all the firs on Leith.
 The sense of freedom, rest, and calm,
 Falls on the town-sick heart like balm.

Ockley has a village school,
 You pass the well, and next the pool,
 When a fair building meets the eye,
 Framed with simple symmetry.
 Above the portal, pass it not,
 Are writ plain words, a name,—Jane Scott.*

* Poems by Bessie Rayner Parkes, pp. 149-150. Second Edition. John Chapman. It is but fair to this lady to say that her little volume must not be judged of from the extract we have given. It contains in it some true poetry—passages which haunt the memory and gladden us, like those "old songs, the precious music of the heart" which we learned in childhood and can never more forget.

The well forms a beautiful and useful object on the village green. It was the gift, as the poem tells us, of Jane Scott, "who had resided with the Arbuthnot family at Elderslie (a large mansion on the eastern side of the green), nearly twenty years, in the humble situation of a nursery governess. On her decease, she bequeathed, with the most praiseworthy benevolence,—not only a sum of money for the construction of a well, but likewise a farther sum in aid of a school for the children of the poor parishioners." This is all we know of this generous woman, but as "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so will the memory of Jane Scott survive with the works she has left behind her.

Our last visit to Ockley was on a warm, cheerful, spring morning, and after "putting up" at one of the villiage inns, we started with our host in his cart to explore the road to Oakwood Chapel and to visit that quaint old edifice. Down the steep hills and the rough roads we could scarcely have ventured in a lightly-constructed chaise, nor indeed could we have found the way without the assistance of a guide who was acquainted with the route. What a pleasant jolt it was! Above us, there was the bright blue sky; around us, were the old oak woods, leafless and bare indeed, but no matter, for at their feet lay large clumps of primroses, wood anemones and voilets, and the bright calendine shone out in all its beauty; and then we came upon one or two



THE WELL ON OCKLEY GREEN.



old cottages skirting the woods, and one couldn't help wondering how people lived in such a secluded spot, and how they managed to fill up their daily life through the gloomy days of winter, when the roads in this clay soil must be almost impassable,—whether thoughts visited them unknown to the poor dwellers in our city courts and alleys,—whether they ever felt the stirrings of ambition, or were, in sooth, contented and happy, as our poets love to imagine all country-livers must be.

There was time enough to indulge in such musings, for it was rather slow work getting to the Chapel,—there were gates to be opened, and rough hills to wind up, and rougher still to descend again, but we reached the goal at length.

Oakwood Chapel is situated on an eminence, from which, in every direction, little winding paths covered with stepping stones, lead away through the woods. Nothing can exceed the retired beauty of the spot. Hidden from the world, it seems calculated to draw our thoughts from it, and to invite to meditation, for

—————“Wisdom's self

Of seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled and sometimes impaired.”

The chapel is very ancient, but the date of its construction is unknown. In 1290, Sir Walter de Fancourt presented a priest to the chantry here, and more than a hundred years afterwards, Edward

de la Hale endowed it with land to the amount of £200. per annum. In the reign of Edward the 6th, these lands were seized for the crown. Like most of our ancient religious edifices, Oakwood Chapel has a history to record, which, like that of an individual, has been sometimes cloudy and sometimes prosperous. Suffice it to say that in appearance, it is remarkably plain and uninteresting, and that its extreme age and the beauty of the site are its sole attractions.

“Within on the floor on the north side, is a large marble slab, with the *Brass* of an esquire in armour, in a devout position (as represented in the annexed wood-cut) with a lion at his feet, and a scroll proceeding from his mouth.” It is sacred to the memory of Edward de la Hale, whose name has already been mentioned in connection with the chapel.



Returning to Ockley, the tourist after obtaining refreshment at one of the inns, will do well to take a branch road, leading close to the finely-situated residence of L. Steere, Esq. He can wind round Leith Hill, passing on his way one or two of the mansions we have already mentioned as visible from its summit, and ere long will find himself once more on Abinger common.

And now to all those who have favoured us with their company in these pleasant country-walks, as well as to those who have read our little book, and have accompanied us in spirit—we must say Farewell. Our task has been a light and pleasant one; we have retraced old familiar places, and discovered new beauty at every step. The more we have gained and appropriated, the more do we feel how much there is still to be possessed, since all beauty that comes from God must be infinite in its design and its perfection. And this is the reason why, as we gaze upon some enchanting vision, a profound sense of sadness mingles with our joy. “We feel that we are greater than we know,” and that there is something hidden which our weakness and frailty will not allow us to discover.

Such is, or ought to be, the effect of the sublime or beautiful on a well-cultivated mind, and different in degree, though not in kind, are the feelings with which the quiet beauties of our Dorking scenery should be lingered over and enjoyed. But at any rate, and above all things, let all country tourists avoid Affectation, Let them not admire because it is fashionable, or fancy that Nature can be wooed and won by a bold glance and too daring an inspection. Unfortunately, in these days, not to admire scenery, is considered in the same light as the infringement of a rule of etiquette, and so people fancy themselves compelled to praise what in their “heart of hearts” possesses no significance or beauty. Better far the honest bluntness of brave

old Samuel Johnson, who pronounced his belief that the view in Fleet Street was superior to the finest scenery in the world, and who declared “that when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life ; since there is in London all that life can afford.”

The Geological Structure of the Country

AS

SEEN FROM LEITH-HILL,

BY

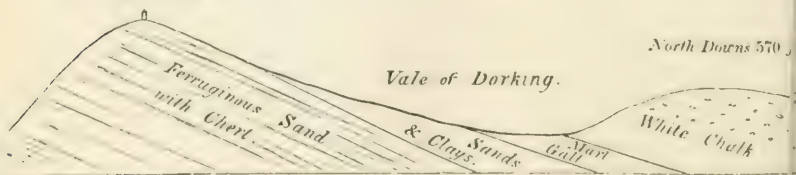
GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

(ABRIDGED.)

"Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all her doings;"
TUPPER.

In approaching the Surrey downs from the south, or south-west, by any of the roads which pass over the forest-ridge, and lead from Sussex towards London, a lofty hill, with a tower on its summit, forms a conspicuous feature in the distant landscape; this is *Leith Hill*, the most elevated point of land in the south-east of England, being nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea. When seen from the east of Reigate, Leith Hill presents a precipitous face towards the south, as shewn in the annexed outline and ideal section (*lignograph 1*); but on the north, the range slopes gradually down to the valley that intervenes between it and the downs, and in which the town of Dorking is situated; the bold escarpment of the chalk forming the northern boundary of the vale. The strata composing the ridge of which Leith Hill is the highest point, consist of the usual arenaceous deposits that belong to the lower division of the chalk formation; namely of greenish-grey, fawn-coloured, and ferruginous sands, with seams of chert passing into chalcedony, similar to those which occur at Tilburstow-hill, near Godstone.

Leith Hill 993 feet.



Lign 1.

SECTION FROM LEITH HILL TO THE NORTH DOWNS.



GROUND-PLAN OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL STRUCTURE OF THE COUNTRY
SEEN FROM LEITH HILL.

In this Map, or Ground-plan, the WHITE CHALK is seen to form the DOWNS OF KENT, SURREY, HANTS AND SUSSEX; the dark line marking the *inner* boundary of the Chalk hills, denotes also the *escarpments* of those strata.

The lower group of the CHALK deposits, including the MARL, GALT, AND GREEN SANDS, is indicated by the dotted ground *within* the boundary of the Downs.

The WEALDEN clays and marbles occupy the valleys or Wealds of SURREY, KENT, and SUSSEX.

The area of the FOREST RIDGE consists of the strata of TILGATE FOREST ; and of the HASTINGS SANDS, and ASHBURNHAM LIMESTONES, which belong to the lower divisions of the WEALDEN FORMATION.

The dotted line from FAIRLIGHT DOWN , over CROWBOROUGH HILL, by TILGATE FOREST, HORSHAM, and LOXWOOD, indicates the course of the principal elevatory movement, by which the anticlinal axis of the WEALDEN was produced.

The *small arrows* denote the general dip or inclination of the strata ; for example, the arrows on the dotted ground shew that the GREEN SAND dips under the CHALK ; in Sussex, *southward* ; in Surrey, *northward*. The transverse *River Valleys* of the NORTH and SOUTH DOWNS are inserted.

The view from the brow of Leith Hill, although not comparable in picturesque beauty with the landscapes seen from Box Hill or Norbury Park, or with the celebrated prospect from the heights of Richmond, surpasses in variety, extent, and panoramic effect, that obtained from any other spot in the county of Surrey. It embraces the general features of the wealds of Surrey and Sussex, of the Forest-ridge, and of the North and South downs, with glimpses in the remote distance towards the south-west, of those of Hampshire ; and shews within the boundary of the chalk, an irregular zone of sand-hills, with argillaceous beds at their base, emerging from beneath the escarpments of the downs, and partly surrounding the western termination of the central wealden district.

In a favourable state of the atmosphere, the principal characters of the physical geography of the south-east of England may be distinctly traced from Leith Hill, by the unassisted eye ; and with the aid of a good telescope, the following distant places may be seen :—

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BUTSER HILL, Hants.

HIGH CLERE, Hants.

INK-PEN, Berks.

WENDOVER, Bucks.

DUNSTABLE DOWNS, Bedfordshire.

HOLLINGBOURN, the seat of B. Duppa, Esq., on the Chalk hills of Kent, beyond Maidstone.

TRETINGFIELD, Kent.

WESTWELL DOWNS, between Faversham and Ashford.

FRANT CHURCH, Sussex.

CROWBOROUGH HILL, Sussex; the greatest elevation of the forest-ridge of the Wealden; eight hundred and four feet above the level of the sea.

HINDHEAD, Surrey; an eminence of the sand hills, being the western point of the chain, which continues, with occasional interruption, from Leith Hill.

DITCHLING BEACON, Sussex; the highest point of the South downs; eight hundred and fifty-six feet above the level of the sea.

From this favourable position, we propose to take a comprehensive sketch of the nature and succession of the physical revolutions of which this country has been the theatre. To render this notice as simple and intelligible to the general reader as the subject will admit, we shall confine our observations to the two principal groups of strata, which appear on the surface, namely, the *Chalk*, and the *Wealden*; omitting the consideration of the tertiary deposits, although it is probable, that the disturbances which have produced the present geographical characters of the district, were subsequent to the deposition of the super-cretaceous series.

The *Chalk* or cretaceous formation consists of

calcareous, siliceous, and argillaceous strata, which were deposited in the basin of a deep ocean of great extent, and which contain innumerable remains of marine animals and plants. The *Wealden*, on the other hand, comprises fresh-water sediments, that have been formed in the beds of lakes and rivers, and which abound in terrestrial plants and animals (principally of colossal reptiles) associated with fluviatile species.

The cretaceous formation presents a well-defined geographical boundary; its upper beds, composed of the white calcareous limestone, commonly known as *Chalk*, constitute those chains of rounded hills termed the *North* and *South Downs*; and its lower strata, consisting of sands and clays, make up the range of hills which skirts the inner margin and escarpments of the former.

The Wealden deposits occupy the whole country between the cretaceous strata, and are, consequently, bounded by the chalk and sand hills of Surrey and Kent, on the north; by those of Hampshire, on the west; and of Sussex, on the south: their eastern limits are formed by the sea-shore, from near Pevensey in Sussex, to Hythe in Kent.

We proceed to consider the nature and sequence of the physical changes which have taken place from the first deposition of the wealden and cretaceous strata, to the period when they acquired their present arrangement and distribution, and the surface of the country assumed the configuration it now possesses.

“The traveller,” observes the illustrious Cuvier,

(*Théorie de la Terre*), “who passes over fertile plains, where gently flowing streams nourish in their course a luxuriant vegetation, and where the soil, inhabited by a numerous population, adorned with villages and towns, and opulent cities, is never disturbed save by the ravages of war, or by the oppression of the powerful, is not led to suspect that Nature has had her intestine wars, and that the surface of the earth has been broken up by revolutions and catastrophes. But his ideas change as soon as he digs into that soil which now presents so peaceful an aspect, or ascends the hills which border the plains: his ideas are expanded in proportion to the extension of the view, and he begins to comprehend the full extent and grandeur of those ancient events which have preceded the existence of his species.”

The truth of these remarks will be evident to the observer who, after surveying the prospect from Leith Hill, descends to the low country on the south, and tracing the position of the strata wherever they are exposed to view, pursues his route by Dorking, and enters the gorge of the North downs at Burford Bridge, and examines the direction of the chalk beds on each side the valley, traversed by “the soft windings of the silent Mole.”

The strata of white chalk and flint, constituting the chief mass of the North downs, will be seen dipping northwards at a considerable angle: and if he now retraces his steps he will find, as he approaches Dorking, that the chalk-marl and gault

successively emerge from beneath the base of the downs, and are succeeded by clays and sands, and finally by the ferruginous sands and sandstones, that rise up into the elevated range of Leith Hill. In short, every quarry and ravine, where the stratification is exposed, shews that the present irregularity of the surface of this tract of country has resulted from the strata having been thrown from the horizontal position in which they were originally deposited, into a highly-inclined direction, and that by this elevation the lower beds have been brought to the surface. The solid and durable strata now form the hills and elevated ridges; while those composed of friable and plastic materials, having sustained greater destruction, appear as the subsoil of the plains and valleys.

We will now examine, firstly, the distribution and characters of the uppermost or newest formation, the *Chalk*; and secondly, those of the *Wealden*.

CHALK FORMATION.—The triple division of the Shanklin or Lower green sands, was first observed by Dr. Fitton, but later researches, both in England and on the Continent, have shewn that these groups are more rigidly distinct than was previously supposed, and that the lowermost series, in which argillaceous deposits largely predominate, contains numerous fossils which have not been found in any other strata. This subject has been ably treated by R. A. C. Austen, Esq., in a Memoir on the Geology of the South-east of Surrey,* in which

* Proceedings of the Geological Society of London, vol. IV., p. 167.

the following terms are proposed to designate the respective groups, as they appear in this county.

SHANKLIN or LOWER GREEN SAND:—

1. The *Ferruginous* division: the uppermost series.
2. The *Kentish rag* division: the middle.
3. The *Argillaceous* or *Neocomian* group: the lowermost.

The first, or *ferruginous*, constitutes the range of hills that runs nearly parallel with the chalk, and of which Leith Hill is the highest point; and these strata are distinctly separated from the lower beds of the gault, which often contain an intermixture of sand. Organic remains are rare.

The second series consists of grey and green sands, with subordinate bands of compact siliceous sandstones, called Bargate stone, and Kentish rag, which are extensively used as building and road materials. In some localities numerous fossils occur, (*Nautilus radiatus*, *Ammonites Nutfieldiensis*, &c.)

The third and lowermost division, (called *Neocomian*, in accordance with the nomenclature of the French geologists, who have figured and described its numerous characteristic fossil shells), is principally composed of argillaceous strata; and where in contact with the wealden clays, can only be distinguished from the latter by the organic remains. These deposits emerge on the southern side of the base of the sand-hills, and their range is marked by the prevalence of oaks, and the frequency of brick-fields: “sections shewing the place in the series which the Neocomian group occupies, may

be seen near the ford at East Shalford, and in the Artington brick-field.* These beds contain very hard, nodular, calcareous concretions, of great size and thickness, in which corals and shells are abundant; in the intermediate clay beds, a large species of *ostrea* prevails.†

Returning from this digression, to our position on Leith Hill, the observer must be reminded that he is standing on the summit of the upper or ferruginous group of the green sand, and that the two lower divisions are beneath him, and form the base of the hill, and emerge on its southern escarpment: the *Neocomian* clays, defining the extreme boundary of the cretaceous series of deposits. Looking southward, directly across the rich and variegated wealden district, no strata of marine origin are, therefore visible, except in the remote distance, formed by the undulating outline of the Sussex downs; for the sand hills on the northern escarpment of the chalk are not sufficiently elevated to be distinguished from this point (*see ground-plan, lign. 2., p. 131*). On the other side the North downs are seen extending westward towards the Hog's-back, and east-ward towards Godstone to join the Kentish downs; while on the south-west, and west, the cretaceous strata stretch on and unite with those of Hampshire; the latter

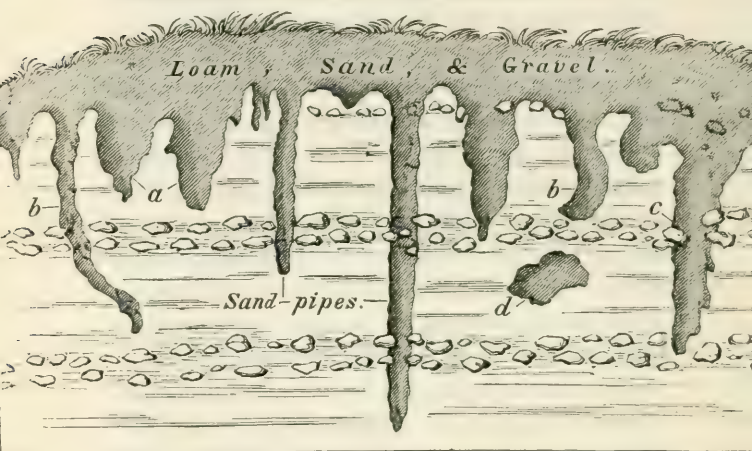
* Proceedings of the Geological Society, vol. IV., p. 171.

† Along the southern shore of the Isle of Wight, from Atherfield to Black-Gang Chine, the lower group of the green sand is finely displayed, and abounds in characteristic fossils. It has been fully explored by Dr. Lytton, with his wonted accuracy and minuteness of detail.

connecting the north range with that of the south, and thus forming an amphitheatre of downs, on the south, north, and west of the weald.

Every intelligent observer who sees the chalk downs for the first time, cannot fail to be struck with the remarkably smooth and unbroken outline of the hills, and of the gentle-swelling combes and undulated valleys, with which their surface is intersected. These appearances are, of course, most obvious on the South downs, and other chalk tracts reserved for pasturage. When the short turf which is the natural covering of the chalk is removed, a bed of loose flints, with interspersions of loam and sand, is generally found spread over the surface of the solid white chalk. These flints are, for the most part, but little changed in form, and therefore cannot have been long subjected to any destructive agency; yet the surface of the chalk rock is more or less deeply grooved or furrowed, and perforated by nearly cylindrical and vertical pipes, or holes, which are often many feet in depth, and traverse several layers of chalk and flints. As these appearances are of frequent occurrence in the Surrey chalk, and have excited much attention, and given rise to many ingenious, but, as I believe, erroneous speculations, a few remarks on their probable origin may not prove uninteresting; for there is scarcely a chalk-pit in the North downs, in which one or more "*sand-pipes*, or *sand galls*," as they are termed, may not be observed. In the annexed lignograph,

(*lign. 3*) the principal varieties are introduced in one section for the sake of convenience.

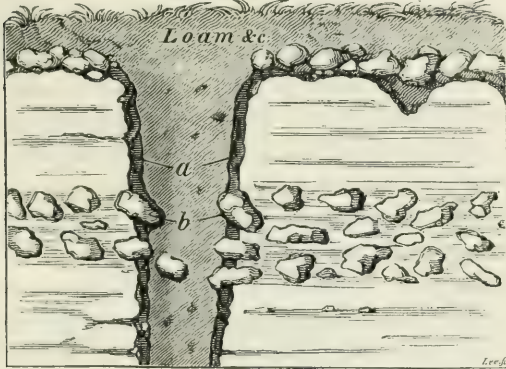


Lign. 3. PART OF A VERTICAL SECTION OF A CHALK-PIT, WITH NUMEROUS FISSURES AND VERTICAL SAND-PIPES, FILLED WITH SAND AND LOAM.

- a.* Furrows or grooves.
- b b.* Bent or curved cylindrical channels or *sand-pipes*.
- c.* Flint nodules extending into a sand-pipe.
- d.* Section of an irregular sand-pipe, which is the termination of the cavity above, marked *b*.

This sketch represents part of a vertical section of a chalk-pit, with two horizontal beds of flint nodules. The top of the pit consists of a covering of loam, sand, and gravel; and the surface of the chalk on which these drifted and water-worn materials rest, is deeply intersected by furrows (*a a*), and sand-pipes (*b*), some of which are vertical, and nearly cylindrical: while others are somewhat tortuous or bent (*b b*); the section of a curved tube

is shewn at *d*, and appears like an isolated cavity, in consequence of the course of the connecting pipe being concealed. These pipes are in general filled with the same kind of drifted materials, as those which occur on the surface of the chalk; and frequently the sides or walls of the pipe are coated with a layer of clay or loam, as shewn in *lign.* 4.



Lign. 4.—VERTICAL SECTION OF THE UPPER PART OF A SAND-PIPE IN CHALK.

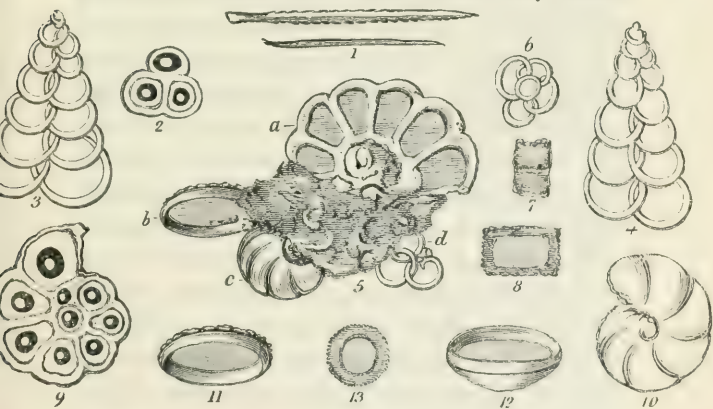
This pipe has the sides coated with a tenacious ochreous clay, marked *a*. Several flint nodules project into the cavity, and are but little, if at all water-worn, *b*.

Wherever the pipes traverse a layer of flint nodules, it is found that the flints are not worn or abraded, but project into the cavity of the tubes (as at *c*, *lign.* 3, and *b*, *lign.* 4); and sometimes a nodule has been loosened, and fallen into the cavity (*see lign.* 4). It should be borne in mind, that although in a vertical section the chalk appears to stand up in slender pinnacles, a ground-plan would shew that this structure is only apparent,

and results from the depth of the furrows with which the surface is channelled; and it often happens that the longitudinal channels terminate in the apertures of the sand-pipes. That the phenomena above described have been produced by the mechanical agency of water acting upon the cretaceous strata when in a partially consolidated state, cannot admit of any reasonable doubt. But the present action of the waves on the chalk cliffs on our sea-shores, shews that the flint nodules are always water-worn before they are separated from the rock in which they are imbedded; and that so soon as they become detached, they are quickly reduced to the state of boulders, pebbles, gravel, and sand.

To account, therefore, for the occurrence of beds of loose flints, that are scarcely, if at all, water-worn, and for the deep furrows and grooves on the surface of the chalk, like those shewn in the annexed sections (*figs. 3, 4*); and for the vertical pipes or funnels that pass through successive layers of chalk and flint, and leave the projecting siliceous nodules unabraded, we must assume that the chalk at the period when these effects took place, was in an incoherent state, and readily acted upon by water. The appearances here contemplated are precisely analogous to those observable on the sand or mud of a delta, or gulph, from which the tide has retreated for a sufficient length of time to admit of the partial drainage of the surface: and in no instance are they similar to the operations of the waves on the sea-shore: there are no beds of boulders, or of shingle and gravel, nor any appear-

ance of ripple marks. The constituent substance of the white chalk strongly supports the above inferences; for by a microscopical examination, the purest chalk is found to be chiefly composed of the detritus of minute corals and shells, and of the calcareous and siliceous cases or shields of animalcules so small, as to be invisible without highly-magnifying powers. Some layers of chalk appear to be nothing more than an aggregation of well-defined fossil organisms, of such minuteness that it is computed a cubic inch of the stone consists of a million of cases and shells of animalcules. In illustration of these remarks, we subjoin figures of a few of the usual forms found in the Surrey chalk.



Lign. 5. FOSSIL ANIMALCULES, ETC., FROM THE CHALK.

The originals are invisible to the naked eye,

1. Spines of sponges.
2. Three cells of a *Textularia*, seen in a transverse direction.
3. 1. *Textularie*.
5. A group of animalculites. *a*. *Rotalia*. *b*. *Pyxidicula*.
c. Portion of different species of *Rotalia*. *d*. A few cells
of a *Textularia*.

6. Five cells of a *Textularia* ; a fore-shortened view.
7. Two cells of *Gaillonella*.
8. Probably some kind of *Bacillaria*.
6. *Rotalia* : the dark annular spot with a white centre, in each cell, arises from air-bubbles.
10. *Rotalia*, resembling the shell of a cephalopod.
- 11, 12. *Pyxidicula*, seen in different positions.
13. An annular carapace of an animalcule.

The fossils here delineated appear to the naked eye like a dim speck, scarcely discernible, on the glass to which they are attached for microscopical examination ; and the layer of chalk from which they were obtained, is entirely made up of similar bodies. As the chalk, therefore, is composed of an aggregation of minute particles of calcareous matter, it is manifest that when this detritus was first deposited, it must have been in the state of soft white mud, in every respect analogous to that which is now in the progress of formation in the sea and along the shores of the Bermuda islands. The veins and nodules of flint, probably originated from the periodical introduction of thermal waters largely charged with silex, into the calcareous sedimentary deposits ; and the siliceous matter must have rapidly consolidated, for in the flints we find not only the durable shields or carapaces of polythalamia, but also the *soft* and *perishable parts* of these minute creatures.* The conversion of the friable sediment into compact white chalk resulted, in part, from the infiltration of crystalline carbonate of lime, and from pressure and desiccation ; and must have taken place gradually, in the same manner as in the modern Bermuda limestones, which

* See Medals of Creation, vol. I., p. 232.

occur in every condition, from that of a fine white pulverulent earth, to a compact building stone.

We may therefore assume, that at the period when the cretaceous strata of the south-east of England were subjected to those elevatory movements which ultimately raised them, together with the wealden deposits on which they rested, above the level of the sea, the lowermost beds of chalk were consolidated, but that the uppermost and latest sediments were on the condition of the soft Bermuda calcareous earth. Upon the emergence of the chalk above the sea, the last formed and consequently the least coherent beds, would be the first exposed to the destructive effects of the waves; and if the elevations were gradual, successive strata would be subjected to the operation, until the mass of chalk was lifted up above the operation of these denuding causes.

The drainage of the elevated masses of the soft calcareous rock would then commence, and give rise to numerous streams and rills, by which the surface would be grooved or furrowed; and funnels, or *sand-pipes*, would be formed by the gyratory action of eddies, or whirlpools, induced by opposing currents; effects in every respect analogous to those observable on the muddy dunes of a delta on the recession of the tide. The beds of loose, unrolled, and but slightly abraded flints, the rounded and smooth contour of the gentle-swelling hills and combes, and the undulated valleys of chalk districts, are the natural results of the operations above described. The subsequent consolidation of the

exposed chalk would gradually be effected by the percolation of water, a process by which calcareous spar is infiltrated into porous strata; and many of the beds would thus be converted into compact limestone.*

From this examination of the origin and constitution of the calcareous rocks which form so important a feature in the geology of this district, we may comprehend how the denudation of the wealden deposits was accomplished by the removal of the cretaceous strata which once covered them; and how the chalk escarpments on the north and south of the anticlinal axis were formed. The inner band of ferruginous sand-hills remained, in consequence of the support yielded by the subordinate beds of chert, and hard sandstone: and the valleys that intervene between the sand-hills and the chalk-downs were excavated, by the removal of the softer strata of marl and blue clay or gault, which are interposed between the white chalk and the ferruginous sands.

THE WEALDEN.—Having considered the phenomena attendant on the transmutation of the chalk formation, from the bed of a deep ocean into an extensive region of dry land diversified by hills and valleys, we pass to the examination of the effects produced on the fresh-water strata beneath. The *Wealden* consists (as we have already shewn) of alternations of layers of clay, sand, and shale, with beds of limestone, grit, and sandstone, of variable

* See Wonders of Geology, vol. I., p. 64; fifth edition.

thickness, compactness, and plasticity. The uppermost series, consisting of clays, sands, and the fresh-water univalve limestone, called Sussex marble, of course appears immediately beneath the Neocomian strata of the chalk, and may be traced round the entire area, as is shewn in the ground-plan (*lign.* 2), forming the weald valleys of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. But this series is entirely wanting in the intermediate district; having, like the chalk, been washed away during the elevation of the central mass of sands, sandstones, and clays, of the forest-ridge. The frequent alternation of layers of hard rock with beds of soft clay, that prevails throughout the Wealden, has given rise to numerous ridges and valleys, that run parallel with the forest-ridge, *i.e.*, with the line of greatest elevation; and the reader who may have travelled some thirty years since by coach from Lewes to East Grinstead, or from Brighton to Crawley, ere the inequalities of the surface were removed or modified by the modern system of road-making, will remember the numerous hills and valleys he had to traverse, from the road successively passing across the ridges of sand and sandstone, and the clay bottoms. But the effects of the elevation of the strata were not confined to the production of these longitudinal ridges and depressions; numerous transverse fissures were also formed, both in the wealden and in the chalk, by which a remarkable hydrographical character has been impressed on the district; namely that the drainage now takes place by transverse channels, or river courses, that pass from the central ridge in opposite directions.

Thus in Sussex (see ground-plan, *lign.* 2) there are four river valleys ; those of the Arun, the Adur, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere, which traverse the South downs, and empty themselves into the British Channel ;—while in Surrey, the river valleys of the Wey, the Mole, the Medway, and the Stour, cut through the North downs, and carry their waters into the Thames. In every instance, these river-courses have clearly originated in transverse fissures, which have subsequently been widened and modified by alluvial action.

Concluding Remarks.—From this survey of the district comprised in the extensive landscape spread around us, we learn that its present configuration has resulted from a succession of physical changes which took place in periods incalculably remote, and long antecedent to the creation of the human race ; and that these verdant hills, these fertile plains, and these dales and valleys clothed with luxuriant vegetation,—the sites of villages, towns, and cities, inhabited by a population in the highest state of civilization,—are formed of the sediments of ancient seas, rivers, and lakes, whose waters teemed with myriads of beings belonging to extinct genera and species ; and of the spoils of countries which enjoyed a tropical climate, and were clothed with forests and groves of palms and tree-ferns, and inhabited by gigantic reptiles, whose races have long since been swept away from the face of the earth.

The phenomena that have passed in review before us, may be referred to three geological epochs ; but

the periods of time through which either of those epochs extended, cannot be conjectured with any degree of probability.

I. The *Wealden* epoch. The most ancient era, comprises the period during which the strata of clay, sand, grit, &c., that make up the Wealden formation, were deposited. The greatest total thickness of these strata cannot be accurately determined, but probably amounts to from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. The innumerable successive layers of the remains of fresh-water mollusca and crustacea, and the prodigious accumulation of the bones of numerous species and genera of reptiles, and of the trunks, branches, and leaves of trees and marsh plants, the whole consisting of sediments brought down by streams and rivers, and slowly deposited in bays, gulphs, deltas, and estuaries, incontrovertibly prove that this epoch must have been of long duration.

II. The *Cretaceous* epoch. The next geological cycle embraces the deposition of that extensive series of strata, whose fossil contents demonstrate that they were accumulated in an ocean of vast extent, and which probably, like the Atlantic, embraced both continents; for cretaceous deposits are largely developed in North America, as well as in Europe. The subsidence of the Wealden must necessarily have taken place before the lowermost chalk strata (the Neocomian) were deposited; but the destruction of the country of the *Iguanodon*, from whose spoils the deposits of the Wealden were derived, was probably gradual, since the

remains of its fauna and flora occur, sparingly, in the Shanklin sands.* The period through which the Cretaceous ocean flourished, with but little alteration in its physical characters, (for its organic remains maintain a very general analogy throughout), let us estimate as we may the probable rapid production of those infinitesimal animal forms of which the chalk is so largely constituted, must have extended through countless ages.

III. *Elevation of the Country.* The third era embraces the period during which those subterranean movements commenced, which gradually forced up the Wealden, and the cretaceous formation which covered it, and ultimately elevated large masses of these ancient ocean and river beds above the level of the waters, and converted them into dry land. This period of disturbance was, probably, of long duration; for there is every reason to conclude that the elevation of the chalk and wealden strata was gradual, and produced, not by one great upheaval, but by a succession of earthquakes and elevatory movements; and the present configuration of the country bears unequivocal evidence of long-continued alluvial action.

But we must not extend these remarks. Let it suffice, if we have succeeded in shewing, that although any one possessed of taste and feeling who gazes on the magnificent landscape commanded from Leith Hill, must be filled with emotions of delight at the contemplation of scenes so rich in

* See Wonders of Geology, vol. I., p. 396.

beauty and sublimity, yet to the natural philosopher the physical characters impressed on the country around him are fraught with a deeper interest, and afford subjects for the most profound contemplation. To him the rocks and the mountains are the grand monuments on which nature has inscribed the history of the past revolutions of the globe. They present to his mind a succession of events, each so vast as to exceed his finite comprehension. Ages of tranquillity, with lands and seas teeming with life, succeeded by periods of turbulence and destruction, during which the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and ultimately converted into fertile islands and continents ; and they teach him that all these changes were subservient to the eternal purpose, of rendering this planet the fit abode of MAN during his mortal pilgrimage.

Our Wild Flowers.

An additional charm to the beautiful scenery by which Dorking is surrounded is the great variety of native plants growing in its vicinity. Within a few miles of the town there is a greater diversity of soil (including chalk, clay, loam, sand, and bog-earth), than can be found in many more extensive districts, and as each particular soil has, to a certain extent, its own peculiar vegetation, the number of species is proportionally increased.

It is not our purpose, however, to write a "Flora" of the district, which would require a whole volume and an accomplished botanist properly to execute the task. These cursory remarks are intended rather to lead the stranger's attention to the subject, leaving him the pleasure of exploring and discovering for himself, than to supply any definite botanical information. Nor is there, amongst the multifarious pursuits by which the searcher after health or relaxation may beguile his leisure hours, a more pleasurable or harmless study than that of plants. How often has the listless invalid been tempted abroad on a fine spring afternoon in search of the fragrant violet or the pale primrose! and what interest does even a slight acquaintance with the

plants that surround us give to our leisurely walk ! At every step there is something attractive in the colour of a flower or the shape of a leaf ;—in the humble mosses which form a verdant carpet beneath the umbrageous trees we sit under, or in the still more unfinished-looking lichens which inhabit their rugged trunks. Unattractive as most of these are to the unassisted eye, when inspected with the assistance of a microscope, they are surpassingly beautiful, and afford most admirable examples of the Great Artificer's perfect handiwork.

But in all the vegetable kingdom, there is nothing that combines singularity and beauty in an equal degree with the tribe designated by botanists orchideous plants. Such of our readers as may have visited the great floral exhibitions of the Royal Botanical Society in their gardens in the Regent's Park, or those of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, may, perchance, have noticed the fantastic likenesses borne by the exotic Butterfly-plant, Dove-plant, and others of the tribe, to the members of the insect and animal creation after which they have been named. Those plants have their native representatives in the Bee Orchis, (*Ophrys apifera*), the Fly Orchis (*Ophrys muscifera*), the Spider Orchis (*Ophrys aranifera*), and the Green Man Orchis (*Aceras anthropophora*).

These, and some others almost equally interesting, are to be found growing on Box Hill, and other parts of the chalk range. Then we have the Fern tribe, always attractive by their elegant or curious

forms, although devoid of showy flowers. Many members of this family may be met with within a few miles of Dorking, as the following list, which contains several rather uncommon species, will shew.

1. OSMUNDA REGALIS, *the royal, or flowering Fern.*
2. POLYPODIUM VULGARE, *the common Polypody.*
3. LASTREA FILIX MASCUA, *the male Fern.*
4. LASTREA OREOPTERIS, *the heath Fern.*
5. LASTREA SPINULOSA, *the prickly-toothed shield Fern.*
6. LASTREA DILATATA, *the broad sharp-toothed shield Fern.*
7. POLYSTICHUM LOBATUM, *the close-leaved prickly Fern.*
8. POLYSTICHUM ANGULARE, *the angular-leaved Fern.*
9. SCOLOPENDRIUM VULGARE, *common Hart's tongue.*
10. CETERACH OFFICINARUM, *scaly Hart's tongue.*
11. ATHYRIUM FILIX FŒMINA, *the lady Fern.*
12. PTERIS AQUILINA, *the common Brake.*
13. ASPLENIUM TRICHOMANES, *common Spleenwort.*
14. ASPLENIUM VIRIDE, *green Spleenwort.*
15. ASPLENIUM ADIANTUM NIGRUM, *black Spleenwort.*
16. ASPLENIUM RUTA MURARIA, *wall-rue Spleenwort.*

These Ferns select widely different situations. Some, as Nos. 9, 10, 13, 14, and 16, must be sought for on old walls; others, as 1 and 11, prefer boggy places; the strap-like fronds of No. 2 may frequently be seen nearly covering the stem of some old tree by the side of a shady lane; while the common Brake springs up profusely in light soils, adding very considerably, when its golden-brown tint is lighted up by a gleam of sunshine, to the beauty of our autumn scenery.

In one important element of beauty, however, Ferns are deficient; as before observed, they have

no visible flowers, and are thence called by the learned, in conjunction with Mosses, Lichens, and some other tribes, *cryptogamous* plants,—while flowering plants are designated *phenogamous*. These last are so abundant that we cannot attempt to enumerate even the most important of them; but should these remarks have the effect of stimulating that latent love of flowers which we believe lies buried in the breast of *all* our lady readers, then we advise them to procure a Synopsis of the English Flora, which, with a little mental exertion on their part, will enable them to determine the name of any wild flower that attracts their notice.

THE END.

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Doughty, Richard, Esq.	Letherhead
Doughty, Richard, Jun.	Letherhead
Downe, Viscount	Great Bookham,
Down, James Dundas, Esq.	Rose-hill
Drew, Mr.....	Tower-hill, Gunshall
Drummond, H., Esq. M.P.	Albury park
Duff, Miss	Boxlands
Eives, Mr. George	Church-street
Ellison, C. Esq.	Juniper-hill, Mickleham
Evanson, Rev. R. M.	Holmwood
Evelyn, W. J. Esq. M.P.....	Wotton-house
Evelyn, C. Esq.	Wotton-house
Evelyn, Mrs.	Wotton-hill
Evershed, Mr.	Albury
Faithful, Rev. G.	Headley rectory
Farquhar, Sir W.	Polesden, Great Bookham
Farnell, John, Esq.	Henfold, Capel
Farris, Mrs.	Effingham-cottage
Feachem, Rev. A.	East Horsley
Feachem, Rev. G.	Oakwood-hill
Feachem, The Misses	South-street
Fish, Richard, Esq.	Effingham
Fisher, J. P. Esq.	Pebble-combe, Walton-on-the-hill
Fisher, Mrs. Elizabeth	Westcott
Fisk, A. L. Esq.	Rose-hill
Fitzroy, Lord Charles	Elderslie, Ockley
Ford, G., Esq.	The Hermitage, Walton-on-the-hill
Foreman, Joseph Robert, Esq.	Betchworth
Foreman, Mrs. Elizabeth	Pipbrook-house
Fox, Charles, Esq.	Letherhead
Franks, Mr.	Castle mill
Frazer, J. Esq.....	Netley-place, Shere
Freshfield, J. W. Esq., M.P.	Moor-place, Betchworth
Frost, Mr. Thomas	Gravel pits, Shere
Fuller, G. A. Esq.	Rookery
Fuller, Mrs. R.	Mickleham
Fuller, Miss	Holcomb-cottage
Fuller, Burrell, Esq.	Holcomb-cottage
Fuller, William, W. Esq.	Holcomb-cottage
Gibbins, B. W. Esq.	Eastwick-farm, Great Bookham
Gifford, Lady	Weston-house, Albury
Giffard, Francis, Esq.	Howard-road
Giles, Mr.	Betchworth
Godsmark, Mr. Thomas	Westcott
Goldhawk, R. Esq., Jun.....	Hazel-hall, Shere -
Gordon, J. A. Esq., M. D.	Burford-lodge, Dorking
Goulbourn, Rt. Hon. H. M. P.....	Manor-house, Betchworth
Grayburn, T. Esq.	Forest-green house
Green, Gen. Thomas Littleton	Rose-hill

Grissell, Major J.	Mickleham
Grissell, T. Esq.	Norbury park
Groome, H. Esq.	Shere
Hadley, N. L. Esq.	Leith-vale
Hadley, S. Esq.	Parklands
Halket, Rev. Dunbar Stewart.....	Little Bookham rectory
Handley, Mr. J.	Mickleham
Hankey, J. B. Esq.	Fetcham park
Hardwick, John, Esq.	Bookham
Harris, Mrs. Isabella.....	Rose-hill
Harrison, Mrs. Henrietta.....	Holmwood-cottage
Harrison, James Park, Esq.	Moorhurst, Holmwood
Hart, Mrs., Sen.	East-street
Hart, Miss.....	East-street
Hart, Alexander, Esq.	East-street
Hart, Charles, Esq.	East-street
Hart, John, Esq.....	East-street
Hatch, Rev. T.	Walton
Haydon, Rev. W.	Wotton rectory
Heath, D. D. Esq.	Kitlands, Dorking
Heberden, Rev. W.	Great Bookham vicarage
Herbert, Rev.—	Leigh parsonage
Higgins, Mr. Samuel.....	Blackbrook
Hillyer, Rev. G. W.	Coldharbour rectory
Hodges, W. R. Esq.	Slyfield cottage, Great Bookham
Hodgson, C. Esq.....	Mount-house, south-street
Hooper, Rev. J.	Rectory-house, Albury
Hope, Henry Thomas, Esq.	Deepdene
Hope, Jarman, Esq.	West-street
Horn, Mrs.	Bookham
Horsnail, Miss	Albury-heath
Hotham, Rev. William Francis.....	Rectory, Buckland
Howland, T. C. Esq.	Tillingbourne
Hughes, Mr. Edward.....	Holmwood
Humphreys, R. Esq.	Hill-cot, Letherhead
Humphreys, Robert, Esq.	Letherhead
Hunter, Misses	Elm-bank, Letherhead
Johnson, Mrs. E.	Effingham
Johnston, G. Esq.	Bookham-lodge
Johnston, J. Esq.	Cleveland-lodge, Westhumble
Jones, W. C. Esq.	Heath-cot, Headley
Joyce, Rev. W. H.	Vicarage, Dorking
Joyce, Mrs.	Vicarage, Dorking
Kerrich, E. Esq.....	Arnolds
Kensitt, Rev. G.	Betchworth vicarage
Killick, Mrs.	Westcott
King, James, Esq.	Vigo-farm, Capel
King, Mr. M.	Paddington-mill, Shere
King, William Joseph, Esq.	Bearhouse
King, Mr. J.....	Westcott-villas
Knight, Gustavus Irvine, Esq.	East-street
Labouchere, J. Esq.	Broom-hall

Ladbroke, F. Esq.....	Headley-house
Lambert, A. Esq.....	London-road
Lambert, Rev. H.	Westcott
Lance, ———Esq.	Holmwood
Larpent, Baron H.	Holmwood
Leach, William, Esq.	Great Bookham
Legge, the Ladies M. and A.	Holmwood lodge
Lillycrap, Captain	Holmwood
Loat, Mrs.....	Letherhead
Lovely, Rev.—.....	Newdigate rectory
Lovaine, Lord, M. P.	Albury park
Lushington, Rev. ———	Walton
Malthus, Rev. H.	Effingham vicarage
March, Mr. Charles	Westcott
Marsh, Captain Digby	Rose-hill
Marsh, John,	South-street
Marshall, J. Esq.	Letherhead
Marshall, The Misses	Great Bookham
Marshall, Mrs. John	South-street
Martyr, The Misses	Holmwood
Mieville, A. Esq.	Pixham-lane, Dorking
Mieville, Andrew A. Esq.....	Rose-hill
Morley, J. Esq.	Effingham-hill
Moon, Rev. E. G.	Fetcham rectory
Napper, Mr. T.	East-street
Napper, Mr. W.	Betchworth
Nash, Mr. H.	Albury
Newby, A. R. Esq.	Rose-hill
Newman, J. H. Esq.	South-street
Newman, Mr.	Letherhead
Newsome, W. Esq.....	Letherhead
Niblett, Mrs.	Londsdale-house
Nicholson, Miss E.....	Meadow-bank
O'Flaherty, Rev. T. R.	Capel parsonage
Oldham, Rev. G. A.	Parsonage-house, Dorking
Otter, Mrs.	Effingham-street
Parke, S. Esq.	Kingston-house, Letherhead
Parkes, Thomas, Esq.	Betchworth
Parrott, Lt. Col. H. M.....	Effingham
Paxon, George Kirkham	South-street
Pennington, E. G. Esq.	Coldharbour
Pickering, Miss	Great Bookham
Plaistow, Miss Sarah.....	Flint-hill
Pomfret, Countess of.....	Effingham
Powell, Rev. J. W. S.	Abinger rectory
Puddicombe, Rev. A.	Howard-road
Pullen, Mrs.....	Letherhead
Randall, Mrs. S.	Arundel-street
Reeves, Mr. S.	Letherhead
Remington, G. F. Esq.	Elm-bank, Letherhead
Ricardo, Miss B.	Fetcham-lodge
Richardson, G. F. Esq.....	Belmont-lodge, Letherhead
Richardson, Mr. G.	Bridge-house, Buckland

Rickards, Mrs.	Fetcham
Robinson, C. F. Esq.	Effingham-lodge
Rose, Mr. Joshua	West-lees farm, Logmore
Rought, Mr. R.	Eastwick
Roupell, Rev. F. P.	Rectory, Walton-on-the-hill
Rowarth, R. Esq.	Brockham-green
Rudge, Mr. John.	South-street
Sadler, John Dendy, Esq.	East-street
Samuda, Miss	Albury-heath
Savage, John, Esq.	East-street
Seager, T. S. Esq.	Westcott-villas
Seawell, T. A. Esq.	Great Bookham
Seeley, Mrs. Sarah.	Rose-hill
Seymour, Rev. H.	Westcott parsonage
Shaw, Mr. J.	Crescent, Westcott
Sidmouth, Rt. Hon. Lord.	Albury
Simmons, William, Esq.	Letherhead
Singer, S. W. Esq.	Mickleham
Sitwell, F. Esq.	Albury
Smith, Miss Fanny.	Shere
Smith, William, Esq.	Letherhead
Sparkes, Mr. Thomas	Letherhead
Spencer, Mr.	Albury
Spokes, Mrs. M.	Holmwood
Squires, J. Esq.	The Oaks, Walton-on-the-hill
Stent, Mrs. E.	West-street
Stedman, J. R. Esq.	Great Bookham
Steere, Lee, Esq.	Jayes, Ockley
Stewart, Mrs.	Letherhead
Stewart, M. Esq.	South-street
Stilwell, John Gilliam, Esq.	South-street
Strahan, W. Esq.	Ashurst
Streater, Mr. Wm.	Letherhead
Stringer, Captain M.	Effingham-hill
Stringer, Mrs.	Effingham-hill
Sturgeon, J. Esq.	Springfield-lodge
Synes, Langford, Esq.	Albury
Taplin, E. O. Esq.	Albury
Taylor, Mrs. Charlotte.	Shere
Taylor, Captain, R.N.	Albury
Thompson, Mrs. M.	Box-hill
Thoms, Mrs.	Albury
Thorpe, Dr. (A.M.)	Effingham
Tilley, Mrs. E.	South-street
Toler, Hon. O. F.G.	Little Bookham
Towgood, the Misses.	Rose-hill
Tudor, J. Esq.	Albury
Tupper, M. F. Esq.	Albury
Turner, Mr.	Gravel pits, Shere
Tyrrell, Mrs. E.	Rose-hill
Waite, Rev. Edward	Letherhead
Warren, Mrs. H.	Shere
Wathen, Lady E. J.	Shrub-hill

Warren, A. Esq.	Shere
Way, A. Esq.	Wonham, Betchworth
Webb, Mr. R.	Weston farm, Albury
Weber, ——— Esq.	Slaters oak, Effingham
Wedgewood, J. Esq.	Leith-hill place
Weller, R.	Sprats
Wellbeloved, Mr. William	Westcott
Wetton, C. Esq.	Joldens
Whitehouse, Miss.	South-street
Whatman, William, Esq.	Kitlands
Wickham, Rev. E. D.	Holmwood Vicarage,
Williams, Justice V. the Hon.	Tanhurst
Wilson, Miss J.	Clock-house, Capel
Winton, Mr. William.	Pipp-brook villa
Woodham, H. V. Esq.	Albury
Worsfold, Mrs. John	Westcott
Young, H. Esq.	West-street
Young, B. Esq.	Rose-hill
Young, Mr. F.	Gravel pits, Shere

DIRECTORY OF THE **PRINCIPAL INHABITANTS AND TRADESMEN** OF THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD OF DORKING.

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*Where the residences are in the town of Dorking, the name of the Street only is given.*

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Abel, John, miller	Church-street
Adds, John, grocer and pork-butcher	High-street
Ainsworth, William, clock and watch maker	Letherhead, see ad. p. 30
Airy, John, carpenter	Shere
Allatson, Charles, upholsterer	High-street, see ad. p. 10
Alloway, William & Charles, butchers	East-street, see ad. p. 11
Atkinson, James Whitbread, (bull's head inn)	South-street, see ad. p. 19
Attlee, Richard, maltster and corn dealer	South-street, see ad. p. 8
Attree, William, hair dresser	Dean-street
Attfield, Henry, farmer	Albury
Arnold, John (Dolphin)	Betchworth
Andrews, William, (grapes inn)	Reigate, see ad. p.
Ansell, John, carpenter,	Ockley
Arrow, Isaac shoemaker	Great Bookham
Arthur, George Frederick, grocer and draper	Letherhead
Avenell, James, brickmaker	Gumshall
Baker, George, plumber and glazier	Great Bookham
Baker, Barnham, stationmaster,	Gumshall
Baker, Mrs. Esther, sadler	Ockley
Balchin, Thomas, wheelwright	Great Bookham
Balchin, Francis, cattle salesman	Westcott
Balchin, Frederick, boot and shoe maker	Westcott
Balchin, George, farmer	Westcott
Barber, Charles, shopkeeper	Gumshall
Bargeman, G. painter and house decorator	High-street
Barrett, J. & G. plumbers and painters	Ockley
Bartlett, Emma Maria (Mrs.) milliner	High-street
Bartlett, George, smith	West-street, see ad. p. 6
Bartlett, John, veterinary surgeon	East-street
Bartley, Henry, farmer	Southbrook farm, Shere
Batcock, Richard, seedsman	Shere
Batchelar, William and Henry, builders, &c.	Betchworth
Batchelar, William, carpenter and builder	Letherhead
Batchelar, James, maltster and coal merchant	Betchworth
Beall, Griffin, brewer and baker	Westcott, see ad. p. 27-28
Beall, James, farmer	Gadbrook-common

Baxter, Isaac, smith	Capel
Beall, Benjamin, shopkeeper	Headley
Beas, Benjamin, grocer and baker	Headley
Beckett, John painter	South-street
Beckett, The Misses	Stapletons, see ad. p. 20
Berwick, William, station master	Betchworth
Bennett, William, farmer	Brockham-loage
Beves, Samuel, watchmaker	South-street
Billings, Thomas, ginger-beer maker	Ram-alley
Billingham, William, hairdresser	Letherhead
Blake, James, shoemaker	Letherhead
Blake, Richard, seedsman	Letherhead
Boorer, George, bootmaker	High-street, see ad. p. 11
Boorer, William, boot and shoe maker	Church-street
Borer, Thomas, (Black Horse) corn dealer	East-street
Boorer, Mrs. Tyler, farmer	Bullcroft farm
Bothwell, S. and A. builders, masons, &c.	West-street, see ad. p. 20
Botting, J. and S. Misses, straw bonnet makers ..	West-street
Botting, Richard, painter and plumber	West-street
Botton, George, (Bell Inn)	Fetcham
Bourne, William, hair dresser	West-street
Bowen, Tamerlane, hatter and newspaper agent .	South-street
Bowers, Robert, bootmaker	Capel
Bowers, Caleb, carpenter	Capel
Bowering, Thomas, farmer	Colley farm, Buckland
Bowring, James, farmer	Capel
Bowyer, Michael, miller	Betchworth
Bexall, Charles, (Arundel Arms) brewer	Howard-road, ad. p. 16
Boxall, William, brewer and beer retailer	High-street, ad. p. 14
Bradbury, Mrs. Mary shopkeeper	Great Bookham
Bradbury, William, tailor	Great Bookham
Bradbury, Charles, stationer	Great Bookham
Braithwaite, George, shoemaker	Headley
Braithwaite, William, lath render	Letherhead
Brice, Richard, farmer	Box-hill farm
Bristow, John, butcher	Shere
Bristow, Henry, butcher	Albury
Brown, John, baker	High-street, see ad. p. 16
Brown, Thomas, farmer	Ansty farm
Browne, George, manager of L. & C. bank	High-street
Brown, William, wheelwright	Capel
Brown, Edward, farmer	Chadhurst
Brown, Mrs. Ann, (King's Arms)	Ockley
Brown, William, carpenter	Letherhead
Burbury, Stephen, farmer	Misbrook, Capel
Burbury, James, farmer	Hill house, Capel
Bushbey, Thomas, grocer, &c., post-office	Ockley
Burchett, Mrs. M. farmer	Gumshall
Buckle, William, wood dealer	Letherhead
Bull, John, registrar and assistant overseer	Vincent cottage
Bullen, Richard, carrier	Letherhead

Burberry, Thomas, baker and grocer, post-office	Brockham-green
Burgess, John, fruiterer	Fetcham
Butcher, George, farmer	Capel
Butler, W. Thomas, grocer and tea dealer	South-street, see ad. p. 8
Caffin, John, farmer	Comb farm
Caffyn, Peter, grocer	High-street
Caffyn, W. W. hair dresser	High-street, see ad. p. 6
Cane, Mathias, farmer	Flanchford, Buckland
Carpenter, James, beer retailer	Ram-alley
Cartwright, W. H. agent to the Freehold Ld. Sy.	West-street, see ad. p. 6
Chaldecott, Mrs. J. preparatory school	Cotmandene house
Champion, Thomas, shopkeeper	Ockley
Champion, Samuel James, blacksmith	Buckland
Chandler, Joseph, butcher	Betchworth
Chandler, William, fishmonger,	Letherhead
Chandler, Charles, boot and shoemaker	Buckland
Chandler, Joseph, (Red Lion)	Buckland
Chapman, John, Station Inn	Dorking, see ad. p. 18
Chapman, W. hardwareman	South-street
Charman, John, farmer	Wotton
Charman, John, farmer	Oakwood hill
Charman, William, (Hare & Hounds)	Purford bridge, ad. p. 37
Charman, Richard, farmer,	Breakspear, Capel
Charman, Edward, farmer	Pond's farm, Shere
Chart, Benjamin, tailor	South-street
Chart, James, baker,	Ram-alley
Cheesman, James, farmer	Capel
Child, Henry, boot and shoe maker	Flint-hill
Chilman, John, farmer	Layland farm
China, George, farmer	Ockley
Chitty, Richard, wheelwright	West-street
Chitty, Charles, butcher	West-street
Chitty, Thomas, corn and coal merchant	Letherhead
Chitty, Bartholomew, tanner	Letherhead
Christie, David, farmer	Letherhead
Christie, John and Henry, nurserymen	Letherhead, ad. p. 39
Church, Thomas B. relieving officer	Letherhead
Clark, W. W. , pharmaceutical chemist	High-street see ad. p. 41
Clark, R. J. bookseller and stationer	High-street see ad. p. 41
Clarke, James, and Son, timber merchants	Westcott
Clarke, James, tailor	Letherhead
Clarke, William, tailor	Letherhead
Clapshaw, William, (Cock Inn)	Headley
Clear, Henry, wheelwright	Great Bookham
Clift, Joseph, Chemist	High-street, see ad. p. 6
Clifton, Henry, butcher, lodging-house keeper	Holmwood, see ad. p. 8
Cole, Henry, currier	High-street
Coleman, John, veterinary surgeon	Letherhead
Coldman, Edward, miller	Ockley
Coldman, Thomas, baker	Ockley
Coldman, Edward	Millpond cottage, Wotton
Collin, Thomas, shopkeeper	Albury

Collinson, James, butcher.....	Capel
Collison, Sarah, Miss, smith	Capel
Collis, John, carpenter	Wotton
Comber, Thomas, farmer	Capel
Constable, William, farmer	Capel
Constable, John, (Royal Oak)	Letherhead
Cooke, Robert, estate agent.....	Great Bookham
Cooke, John, carpenter and builder	Westcott
Cooke, James, farmer.....	Letherhead
Cooke, Henry, miller,	Albury mill
Cook, James, carrier.....	Ram-alley, see ad. p. 16
Coombes, Mrs. M. A. corn dealer	High-street
Cooper, George, plumber and glazier	Letherhead
Cooper, David, poulterer	East-street, see ad. p. 26
Court, George, shopkeeper	Letherhead
Courtney, Sydney, surgeon	Letherhead
Cranham, James, (Red Lion).....	Ockley
Crews, Thomas, farmer.....	Buckland
Crompton, George, shopkeeper	West-street
Crompton, James, basket-maker.....	West-street
Crompton, Misses H. & A. straw bonnet makers ..	High-street
Croucher, Charles, green grocer	South-street, see ad. p. 37
Croucher, Mrs. T. grocer and pork butcher	High-street
Croucher, Wm. (Rose & Crown)	West-street
Curtis, William, (Rising Sun).....	Fetcham
Dale, John, huntsman, Surrey Union hounds.....	Kennel, Bookham
Dale, William, newsvendor	West-street see ad. p. 10
Dale, Mrs. Elizabeth, shopkeeper	Capel
Dale, John, farmer	Old house farm
Dallen, Abraham, shoemaker	Great Bookham
Darby, Mrs. E. grocer	Holmwood
Dartnell, John, farmer	Cotterell farm, Shere
Davey, Thomas, upholsterer and undertaker	East-street see ad. p. 12
Davey, Robert, surgeon.....	Shere
Daves, Philip, grocer	East-street
Deadman, Peter, boot and shoemaker	Ram-alley
Dearman, John, artist	Shere
Denby, Miles, bricklayer and grocer	Great Bookham
Dennis and Sturt, bricklayers.....	East-street
Denyer, Charles, collector of taxes	Harrow-cottage
Dewdney, George, sadler	High-street
Dewdney, James, miller.....	Pixham mill
Dibble, F. J. architect and surveyor.....	South-street, see ad. p. 19
Dibble, Daniel, (Evelyn Arms)	Wotton
Dibley and Jewell, linen drapers	High-street, ad. p. 25-26
Dinnis, Miss M. A. mistress of National school, ...	Capel
Dockeray, George, trainer of race horses	Mickleham
Dod, Mr. farmer	Brockham
Dollery, Joseph, watchmaker	Heath-hill
Dove, George, (Crown Inn)	Great Bookham
Draly, Mrs. Jane, Berlin wool warehouse	High-street

Drew, B. H. farmer	Tower-hill, Gumshall
Dudley, Mrs. Mary, day school	Westhumble-street
Durant, E. & F. chemists	High-street, see ad. p. 31 to 36—38
Eagleton, Edward, farmer	Little Bookham
Ede, Joseph and Son, millers	Pippbrook mill
Ede, Thomas, coal merchant and shopkeeper	Church-street
Ede, John, farmer	Betchworth
Edintorough, Christopher, tailor	West-street
Edwards, Mrs. Elizabeth, sadler	South-street
Edwards, Miss M. dress maker	Howard-road
Ever shed, John, farmer	Albury
Elmslie, George, draper and grocer	Betchworth
Elphick, George, butcher	Betchworth
Edwards, Daniel, blacksmith and ironmonger	Letherhead
Edwards, William, butcher	Letherhead
Edwards, Edward, beer retailer	Ockley
Edwards, John, farmer	Lockhurst hatch farm
Edwards, Edward, grocer	Camp, Wotton
Elphick, E. and R. Stay makers	West-street
Elliott, Thomas, shopkeeper	Letherhead
Ellis, Horace, farmer,	Park farm, Wotton
Ellison, Mark, wheelwright	Buckland
Evershed, John, tanner	Gumshall
Evershed, Thomas, farmer,	Abinger mill
Faithful, Rev. F. boarding school	Headley
Farhall, Mrs. Ann (White Horse)	Shere
Fell, William	Westcott
Fentiman, James, coachmaker	Albury
Field, James, farmer	Buckland
Fielder, Richard, draper and clothier	West-street, see ad. p. 30
Figg, Thomas, tea dealer	Great Bookham
Finch, John post-office	Flint-hill
Franks, Henry, shopkeeper	Shere
Franks, ————millers	Castle-mill
Frost, Thomas, farmer	Gravel pits, Gumshall
Frost, Thomas W. harness maker	Back-lane
Fuller, A. tailor	High-street, see ad. p. 7
Fuller, John, butcher	West-street
Fuller, Joseph, butcher	South-street, ad. p. 41
Fuller, Arthur, butcher	South-street
Fuller, Edward, whitesmith	Ram-alley
Fuller, James, whitesmith	Back-lane
Gadd, John, nurseryman	Castle gardens, ad. p. 18
Gardiner, Samuel, shoemaker	Letherhead
Gale, Robert, farmer,	Lennings, farm, Wotton
Gibbs, Walter, coal merchant	Letherhead
Gibbs, William, farmer	Fetcham
Gibbins, Bryan Ward, farmer	Great Bookham
Gillian, Richard, mason	West-street
Gittins, Miss F. dress-maker	South-street
Gittins, Wm. C. whitesmith	London-road

Gobell, William, baker and fruiterer	South-street
Goddard, John, (White Horse)	High-street, see ad. p. 15
Goddard, James, shoemaker.....	Letherhead
Godsmark, John	Westcott
Gosling, Frederick, tailor and hatter	High-street, see ad. p. 22
Gough, George, dancing master	Holmwood
Gould, William, farmer.....	Barnet-wood farm
Grantham, Matthew, baker.....	Letherhead
Grantham, Thomas, baker	Letherhead
Green, Joseph, beer retailer	Letherhead
Grover, John, brewer and shopkeeper	Gumshall
Grantham, William, baker	Great Bookham
Greathurst, James, butcher	Westcott
Greathurst, Philip, beer retailer	Westcott
Greathurst, William (Spotted Dog)	South-street
Greenfield, Zephaniah, cow-keeper.....	Westcott
Greenaway, John Thomas, maltster	Shere
Griffie, E. & M. (Bell)	West-street, see ad. p. 14
Grinstead, William, builder	East-street
Grinstead, George, plumber and painter	East-street
Gumbrell, Edward, linen draper.....	High-street
Gunner, James, farmer	Great Bookham
Hack, Thomas, cooper	Letherhead
Hackblock, John, Esq.	Brockham warren
Halfacre, Francis, tailor.....	Letherhead
Hallamby, Henry, farmer	Buckland
Hall, Brothers, lime and stone merchants	Betchworth
Hamblin, Miss A. milliner and dressmaker.....	Spring-gardens
Hamilton, Mrs. dressmaker	West-street
Hampshire, Henry, farmer	Hatch farm
Hankins, Robert, plumber and glazier	Shere
Harbroe, Thomas, plumber and painter	South-street
Harding, Wm. plumber and glazier	Shere
Harding, Richard, plumber, &c.....	Letherhead
Harman, John, baker and grocer	Betchworth
Harriott, George, corn dealer	Letherhead
Harriott, James, butcher	Letherhead
Harris, Charles, smith	Wotton
Hart and Hart, solicitors	East-street
Hart, John, secretary to savings' bank.....	East-street
Hay, E. (Red Lion Hotel).....	High-street, ad. p. 13—13
Hayman, John George, china warehouse.....	High-street, see ad. p. 13
Haynes, Henry, timber merchant and builder	Mickleham
Henden, Edward, (Beehive Inn)	London-road
Hester, W. (Bull's Head)	Letherhead
Hewett, Joseph, cooper.....	Letherhead
Higgins, Richard, baker and grocer	Albury
Higgins, John, registrar	Shere
Hill, Thomas, stationer and chemist, post-office ..	Letherhead
Hill, John, boot and shoemaker	Letherhead
Hill, Cecilia Elizabeth, post-office	Mickleham

Holden, Edward Smith	Hatch farm
Hollier, William, grocer	West-street
Holmes, Henry, brass and iron founder	Mill-lane
Hooke, Thomas Jackson, diocesan school	South-street
Howard, Caleb, schoolmaster	Mickleham
Howett, James and William, farmers	Buckland
Howett, James, farmer	Hill farm, Buckland
Howland, Thomas C.	Potnall's farm, Wot on
Hubbard, Miss E. day school	High-street
Hubbard, Jane, jeweller and watchmaker	High-street, see ad. p. 13
Hubbard, Hannah, baker	South-street
Hubbard, William, farmer	Jordans farm
Humphrey, Henry, butcher.....	Ram-alley
Humphreys, George, shopkeeper	Letherhead
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Jeal, John, farmer	Holmwood
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King, John Benjamin, baker	Albury
King, George, farmer	Slyfield
King, Michael, farmer	Leightfield farm
Knight, G. I. surgeon.....	High-street
Knight, Samuel, bricklayer	Ockley

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 COMBS, WALKING STICKS, CIGARS, &c.**

A PRIVATE ROOM FOR HAIR CUTTING.

Birds, &c. Stuffed and Mounted in the present style.

DEALER IN BRITISH BIRDS EGGS.

CLIFT,

Dispensing and Family Chemist,

DORKING.

THOMAS MARSH,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
Silbersmith, Engraver and Optician,
HIGH-STREET, DORKING.

ENGLISH AND GENEVA WATCHES CLEANED AND REPAIRED.—ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS, BAROMETERS AND THERMOMETERS.—MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.—TELESCOPES, MICROSCOPES, SPECTACLES.—WEDDING AND MOURNING RINGS.—TURRET AND OTHER CLOCKS WOUND BY THE YEAR.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT OR EXCHANGED.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,
Nurseryman, Florist & Seedsman,
BOX-HILL NURSERY, LONDON ROAD,
(Established 1800),
ADJOINING THE BOX-HILL STATION ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

BOUQUETS SUPPLIED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

R. W. & T. W. MARSH,
LINEN AND WOOLLEN DRAPERS,
Clothiers, and Hatters,
ENTRANCE TO WEST STREET, DORKING.

Clothing Societies and Charities supplied on liberal Terms.

American Over Shoes,—Gutta Percha Soles, &c.

CLOTHES MADE TO MEASURE.

A. FULLER,
TAILOR AND HATTER,
LIVERIES, &c.

HIGH STREET, DORKING.

**FURNISHED APARTMENTS
AT IVY PORCH AND OSIER COTTAGES,
HOLMWOOD, NEAR DORKING.
MRS. CLIFTON**

Begs to inform the VISITORS of DORKING and its NEIGHBOURHOOD, that she continues to LET FURNISHED APARTMENTS to Ladies, Gentlemen, or Families, on the most reasonable terms.

The above Cottages are situated on a Healthy COMMON, with an uninterrupted VIEW, a short distance from the main road between Dorking and Horsham, and less than two miles from the former town.

Several Sitting and Bed Rooms, (including double bedded Rooms) are at the choice of Visitors; and all the conveniences of a Farm as respects the supply of Provisions, &c., are accessible.

Post Letters arrive at Mrs. Clifton's by 7 o'clock in the Morning, and 3 p. m.; and communication is kept up with London, by Railway Trains seven times Daily during the Week, and three times on Sundays; also with Brighton, Horsham, Guildford, Leatherhead, Epsom, &c., by Coaches daily.

The most scrupulous regard is paid to Cleanliness; and the greatest attention paid to Invalids and other Visitors, who may be pleased to become inmates.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Principals Inns in Dorking, and its Vicinity.

W. T. BUTLER,
Tea-Dealer, Grocer, Provision Merchant,
OIL AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMAN,
(Opposite the Rotunda)
SOUTH STREET, DORKING,

Respectfully informs the Inhabitants and Visitors of Dorking and neighbourhood, that every article connected with the above trades is sold at his establishment of the finest quality and at London prices.

AGENT FOR HUNTLY and PALMER'S CELEBRATED READING BISCUITS.

Bishop and Sons British Wines.

EMPRESS OF CHINA'S TEA.

**PRICE'S, PALMER'S, FIELD'S & OTHER PATENT CANDLES
AND NIGHT LIGHTS.**

**N.B.—Finest York Hams and Wiltshire Bacon,—Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire
and other Cheese.**

M. ISARD,
 TOY SHOP,
STATIONERY, BOOKS,
BERLIN WOOL,
 AND
FANCY GOODS.

ANDREW ROBERTSON,
 COOPER, BASKET MAKER,
&c.
WEST STREET, DORKING,
2 doors from the Post Office,
 BRUSHES, BROOMS, MATS, TOYS.
 Churns and other Dairy requisites of superior
 quality.

WILLIAM PULLEN,
BOOT AND SHOE WAREHOUSE,
 EAST STREET, DORKING.

GROÇER AND GENERAL TEA-DEALER.

THOMAS WILKINSON,
 Tailor and Hatter,
 SOUTH STREET, DORKING.

BEST ROMAN VIOLIN STRINGS.

C. ALLATSON,
Upholsterer and Paper-Hanger,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

PICTURE FRAMES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

G. BARTLETT,
BRASS AND IRON FOUNDER,
WEST STREET, DORKING.

WILLIAM DALE,
General Newsagent,
WEST STREET, DORKING.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS SUPPLIED ON
THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

ESTABLISHED, 1830.
E. MILLER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
EAST STREET, DORKING.

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.—AN ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE SHOES
ALWAYS ON SALE.

Families waited on at their own Residences.

MR. NICHOLSON,
ORGANIST AT LEATHERHEAD CHURCH,
Professor of Music,
AND
TEACHER OF THE PIANOFORTE,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

PIANOFORTES TUNED AND REPAIRED.—INSTRUMENTS LET ON HIRE.

WILLIAM & CHARLES ALLOWAY,
BUTCHERS,
EAST STREET, DORKING.

GEORGE BOORER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

EDWARD LUCOCK,
BREWER AND MALTSTER,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

Families supplied with Home-brewed Ales and Beer.

MRS. JAMES HAY,

Red Lion

**FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
DORKING.**

Wine and Spirit Merchant.

**POST HORSES & CARRIAGES of EVERY DESCRIPTION.
PONY CHAISES, ETC.**



JOHN NICHOLSON,

Cameo Engraver

**TO HER MAJESTY and HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUCHESS OF KENT,
DORKING.**

*Portraits executed from life, also from Busts, Paintings, &c.—Classical and
Historical subjects Engraved in Cameo.*

MR. W. MILLER,

Auctioneer and Appraiser,

UNDERTAKER.

**HOUSE, LAND & GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
DORKING.**

THOMAS DAVEY;

UPHOLSTERER,

Cabinet Manufacturer, Paper-Hanger,

AND

UNDERTAKER,

EAST STEET, DORKING.

MRS. JAMES HAY,
RED LION BREWERY, DORKING.

PALE ALE & PORTER BREWER

*Families supplied with all kinds of Pale Ales and Porter
 at the following prices:—*

BITTER ALE.

Light Table Ale in Casks of $4\frac{1}{2}$ —9 and 18-gallon	at	1/	per gal.
Pale Bitter Ale in ditto	at	1/2	„

MILD ALES.

X Ale in Casks of $4\frac{1}{2}$ —9 and 18-gallons	at	/7	„
XX Ale in ditto	ditto	at	1/
XXX Ale in ditto	ditto	at	1/6

PORTER.

Porter in Casks of $4\frac{1}{2}$ —9 and 18-gallons	at	1/	„
Ditto	ditto	at	1/2
Double Stout	at	1/6	„

HUBBARD,
Chronometer Watch and Clock Maker, Jeweller,
&c.
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

CHURCH, TURRET AND HOUSE CLOCKS ATTENDED TO BY THE YEAR.
Agent for Anderson's Self-acting Portable-spring Spectacles.

GEORGE HAYMAN,
Basket Maker and Cooper,
DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF
BRUSHES, TURNERY, CHINA, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.

CHINA and GLASS RIVETTED —GOODS PACKED for REMOVAL

THE SUN BREWERY, HIGH STREET. DORKING.

WILLIAM BOXALL,
BREWERY.

FINE ALES.—LONDON PORTER AND STOUT.

Agent to Barclay, Perkins, & Co.

C. L U C A S,
NURSERYMAN, SEEDSMAN,
And Fruiterer,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

FRUITS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AND THE BEST QUALITY.

G R I F F E E ,
THE BELL INN,
WEST STREET, DORKING.

GEORGE WICKS,
TOWN CRIER, DORKING,
SURGEON TO THE
PARASOL & UMBRELLA HOSPITAL.

Broken Bones carefully set, Joints neatly mended, in fact the whole Frame undergoing a speedy restoration, in less than twenty-four hours.

N. B. German, French, English, and Italian Patients taken in, and attended to daily by a Native.

JOHN GODDARD,

WHITE HORSE,

Commercial Inn and Family Hotel,

DORKING.

~~~~~  
**WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,**  
~~~~~

**Families Boarded and Lodged on moderate terms.
POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

BOTTLED ALES AND STOUT.

Agent for BASS' PALE ALE in Cask and Bottle.

ESTABLISHED 1779.

J. BROWN,
PASTRY-COOK & CONFECTIONER,
Gingerbread, Bread and Biscuit Baker,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

ALL KINDS OF FRENCH AND FANCY BREAD—CAKES OF ALL SORTS
 MADE TO ORDER.

C. BOXALL,
ARUNDEL ARMS, HOWARD ROAD.

Foreign Wines and Spirits.

HOME-BREWED ALES.—LONDON PORTER—BASS' INDIA
 PALE ALE, &c.

JAMES COOK,
Carrier.

DEAN STREET, DORKING,
 (SUCCESSOR TO H. RAZZELL)

Begs to inform his Friends and the Public generally that his

SPRING VAN

*Leaves Dorking every Tuesday and Friday Mornings at Nine
 o'clock precisely,*

TO THE WEST-END OF LONDON, AND DELIVERS GOODS THE SAME EVENING,
 Calling at the Ship, Charing Cross; Old White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly;
 Moore's and Griffith's Green Man and Still, and Boar and Castle, Oxford
 Street; Phœnix Booking Office, 65, King William Street, City; and to
 the George Inn, Borough.

*Leaves the George Inn every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon
 at Three o'clock.*

CALLING AT THE WAGGON AND HORSES, NEWINGTON.

Carries Goods for Dorking, Mickleham, Westcot, Newdigate, Holmwood,
 and all places adjacent.

K. T. JOYES,
TAILOR AND HATTER,
SOUTH STREET, DORKING.

AGENT TO THE WATERLOO LIFE EDUCATION CASUALTY & SELF-RELIEF
 ASSURANCE COMPANY.

UNITY FIRE OFFICE.

THOMAS STURT,
THREE TUNS COMMERCIAL INN,
HIGH STREET, DORKING.

Good Beds.

EXCELLENT STABLING AND LOCK-UP COACH-HOUSE.

WILLIAM ANDREWS,
GRAPES COMMERCIAL INN,
BELL STREET,
REIGATE,

Begs leave respectfully to inform the *public generally* that he has taken to the above old-established Commercial House, (lately carried on by Mr. JOSEPH HALL,) and assures *them* that it is his determination, by careful and unremitting attention to business, combined with moderate charges, to merit that support he so earnestly solicits.

~~~~~  
 WINES AND SPIRITS OF THE FIRST QUALITY — MARKET DINNER EVERY  
 TUESDAY — COMFORTABLE BEDS — EXCELLENT STABLING AND LOCK-UP  
 COACH-HOUSES.

---

*Omnibus meets every Train to the Reigate Town Station, Gratis.*

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**J. GADD,**  
**FLORIST, FRUITERER & MARKET-GARDENER**  
**CASTLE GARDENS, DORKING.**

---

*N. B. Bouquets every day in the Year from 6d. and upwards.*

---

**JOHN CHAPMAN,**  
**AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,**  
**Station Inn,**

AND

*No. 1, WEST STREET, DORKING.*

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**Furnished Apartments**

AT

**Mrs. E. LATTER'S, COTMANDENE, DORKING**

OR

*A House to Let Furnished for a Term.*

---

*ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF 20 YEARS.*

**WILLIAM WATTS,**  
**ROPE, LINE AND TWINE MANUFACTURER,**  
**SOUTH STREET, DORKING;**

Respectfully returns his most sincere thanks to his friends for the patronage he has received, and assures them it will be his most anxious endeavour by perseverance and moderate charges to merit that support he has hitherto so liberally enjoyed.

**FISHING NETS, SHEEP NETS, WAGON AND RICK CLOTHS,  
 AND SACKS IN EVERY VARIETY.**

MR. F. J. DIBBLE,  
Architect and Surveyor,  
SOUTH STREET, DORKING.

---

THE BULL'S HEAD COMMERCIAL INN,  
AND  
Family Hotel,  
SOUTH STREET, DORKING.  
JAMES WHITBREAD ATKINSON,  
**PROPRIETOR.**

Every description of Cattle, Sheep and Pigs purchased upon the most liberal terms.—Purveyor of Dorking Fowls, and General Dealer in all Agricultural Commodities.

---

H. LUCAS,  
**MARKET GARDENER,**  
HOWARD ROAD DORKING.

---

ALFRED JOHN WEST,  
Ladies & Gentlemen's Boot & Shoe-Maker,  
WEST STREET, DORKING.

---

A general Stock of New and Well-selected Ready-made Boots and Shoes.



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**PAGE AND RELF,**  
**AUCTIONEERS,**  
**ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS,**  
 OFFICES  
 HOLMWOOD FARM AND HIGH STREET, DORKING;  
 AND HIGH STREET, REIGATE.

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**SAMUEL & ALFRED BOTHWELL,**  
**Builders & General Masons,**  
**LIME AND BRICK MERCHANTS,**  
*WEST STREET, DORKING.*

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**A FURNISHED HOUSE**

*And Apartments,*

AT THE MISSES BECKETT'S,  
 STAPLETON PLACE,  
 DORKING, SURREY.

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**WILLIAM STONESTREET,**  
 CHIMNEY SWEEPER,  
*CHURCH STREET, DORKING.*

---

LIVE BAITS FOR FISHING MAY BE HAD ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

*N. B. All kinds of Fishing Nets made to order.*

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**ORDERS BY POST PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.**

---

**HIGH-STREET, DORKING.**

---

**THOMAS WOOD,**  
**GROCEER, TEA-DEALER,**  
**Provision Merchant,**  
**ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMAN,**  
**AND**  
**TALLOW CHANDLER.**

---

**SUPERIOR BRITISH WINES.**

---

**Huntly and Palmer's celebrated**  
**Reading Biscuits.**

---

**COFFEE ROASTED ON THE PREMISES.**



## **SOUTH EASTERN COAL COMPANY.**

### **COAL AND COKE**

**OF THE BEST QUALITY**

**Continue to be Supplied by this Company at  
the lowest Market Price at their Wharf,  
Dorking Railway Station.**

**Mr. KILNER, Station Master, DORKING, Agent**

**ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.**

## **FREDERICK GOSLING, TAILOR AND HATTER, HIGH STREET, DORKING,**

In respectfully thanking the Gentry and Public for past favours,  
wishes to inform them that he has

### **Removed to New and Spacious Premises,**

NEAR THE POST OFFICE, where he intends adding to his Stock  
of Hats, &c. an assortment of the most fashionable and improved  
styles of the best London and Paris Manufacture, in qualities suit-  
able to all classes.

**A VARIETY OF FELT HATS,**

**CLOTH, FANCY AND CHILDREN'S CAPS,**

*Also Braces & every description of Tailor's Trimmings always  
on hand.*

**MOURNING AND LIVERIES.**

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**MR. E. J. R. RUSSELL,**  
ORGANIST TO THE CHURCH,  
AND  
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,  
EAST STREET, DORKING.

---

*Pianofortes, Organs, &c. Tuned, Repaired, Bought, Sold or  
Let on Hire.*

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**MRS. STEPHENS'**  
**ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,**  
SOUTH STREET, DORKING.

---

**JOHN YOUNG,**  
WEST STREET, DORKING,  
Maltster,  
**ALE, PORTER AND BITTER ALE BREWER.**  
**Wine & Spirit Merchant.**

---

FAMILIES AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

---

**FURNISHED COTTAGES**  
AND  
**APARTMENTS.**

---

**MRS. PREVOST,**  
**COTMANDENE, DORKING.**

---

**JAMES IVERY & SON,  
NURSERYMEN, SEEDSMEN,  
And Florists,  
DORKING AND REIGATE,**

Beg to say that their Nursery Gardens are open to the Public daily, (Sundays excepted) and to invite Noblemen, Gentlemen, & others engaged in planting, to view their Stock of

**HARDY ORNAMENTAL TREES, EVERGREENS,  
DECIDUOUS and FLOWERING SHRUBS, ROSES, &c.**  
which they have to offer in great variety.

J. I. & Son also beg to call attention to their large Stock of  
**GREENHOUSE AND OTHER PLANTS IN POTS,** particularly

**AZALIAS INDICA,**

of which they have the choicest collection in the kingdom.

**BOUQUETS MAY BE HAD ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.**

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**WHITE & SONS  
AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS;  
Land and Timber Surveyors,  
GENERAL VALUERS AND ESTATE AGENTS,  
HIGH STREET, DORKING,  
ESTABLISHED 1817.**

---

**H. WHITE'S  
Furnished Apartments,  
EAST STREET, DORKING.**

**MESSRS. DIBLEY & JEWELL,**  
**SHAWL WAREHOUSEMEN,**  
**SILKMERCERS, MILLINERS, LACEMEN,**  
*&c.*

Respectfully inform the Gentry of Dorking and its vicinity, and visitors to the neighbourhood, that they have always on hand a choice and extensive selection of

**Dress and Fancy Goods,**  
 BOTH OF BRITISH & FOREIGN MANUFACTURE.

*Family and complimentary Mourning supplied, and Ladies residing at a distance waited upon by Mr. D.*

**HIGH STREET, DORKING.**

**MESSRS. DIBLEY & JEWELL,**  
*LINEN, SCOTCH AND MANCHESTER,*  
**WAREHOUSEMEN,**

Respectfully inform Housekeepers, and those furnishing that they have made arrangements in this branch of their business with the leading manufacturers for the regular supply of

**LINENS**

AND

*OTHER ARTICLES FOR HOUSEHOLD USES,*  
 of the most improved manufacture, & warranted fabrics.

*N. B. Estimates and patterns forwarded by post.*

**HIGH STREET, DORKING.**



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**MESSRS. DIBLEY & JEWELL,**  
*HATTERS,*  
**TAILORS, WOOLLEN WAREHOUSEMEN,**  
**SHIRT MANUFACTURERS, HOSIERS,**  
*&c.*

Solicit the attention of Gentlemen to a large and well selected stock of

**WEST OF ENGLAND & YORKSHIRE CLOTHS.**  
**FANCY DOE SKINS,**  
*SCOTCH TWEEDS, VESTINGS, &c.*

The measurement taken by an experinced and practical Cutter, and all orders executed in the best and most approved style.

Plain and Dress Shirts, and fancy ditto for Cricketing, Sporting, &c., made on modern principles.

Scarfs, Cravats, Ties, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Travelling Wrappers, Railway Rugs, Silk and Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs, Bandannas, &c.

*Agents for Nicoll's Paletôts, &c.*

---

**DAVID COOPER,**  
**Poulterer and Fishmonger,**  
**DEALER IN DORKING FOWLS.**  
**EAST STREET, DORKING.**

---

Fish fresh every day.—Poultry and Game in Season.

ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

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**E. & M. TRANTER,**  
**Ladies Outfitting**  
*AND*  
**BABY LINEN WAREHOUSE,**  
**HIGH STREET, DORKING.**

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ORDERS EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.—LADIES' OWN MATERIALS  
 MADE UP.



# **E. & A. PRIOR, COAL STORES, CHURCH LANE, DORKING,**

ARE NOW SELLING

The finest Coals from Derbyshire, which make a brilliant fire and leave very little ash at 21s. 6d. per ton by the truck load, which averages  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 tons; or 25s. per ton. delivered in Dorking.

*June 1st, 1855.*

---

## **BEST SUNDERLAND COAL & COKE**

ALWAYS ON HAND

### **AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

---

## **GRIFFIN BEALL, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER, WESTCOTT.**

---

HOME-MADE BREAD OF THE BEST QUALITY:

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## **R. UWINS & SON, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND MUSIC SELLERS, HIGH STREET, DORKING.**

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**PERIODICALS SUPPLIED.**

*A variety of the Newest & most Popular Music in Stock*

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## **GRIFFIN BEALL, BREWER, WESTCOTT.**

---

Beall's Beer your hearts will cheer,  
And put you in condition,  
If you've a will to have your fill,  
You'll ne'er need a Physician.

---

*Agent for Meux's Stout and Porter—Families supplied on moderate terms.  
Orders punctually attended to.*

---

## **R. UWINS & SON, Bakers and Confectioners, HIGH STREET, DORKING.**

---

ICES, JELLIES, CREAMS, BRIDE-CAKES,  
PRESERVES, ETC.

---

## **R. ATTLEE, MEALMAN, MALTSTER, AND CORN-DEALER. HIGH STREET, DORKING.**

---

FARNHAM AND OTHER HOPS.—ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL SEEDS.  
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN OIL CAKE.—GUANO AND ARTIFICIAL MANURES.

---

## **JOHN PHILPS AND SON, TAILORS AND HATTERS, HIGH STREET, DORKING.**

---

The Wool Business which has been carried on in the above Premises for the last Eighty years, in the name of "PHILPS," will in future be carried on by the firm of JOHN PHILPS AND SON.

---

**Agent to the Royal Exchange Assurance Company.**

**ESTABLISHED 1760.**

# JOHN MAYBANK,

FOREIGN

**Wine and Spirit Merchant.**

**HIGH-STREET, DORKING.**

|   |                     |                                  |
|---|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| { | T. Allsopp's & Sons | { <i>Pale and Burton</i>         |
|   | Bass & Co.'s . . .  | { <i>Ales.</i>                   |
|   | Sweetman's . . .    | <i>Doublin Stout</i>             |
|   | Barclay's . . .     | <i>London Porter &amp; Stout</i> |

**IN CASK OR BOTTLE.**

**RAWLING'S SODA WATER &c.**

|                    |                                                 |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| <b>Sherries.</b>   | from 1s. 9d. to 5s. 6d.                         | <i>per Bottle</i> |
| <b>Port Wine.</b>  | „ 2s. to 7s.                                    | „                 |
| <b>Other Wines</b> | in proportion to quality.                       |                   |
| <b>Brandies</b>    | from 3s. to 6s.                                 | <i>per Bottle</i> |
| <b>Rum</b>         | „ 2s. 6d. to 3s.                                | „                 |
| <b>Gin</b>         | „ 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d.                            | „                 |
| <b>Hollands</b>    | <i>Schedam 5s. Bottle or Flask</i>              |                   |
| <b>Whiskey</b>     | <i>Irish &amp; Scotch from 3s. 6d. to 4s. „</i> |                   |

## **SPIRITS OF WINE.**

**ALL KINDS OF CORDIALS, &c.**

**Home-brewed Beer and Ales.**

**Importer of & Dealer in Foreign Cigars.**

**R. FIELDER,**  
**DRAPER, CLOTHIER,**  
AND  
**Shoe Manufacturer,**  
**WEST STREET, DORKING.**

---

IN THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT R. F. begs to inform the Public that he can supply them at the lowest possible prices, and having engaged with a first rate London Establishment to supply Gentlemen's Clothing made to measure.

**A Good Black Suit from £2. and upwards—double breasted Black Coats, the first fashion 25s.—Ready-made Black Coats from 13s.**

**HATS.**

R. F. has a large assortment of Hats and Caps in great variety, Good Gentlemen's Paris Hats from 4s. 6d.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

Strong Home-made and made to measure, also London made Shoes at all prices, Ladies Cashmere Boots from 2s. 6d. Patent Leather Slippers from 2s. 4d. Men's Bluchers from 4s. and all others equally cheap.

*A large assortment of plain Drapery at the lowest terms.*

---

**W. AINSWORTH,**  
**CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,**  
Jeweller, Engraver, &c.

---

**MUSICAL BOXES AND JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION REPAIRED**

---

**BRIDGE STREET, LEATHERHEAD.**

---

**E. & F. DURANT,**  
**PHARMACEUTICAL & FAMILY CHEMISTS,**  
**HIGH STREET, DORKING,**

Whilst respectfully submitting the ANNEXED CATALOGUE of some of their MEDICAL and other PREPARATIONS to the notice of their numerous FRIENDS and the VISITORS TO DORKING, beg very sincerely to acknowledge the great and increasing patronage they receive from their hands, as well as to assure them that the sense of their continued kindness is a source of unbounded gratification to them, and a constant spur, urging them on to become more worthy of their support.

E. & F. D. take this opportunity of referring particularly to the most important part of the business, viz :—

**“The Compounding of Prescriptions and  
Recipes,”**

which is under their direct personal supervision, and to which they pay the most scrupulous attention, being satisfied that the moral responsibility of the Compounder is but little inferior to the Prescriber of Medicines, and that the skill of the Physician is of no avail, unless carried out by the conscientious care and practical skill of the person who compounds the prescription.

---

# A LIST OF SELECT MEDICAL

AND

## PATENT PROPRIETARY MEDICINES

COMPOUNDED BY

**E. & F. DURANT,**

(Late COUSINS & HARRISON,)

**PHARMACEUTICAL & FAMILY CHEMISTS,  
DORKING.**

---

ALTERATIVE POWDERS, FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

In Packets, 1s. 1½d.

---

### ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d.

---

### CAMPHORATED OPODELODOC.

A valuable application for Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatic Pains, &c.

In Bottles, 7½d. and 13½d.

---

### CARMINATIVE DROPS FOR INFANTS.

Prepared without Laudanum or Opiates of any description. In Bottles,  
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

---

### COUGH SPECIFIC.

A well known and highly approved Medicine. In Bottles, 1s. 1½d.

---

CONCENTRATED ESSENCE

OF THE

### FINEST JAMAICA GINGER.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE chief object of this Preface is to make some slight acknowledgement of the liberal assistance that I have received towards the compilation of this Hand-book.

Mr. Martin will, I am sure, excuse my stating, that it was in consequence of his kind encouragement and promised help, that I commenced the task. He lent me his copy of the M.S. History of Reigate, compiled by William Ridgway “in the 74th year of his age” (1814), from which all that is noteworthy has been extracted. Mr. Martin, also, afforded many valuable suggestions, and pointed out essays in the “Gentleman’s Magazine” treating of Reigate and its inhabitants. Mr. Hart most liberally permitted me to make use of the M.S. History of the Priory,—of the letters to Major Audeley,—and of other papers which he inherited from Mr. Glover; and the Vicar did the same good office for the Parish Library. Mr. Payne was so kind as to sacrifice a leisure afternoon, that he might hunt up with me the situation of the “Pilgrim’s Lane” in Merstham; and I am indebted to Mr. Dendy for much help in the description of Leigh Place. From others, also, I received friendly aid, to whom I am not the less

## PREFACE.

indebted, though their contributions are not separately enumerated.

Before I retire into editorial impersonality, in despite of the self-accusation that is involved in an apology, I must beg the indulgence of my readers towards the work of an unpractised writer, and towards illustrations taken, for the most part, from the drawings of an amateur.—Imperfect as this book may be, it still may be of service, if it promotes an increased interest in the history and associations of Reigate, and kindles some reverence for what has descended to us from the past,—if it suggests any pleasant excursion, or changes a Visitor's purposeless stroll into a walk with a definite object. More especially may the Hand-book be of use, if it leads its readers to study for themselves the standard works from which it has been drawn—if the crumbs of interest, that have been gathered out of Evelyn's Diary, tempt them to open those delightful pages—or if, by the quotations from Dr. Stanley's Historical Memorials of Canterbury, or Mr. Kingsley's Miscellaneous works, it acts as a guide to writings so far more worthy of their attention.

REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE.

*London,*

*26th April, 1860.*

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AND T

CHIPSTED

SCAL

Chaldon

Merstham Tunnel

Stone Quarry

Pilgrims Lane

MERSTHAM

EGATON

Buttebridge Farm

Morers F.

Nutfield

Bletch

RED HILL

Station  
Red Stone Hill

Philanthropic  
Farm School

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY

Idiot Asylum

BRIGHTON

LONDON

Brockham Green

Beclwre Castle

Chart Park

Stone Br.

Brockhampton Common

Box Hill

Box Hill Bridge

Arch

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## CHAPTER I.

Reigate, Situation and Natural Advantages of—Owners of the Manor—Derivation of the Name—The “Pilgrim’s Way,” and Associations connecting Reigate with the Worship of St. Thomas à Becket—During the Civil Wars—Reigate, Past and Present—The Market Place—Parliamentary Representation—Past Events—The Coaching Days—Inns, and Present State of Reigate—The New Church—The New Town Hall—The Oxford Middle Class Examinations—The Holmesdale Natural History Club—The Mechanic’s Institution.

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### THE SITUATION OF REIGATE.

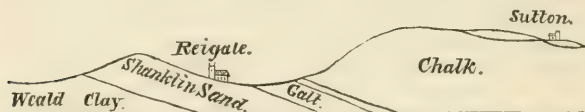
REIGATE is situated in a Valley formed by the Chalk Downs on the North, and by the steep ridge of the Park Hill on the South.

The geological structure of this Valley is highly interesting, for “perhaps no district of South Britain shews more distinctly, the connection between the outer clothing and the inner substance of Mother Earth.” To this “strict coincidence between geologic fact and the features of the landscape,” and to a site between the chalk ranges and sandstone hills, Reigate owes the signal advantages of healthful position and picturesque scenery.

Though the “pure white limestone popularly known as chalk” is strictly confined to the slopes of the North Downs, yet in technical description the chalk formation, extends throughout the whole of Reigate Valley. To the geologist, this term denotes a group of strata most



dissimilar in composition, but classed together as being deposits of the same epoch. Thus this formation consists of white and grey chalk in the uppermost, and of clay and marl in the intermediate divisions; with beds of ferruginous sands and sandstone beneath. The districts in the Valley occupied by these different strata are defined by the accompanying section



As shewn by the lime quarries, chalk and marl form the mass of the Downs, extending into the Valley nearly up to the Turnpike Gate. Then the grey chalk marl impregnated with silicate of iron and mica sand, changes into that narrow band of firestone that runs along the base of these hills from Godstone into Hampshire. Parallel with the outcrop of the firestone the galt occurs, a strip of loamy clay known by the local name of "black land or malm."

The galt borders upon the concluding division of the chalk formation, the Shanklin or lower green sand. These strata, a triple alternation of sands and sandstone with clays, occupy the large portion of Reigate Valley beginning with the Castle Mound and ending in the Park Hill.

The white, yellow, and feruginous tinted sands of the first division of the Shanklin strata, are traversed by the sunk Road and Tunnel leading into the Market Place from the Railway Station. The "Baron's Cave," under the adjacent Castle Mount, is hollowed out of the white and grey sand rock of these deposits.

The Town is placed upon the more level tract of ground that intervenes between the upper and lower divisions of this series, where clay, to a certain extent, is united with the sand.

The structure of the third division of the Shanklin strata, composed of fawn-colored sands and beds of limestone known as "Kentish rag," is laid bare by the deep cutting that takes the Brighton Road into the Weald Valley. The abrupt face of these limestone beds at their outcrop above the Weald, is an important feature in the landscape, forming here the steep sides of the Park, and in the distance, the conspicuous elevation of Leith Hill.

"To indulge in a *puff* of a species now well nigh obsolete, the puff honest and true," in addition to the gain of picturesque scenery, these sand strata have conferred upon Reigate the more material benefit of water of first-rate quality. The sand and limestone beds of the Park Hill are a natural filter of the best kind, and the water collected thence is distributed over the town, by works newly established at the south-west end of the Moors, in connection with a reservoir calculated to contain 80,000 gallons that has been constructed on the top of the western extremity of the Park. Reigate is thus enabled to enjoy the extensive prospects and open downs of the chalk hills, without being compelled to draw its water supply from so dangerous a source.\*

The extensive tracts of ground in the neighbourhood that

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\* Report by Dr. Odling, Professor of Practical Chemistry at Guy's Hospital: "The water received from Reigate contains Mineral Matter 13.64; Organic Matter 0.94; Total 14.58 grains in an imperial gallon. It is without action on Lead. The best water supplied to London contains on an average about 19 grains to the gallon, of which 3 grains are due to organic matter."

are covered by these strata, justify Reigate in making special claim to appropriate Evelyn's eulogium upon his "sweet and native county,—I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy;" and indeed, the "clear air and clean ways" of this district are palpable advantages, needing no more enforcement now, than they did two hundred years ago.

In the steep bank of the Tunnel road, on the east side, a vein of the ferruginous tinted sands of the Shanklin strata has been exposed. Though separated by an interval of some forty miles from the Isle of Wight, this vein is identical with those brilliantly colored bands of sand that give so remarkable an appearance to the cliffs of Alum Bay. The varied tints to be found here, passing from the richest orange and red to deep purple and black, may associate Reigate with a place both more distant and more curious than Alum Bay, namely, with Petra the "rose red city, half as old as time," that stands in the desert, shaped out of the sand cliffs of Arabia, for the earthen colours both here and in the East, originated from the same cause, the stain of iron deposit upon pure white sand. The crimson color of the banks of a deep lane between Wray Common and Warwick Town, surprising both in extent and brilliancy, justifies us in making this "far away" allusion to the red city of Arabia.

The white sand of Reigate has long been celebrated. The extreme purity adapts it for the manufacture of the finest qualities of glass, and for the preparation of the grounding of fresco paintings. Its dazzling whiteness is best seen in the railway cutting between Redhill and





REIGATE FROM THE SOUTH.

Reigate Station. The mode of procuring this sand is by excavation, and the Castle Mound ridge is pierced in many directions by these mining galleries.\* As the sand is hollowed out, pillars are left to bear up the soil above. The supports of a cave that branches off from the Tunnel, were too much encroached upon, and during the summer of 1858, a subsidence took place, which caused the circular pit in the field next to the Castle Court. An opportune shower drove away a party of young cricketers from the spot, when the earth sank suddenly with such a rending sound as is given out by the tearing down of a large bough.

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#### THE OWNERS OF REIGATE MANOR.

Although the Earls of Warren and Surrey were owners of Reigate during one half of the eight hundred years that have elapsed since the Conquest, we do not give a detailed history of these nobles, for the events that associated them with this Town were both infrequent and disconnected, and are mentioned in the descriptions of the places where they occurred. Ampler biographical notices of the Lords of this Manor, commence with the Effingham branch of the Howard family, who resided here and lie buried in the parish church.

Reigate Manor was held by the Earls of Surrey from 1087, the year that William Rufus raised Warren, the

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\* The Castle Caves (see Chap. II., "Description of the Site of Reigate Castle") of course give a good idea of these excavations. The much more extensive sand mines leading out of the yard of the Red Cross Inn are curious and quite accessible.



Norman noble and son-in-law of William the Conqueror to this earldom, till 1483 when Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was murdered in the Tower of London.

As might be expected, the Conqueror assigned to his son-in-law an extensive tract of English ground, which received considerable additions owing to the powerful State influence exercised by the 6th and 7th Earls of Surrey. The revenue of the 2nd Earl Warren is estimated to have been 15,000*l.* a year of our money, and subsequently the mode of dealing with the Surrey property, when the childhood of its owners afforded opportunity for spoliation, is a significant proof of a greatly increased value; the grant to Peter of Savoy of "the rich wardship" of the 7th Earl when a minor (this trust being then no barren honour), is quoted by Hume as a symptom of the bias felt by Henry III. towards foreign favourites, and we shall also find that the heiress of the earldom was considered a fit match for a prince of royal blood.

The martial character of the "brave Earl Warren first Earl of Surrey" was long held in esteem, for the Warren standard of checky or and azure re-appeared upon the soil of France after an absence of more than three hundred years, borne in his memory by those Surrey levies that followed Henry IV. to the battle-field of Agincourt. To the 19th century soldier the blue and gold chequers only suggest a pot of ale, an unconscious recognition perhaps of the bygone influence of the Warrens, if it be true that beerhouses still bear their coat of arms, in token that the licensing system was originally the monopoly of this family.

No formal grant of this Manor to the Earls of Surrey is



extant, but it may be presumed that the Warrens almost from the outset of the title, were owners of Reigate. For instance, we find the 2nd Earl, who died A.D. 1135, dealing with the advowson of this parish,\* assigning it to the Priory of St. Mary Overy in Southwark; from which it may surely be presumed that he was proprietor of the soil.

During the four centuries that Reigate was an appanage of this Earldom, the title passed through four different families. First the Warrens held it through three generations. In 1165, Hamelin Plantagenet (half-brother to Henry II.) acquired this title by marriage with Isabel, the first earl's great granddaughter. Hamelin and his descendants (who assumed the name of Warren) were Earls of Surrey and owners of Reigate for above two hundred years. On the death of the last Plantagenet Warren, in 1347, Richard Fitz-Alan, his heir and nephew, united the Earldoms of Arundel and Surrey. These titles were held by the Fitz-Alans, till the death without issue of Thomas, Richard Fitz-Alan's grandson. The Surrey estates were then divided, and Reigate Manor was assigned to a sister of the last owner, Elizabeth wife of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk.

In course of descent the property came to her great-grandson John Mowbray, who was created Earl of Surrey, (A.D. 1451), the title having remained dormant for thirty-five years. He died in 1475, leaving a daughter and sole heiress, Anne Mowbray.

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\* Mr. Brayley puts this grant as late as A.D. 1199, but he overlooked that the intention of the grant by Hamelin (5th earl) was only to confirm his predecessor's gift of the advowson.

To give a certainty to schemes for family aggrandisement, it was the custom of those times to perform the ceremony of marriage, or rather of solemn betrothal, over children hardly above the age of infancy. According to this system, in January, 1477-8, Anne Mowbray was, when six years old, married to Richard Plantagenet Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., a child somewhat younger than his bride. He had been created Earl Warren in anticipation of this ceremonial. It need hardly be explained that the boy duke whose enrichment was thus attempted, was one of those two children who were murdered in the Tower by their uncle Richard III. All recollection of this "gentle babe" is so inevitably connected with that "arch deed of piteous massacre," that we can hardly realise his solemn espousals surrounded by troops of friends in St. Stephen's Chapel, or credit that this poor child's establishment in life was ever the subject of such far-sighted precautions. Of Anne the infantine duchess and widow, we hear no more, but of her death in early life, and burial in the Chapel of St. Erasmus, in Westminster Abbey.

The untimely deaths of these two children for ever severed the original estates of the Earldom of Surrey from that title, which became henceforward the second title of the Dukes of Norfolk. Reigate Manor then reverted to the heirs of the before-mentioned Elizabeth Mowbray, and one moiety went by purchase and inheritance to Thomas Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby, and father-in-law to Henry VII., and the other portion passed in the same way to John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and to his son Thomas Howard, 14th Earl of Surrey. Both Lord Stanley and the

Duke of Norfolk are men distinguished in history, though perhaps they will be more readily recognised as characters in "Richard the Third." Those "unquiet, wrangling days" are well exemplified by Lord Stanley's anxious message, that awoke the careless Hastings at four o'clock in the morning; and the jingling rhyme "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold," will quickly identify the other proprietor of Reigate Manor.

Through this divided ownership Reigate was amply represented at the two most important battles of that age, Bosworth and Flodden. At Bosworth (1485) Lord Stanley risking his son's head, by opportune desertion secured the day for Henry, but the over bold Norfolk perished with his master. Their descendants signalised themselves at Flodden (1513); Thomas Howard (created Duke of Norfolk for this service) as commander of our forces led on the centre division that sought throughout the contest

"To break the Scottish Circle deep,  
That fought around their king,"

and it was Sir Edward Stanley's fierce charge that gave victory to England.

As the half share of this Manor held by the Dukes of Norfolk was but a trifling portion of their vast estates, we shall not proceed further in their history, except to explain how it quitted the possession of this family. By the attainder which Henry VIII. (Decr. 1546-7), instigated by "a dislike which we cannot even explain," procured against the Duke of Norfolk, "Jockey of Norfolk's" grandson, and against his son the poet Earl of Surrey, all the Duke's landed property reverted to the Crown. The Duke remained in prison, having been saved by Henry's death

on the day appointed for his execution, until the accession of Queen Mary (1553); when his titles and lands were restored to him, but not his share in Reigate Manor, for that had been previously granted by Edward VI. to his half brother Lord William Howard.

The last influence over Reigate that resulted from the ownership of the elder branch of Howards, was not to be anticipated of a family so devoted to Romanism. The children of the "murdered Surrey" were taken charge of by their aunt the Duchess of Richmond, who engaged Fox the noted martyrologist and Protestant divine to be their tutor, having herself an inclination towards the doctrines of the Reformation. His assumption of this duty is thus accounted for; having been expelled from Magdalen College (1545) for heresy, "not liking Henry VIII's mongrel religion,—Fox went to Rygate in Surrey to be tutor and teacher to the" grand "children of the Duke of Norfolk, where remaining some time, was the first man (as it is said) that ever preached the gospel in that place, even when the Roman Catholic religion was in great strength—but Gardiner Bishop of Winchester having notice thereof, the said Duke being careful of him, sent Fox safely into Germany." Richard Day, son of John Day the noted printer in Queen Elizabeth's reign, "exercised the place of minister at Rygate in the room of our author Fox." (Taken from Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*. Ed. 1813, p. 528). We give this anecdote, following the words of our authority, for it is too curious to be passed over, though the Life of Fox (written by his son) makes no mention of either stay or sermon at Reigate. Fox, however, was undoubtedly tutor to the Earl of Surrey's children, and owing

to her family connection with this place the Duchess of Richmond may have found a retreat here; though as this must have been during the reign of Edward VI., while the Duke of Norfolk was imprisoned and his estates forfeited, we can hardly suppose that she resided in the Castle, even if a building, which was a heap of rubbish in so short a time afterwards as the reign of Elizabeth, was then habitable. The name of Day, though not of Fox, occurs in the list of the Incumbents of Reigate, and from the way in which he is referred to, we fancy that Day (whose father printed for Fox) was Wood's authority for this statement.

During the reign of Henry VIII., Lord William Howard had shared in the place and power of the great Howard family, and the royal marriage of his daughter Catherine also brought him a transient increase of distinction, soon however to be terminated by her disgrace and death, and his imprisonment. After that Henry's wrath had been appeased by the death of the licentious Catherine, Lord William Howard was released and pardoned, and among the propitiatory measures adopted at the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, he was created Baron Effingham and appointed Lieutenant General of our Sea Forces. His exertions did not add to the Howard glory, for his most signal exploit was a short incursion into France, the burning of a few villages, and a hasty return to his squadron before the Breton Militia. Lord Effingham died in the year 1572, and was buried in Reigate Church. He was the first owner of the Priory lands after the dissolution of that establishment, and built a mansion upon the site of the Monastery. (See Chap. II., "The Priory").

Charles Howard, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, Lord Effingham's only son, succeeded to the lands and title. As the details of the life of this commander "of Queene Elizabeth's Navy Royall att sea, agaynst the Spanyard's invincible Armada," would interrupt the course of the general history, it is inserted in Chapter V. Upon his death in 1624, the title and Manor devolved upon his second son Charles, the elder brother William having died without male issue.

The Earl of Nottingham had been twice married, and his second wife surviving him, married Sir William afterwards Lord Monson, son of Sir Thomas Monson, Master Falconer to James I. During his wife's lifetime the ownership of the Priory House and lands was vested in Monson, and having also acquired in her right a life interest in the Howard moiety of Reigate Manor, he purchased the fee of the other half from Edward 4th Earl Dorset. It may be remembered that after the murder of the little Duke of York, Lord Stanley, the first Earl Derby, acquired one half of this Manor by inheritance and purchase. His great grandson Edward, the 3rd Earl, we have mentioned as turning the tide of battle at Flodden. He and his son Henry were eminent men, and took part in most public occurrences during the period included between the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. The descendants of the 5th Earl Derby sold their half of this estate to Thomas Sackville Earl of Dorset. He was notable in statesmanship even among the phalanx of eminent councillors that Queen Elizabeth gathered round her, and in poetry as the author of the tragedy of "Gorboduc," published in the first year of her reign, he



was a "herald of that splendour with which it was to close." It was by the purchase from his grandson, the 4th Earl Dorset, that Monson was enabled to extend his interest over the whole of this Manor. Monson was created by Charles I., in the beginning of his reign, Baron Monson and Viscount Castlemain, though he does not appear to have merited this mark of royal favour, for he sided with the Parliament throughout the Civil Wars, and acted as a Committeeman for Surrey. That he was a violent aggressive man, is at least shown by his behaviour respecting the Priory House (see Chap. II.), if his political conduct may not be reckoned as a proof of ill disposition. He was implicated in the King's Trial, but he did not join in giving judgment, or signing the Death Warrant. However, after the Restoration he was summoned before the House of Commons, and pleading guilty, was sentenced to be stript of his lands, titles, and coat of arms, and to be drawn on a sledge, a halter round his neck, beneath the Gallows at Tyburn—this act of degradation was inflicted on the appropriate anniversary, 30th January 1663—finally Monson was imprisoned in the Tower, "where he died unpitied."

After this sentence, James II. (while Duke of York) appears as owner of Reigate Manor. He took under the before-mentioned forfeiture the half share of which Lord Monson held the fee, and he bought the other half from the representatives of John Goodwin, of Bletchingley, Sir Edward Thurland, the Duke's solicitor, was a Reigate man (see Chap. II., "Monuments in the Parish Church"), and it was doubtless through his advice that James acquired this property.



The following anecdote is the only memento of the Duke's connection with Reigate. Residing in the Priory, he hunted the surrounding country, and chanced to take the stag on the grounds of a Surrey Yeoman, one "Buff Glover." "Buff" bore this nickname on account of the stout leather belt and silver buckle which he girded round his body. He was an ancestor of the late Mr. Glover, an eminent Reigate solicitor, from whose memoir in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, this story is taken (see Chap. V.) The Farmer invited the Duke to his house, and rode forward full of hospitable zeal. His amiable intentions were however destined to remain unfulfilled, for when he revealed for whom the table was spread, his wife planted her bulky person in the doorway and declared, that while she was mistress in that house, no papist should cross the threshold. She was irresistible, and James was driven to take his tankard on the joisting block.

We have now reached the time when the family of the present owner came into possession of Reigate Manor. By the Revolution (1688) this estate and the English Crown passed into the hands of William III. He was the last of our monarchs, that held the ancient prerogative of alienating at will the hereditary revenues of the Crown, and he exercised this power in the bestowal of this Manor upon the Lord Chancellor Somers, as some reward for his life-long exertions in the service of the kingdom. It was, however, destined to be reckoned, in the language of that "disgraceful instance of party spirit," the impeachment of Somers, among those exorbitant grants that he had begged of the King.

Lord Somers died unmarried in the year 1716, and the Manor descended to his two sisters and their husbands. On the death of the younger and last surviving sister Lady Jekyll, in 1745, the property went to her nephew, Mr. James Cocks. After being held by various members of this family, it has descended to the present owner, Chas. Somers, Somers-Cocks, 3rd Earl Somers and Viscount Eastnor of Eastnor Castle, Co. Hereford, and Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham, Co. Worcester.

A short biography of Lord Chancellor Somers is given, in Chap. V.

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SLIPSHOE STREET.

## DERIVATION OF THE NAME OF REIGATE.

The definition of the word Reigate, touches closely on those associations by which the Town is connected with the general history of this Country.

In Domesday Book Reigate is called Churchfelle; or, Church Field. The ancient church that suggested this name to the Saxons, was apparently destroyed during the Danish invasions, as no mention of such a structure is found in the Conqueror's survey of this parish. The first recorded appearance of the present name is in a transaction

occurring in 1275, the citation of John de Warren 7th Earl of Surrey before King Edward's Justices of Assize. One of these judges was named John de Reygate.

This memorable event in the Warren history must be described, though at the peril of diverting us from the subject of this chapter. Edward I. sought to avail himself of the confusion of title and loss of evidences, caused by the then recent wars between his father and the Confederated Barons. A Court of Assize was instituted to examine the titles of tenants holding Crown lands, with the object of obtaining either forfeiture of their estates, or fines for the renewal of their charter deeds. To these proceedings the humbler sort submitted, not without discontent. The Court in course of progress summoned Earl John before them, and his appearance was looked for with much expectation to watch the bearing of so influential a nobleman. "Therefore, being called afore the Justices aboute this matter, he appeared, and being asked by what right he held his landes? He sodenly drawing forth an olde rustie sword, 'By this instrument (sayde he) doe I holde my landes. Our auncestors comming into this Realme with William the Conquerour, conquered theyr landes with the sworde, and wyth the same will I defende me from all those that shall be aboute to take them from me: he did not make a conqueste of this Realme alone, our progenitors were with him as participators and helpers.'" This bold appeal to the principle of honor among spoliators (if thieves be a designation unsuitable for conquerors), saved the Earl's deed boxes from so undesirable an investigation, if it did not stop these proceedings altogether.

To return from this digression. The hills that wall in Reigate to the North and South, being markedly the most prominent feature of the landscape, it must surely be their influence, rather than the presence of water, that originated the name. Aubrey and Camden indeed define it as Rhigate, or the "course of a river," but Mr. Manning's supposition has a greater appearance of truth, that the Town is called Reigate from the passage of a road, or "gate" (by which a man gaes or goes), over a Ridge, or Hill.

The Romans who made their conquests by the spade, as well as by the sword, cut four principal roads through the length and breadth of England. One, known as the Ermyn Street, commencing probably at the "Portus Adurni," or Old Shoreham, terminated upon the eastern Coasts of Scotland. In its progress Ermyn Street threw off many branches, and one of them, called Stone Street from the solid structure of flints and stones, crossed Sussex and Surrey from Chichester, through Dorking, to Croydon. Reigate was connected with this road by a minor route, that quitting Stone Street at Ockley, a point about three miles south of Dorking, stretched in a north-eastern direction towards Croydon, or the Kentish districts. The course of this "gate" from Ockley, may be tracked along the Valley, by the succession of names indicating the existence of some ancient road, thus Newdigate, or the "new gate," where it had been repaired, Reigate at the point of ascent over the Chalk Downs, and Gatton or "the town upon the road." The less known names of Gadbrook, the "road over the stream," and Gatewick, the place or field upon the "gate," are also found in Betchworth and Chipstead parishes.

Reigate however in the Middle Ages derived such a far greater notoriety from its situation upon the western line of Pilgrimage to Canterbury, that Mr. Albert Way inclines towards the opinion, that this route, and not the more ancient road northward over the ridge to Gatton, is the real origin of the name.

We will explain the causes whence the "Pilgrim's Way"\* and all connected with it, acquired this remarkable celebrity, but it must be at some length, for the principles which animated St. Thomas à Becket in life and death, the belief in him as a Saint and Martyr, and last not least the mediæval fervour for pilgrimages, are influences so entirely extinct, that considerable explanation is requisite to give an adequate idea of the importance that attaches to the "Pilgrim's Way." We are so separated from these prevailing interests of the 12th and 13th centuries, and it is so difficult for us to understand the deep enthusiasm which the Church of Rome excited for her champion St. Thomas, that we can now hardly give due credit to the fact, that the "long backs of the bushless downs" to the North-West of Reigate, resounded every summer, from the 13th to the 16th Century, under the footsteps of vast multitudes of pilgrims from all parts of England and the Continent, hasting on to worship at the shrine of one, who died for what appears to us a question so theoretic, as the relative position of Church and State.

Far and wide the fame of "Thomas of Canterbury" was spread, till every County in England, and every Country in

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\* Except the few facts the Editor has contributed from his examination of the county near to Merstham, all the following information about the Pilgrim's Way is derived from Dr. Stanley's Historical Memorials of Canterbury, and Mr. Way's Supplementary Notes.



Europe, exhibited traces of his martyrdom, either in relics or commemorative churches. Owing to Henry VIIIth's destructive efforts, none of these churches now exist amongst us, yet the ardent veneration that was felt for this, the most renowned mediæval Saint of England, has left those less tangible but more enduring traces in our language, which not even the most despotic monarch could efface. This it was, which fastened the pet name of "Great Tom" to so many of our ancient bells, and caused the immense preponderance of "Thomases" in England, as compared with other countries. Even the every day phrase "to canter," is an abbreviation of the expression a "Canterbury galop," which doubtless arose from the ambling pace of pilgrims towards Becket's Shrine.

To return to the topography of the line of pilgrimage from the west and south-west parts of England. In several places in Surrey and Kent, traditionary evidence favours the supposition, that a line of Road (tracked out possibly, even before the coming of the Romans), ran along that flank of the North Downs which traverses Surrey from Farnham, westward into Kent. It may be assumed that foreign devotees from the north-western parts of France, would choose the directest line of transit to the ancient haven of Hanton or Southampton. Landed here, they would shape their course through Farnham and Guildford. The ancient path then doubtless passed along the flank of the North Downs, in the direction of Dorking and Reigate. After Albury the line of way running East, is in many places discernable on the side of the Surrey Downs, sometimes still used as an occupation road or bridle way, its course indicated frequently by a scattered



line of yew trees. Such a row more or less continuous to the north of Brockham and Betchworth marks the progress of this route in the direction of Reigate, and descends from Pebblecombe Valley in a sloping line down the hill side towards Nutley Lane, the entrance by which the pilgrims gained access to the Town.

The continuation of the tract eastward into Kent can be traced through Merstham and Tatsfield parishes. A road in Merstham, retaining the name of the "Pilgrim's Lane," was in existence till within the last few years, and through Mr. Payne's kind assistance we have recovered the almost effaced trail of this tradition, and were enabled to stand upon a spot undoubtedly traversed by the Becket devotees. This route crossed the railway about the point where the Merstham Cutting is spanned by the bridge nearest to the tunnel. It passed eastwards at the bottom of that field containing the large chalk pit, to the east of the railway line, and followed the inner or northern side of a ridge that runs parallel to the Chalk Downs. This ridge is a peculiar geological feature, being formed by that prominent outcrop of the firestone, which has given rise to the well-known quarries of the neighbourhood. The high bank and hedge of the southern side of the old lane remains, but the corresponding hedge to the north has been levelled. The trench worn in the ground by pilgrim traffic may be seen continuing for about a quarter of a mile, when on the cessation of the firestone ridge, the "way" took again to the side of the Downs, to pass onward in a north-easterly direction, through Tatsfield into Kent. At this point the "black green" yews again show themselves, forming a close line along the side of the hills. The reappearance

of these trees is the more remarkable, as they do not exist between this place and Pebblecombe Valley, on the western side of Reigate.

The Well-head in the road that skirts the north-west side of Merstham Churchyard, changed by neglect and drought from a clear spring to a dirty pond, is also connected by local tradition with the Canterbury pilgrimages. A shadowy remembrance yet exists, that this spring was once covered by a stone canopy, and that it was resorted to by the pilgrims.

Two days in each year were specially devoted to the memory of Thomas à Becket, the Feast of his martyrdom (29th December), and the Festival (7th July) to celebrate the first deposit of his remains in the far-famed shrine that blazed with gold and jewels behind the Choir of Canterbury Cathedral. The summer was naturally the time when

“Longen folk to go on pilgrimages,  
And specially from every shire’s end  
Of England to Canterbury they wend,  
The holy blissful martyr for to seek  
That them hath holpen when that they were sick.”

The July feast day was accordingly the most frequented, and chiefly of course the Jubilee days, held on every fiftieth anniversary, when the solemnities lasted a fortnight. On the anniversary in 1420 no less than a hundred thousand persons were thus collected. As the “Pilgrim’s Way” was the direct line to Canterbury, for both West-Countrymen, and Irish, and for foreigners landed at Southampton, many thousands out of these vast assemblages, must have traversed every year the streets of Reigate. But not the pilgrims only, in all probability the monarch, whose oppo-

sition to ecclesiastical authority Becket had died to resist, himself passed through the Town. The fortunes of King Henry becoming more and more overshadowed by the rebellion of his sons, he resolved upon the final and greater penance at Canterbury. Though engaged against Prince Richard in Poitou, he embarked for England, and arriving at Southampton he rode to Canterbury with speed, in all probability by the usual route of pilgrims from that Port.

The local tradition that fixes upon the Red Cross Inn at the western end of the High Street, as a pilgrim's Hospice, is the only remaining link to connect the present day with a subject, that used to be so constantly presented to the attention of the townsfolk. The hideous Session House is so far a relic of the past, and it acquires thereby a degree of interest, as marking the site of that way-side Chapel dedicated to St. Thomas, which was dismantled in obedience to the mandate issued by Henry VIII. deposing Becket from his saintship.

It is difficult for us to comprehend the lively faith in Becket's intercessory powers, which led so many thousands from remote countries to his shrine, and our power of picturing to the fancy, so remote and alien a scene must indeed be feeble. Of one fact however we are assured, and that is the *extent* to which the system of pilgrimages was formerly carried; and the mere number of these devotees,—the vast amount of human life that during three centuries, such a motive set flowing up and down this line of country, is an impressive subject of thought. What troops of wayfarers during each successive summer, crowded these quiet streets of Reigate, flocking down from the hills when the long shadows were glancing eastward up the Valley, all

dusty and footsore into the Town; the Irish, Welsh, and Normans, perplexing the Innkeepers by their questions in French and Celtic. What a sight Nutley Lane must then have presented, as these "heterogeneous bands—some on horseback, some on foot, moved slowly along, with music and song, and merry tales; so that 'every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more noise, than if the king came there, with all his clarions and many other minstrels.' "

Fervid as was the veneration for St. Thomas, it was not qualified to stand the test of time, and so thoroughly was the popular mind prepared for such a change, that it was done away with without the smallest general outcry. The last Jubilee took place in 1520, but without apparent sign that it was the last, for with the strange unconsciousness of coming events which often precedes the overthrow of the greatest institutions, the tide of pilgrimage, and the pomp of the Cathedral, continued unabated almost to the very moment of the final crash. After the year 1536 however, the great summer flight of pilgrims was seen no more, for the Festival of the Translation was abolished by royal mandate, as a superfluous feast occurring in harvest time. The final blow to the worship of St. Thomas fell in the autumn of 1538, when under royal commission, Becket's shrine was so entirely destroyed, that the broken pavement of the Choir is the only memento of its existence; when it was proclaimed throughout England that St. Thomas à Becket was a Traitor to his King, and quite unworthy of

canonization—his name erased from every almanack and service book, every statue and portrait of him destroyed, and every chapel to his honor pulled down or desecrated.

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### REIGATE DURING THE COMMONWEALTH.

Reigate makes two transient appearances during the Civil Wars; the first in the crisis which originated the Commonwealth, the second in that which brought it to a close. It is not improbable that Reigate was brought into the focus of these attempted risings, by the strong royalist tendency of the Earl of Peterborough and John Lord Mordaunt, the two sons of the Dowager Lady Peterborough, at this time inhabiting the Priory (see Chap. II., "Priory"), both of whom figured in these enterprises.

#### THE NARRATIVE OF THE RISING AT KINGSTON.

The portions quoted, are taken from the Diary of Public Events in Carlyle's *Cromwell*:—

"1648, *May*. Since Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army, and the certainty of War in Wales, excite all unruly persons and things.

"*May 16th*. Came a celebrated 'Surrey Petition'; high flying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty; they quarrelled with the Parliament's guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them—and the Petitioners went home in a slashed, and highly indignant condition.

Thereupon *May* 24th, armed meeting of Kentishmen;—several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians.

“*June* 1st. Fairfax at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post to post,”—till it gathers head again at Colchester.

“*July* 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, with his brother Francis, Lord Peterborough, the Earl of Holland and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston-on-Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament,—Fairfax and the army being all about Colchester in busy siege, there seemed a good opportunity here.” But the Public did not agree with them; so after waiting sometime and receiving no better countenance from their friends in London, than the ceremonious calls of Persons of Quality in their Coaches, who came and went away again, they rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong, and before they could be interfered with, took possession of the Town and its old Castle. A detachment of Parliamentary Cavalry, under the command of Major Audeley, is sent against them, and attacks, and drives in the Guard which they had stationed upon Red Hill. Next morning the Cavaliers leave Reigate, their assailants following close, and they come to action between Nonsuch Park and Kingston. “After as gallant a defence and as sharp a charge,” as ever seen in these unhappy Wars, says Major Audeley, the Royalists are driven off the field, leaving poor Lord Francis Villiers, standing with his back against a tree, defending himself, till he sank under his wounds. Being pursued across the river “they fall into the lion’s jaws; for Fairfax sent a party out from Colchester, overtook them at St. Neots, and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them. The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards, and lost his head; the Duke of Buckingham got off;—might almost as well have died with poor brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did.” Lord Peterborough got off too, and “wandered in foreign parts in a totally ruined condition.”

Thus ended this ineffective attempt—a sad contrast to the confident hope expressed in the Declaration put forth



by these young Noblemen, that the Nation would rather join with them, than with the Army "which was abusing the Country with an arbitrary government."

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THE NARRATIVE OF THE ENTERPRISE IN 1659.

"During that season of disunion and anarchy that intervened between Cromwell's death and the Restoration, the little Court of Charles at Brussels watched with trembling hope those convulsive struggles of their enemies,—and continued to spread their toils through zealous emissaries. The conspiracy, if indeed so general a concert for the restoration of ancient laws and liberties, ought to bear so equivocal an appellation, became ripe in the summer of 1659. The royalists were to appear in arms in different quarters." Mr. John Mordaunt, doubtless owing to his connection with Reigate, undertook with Sir Francis Vincent, to raise the Counties of Surrey and Sussex, "but as the moment grew nigh, the courage of most began to fail. Twenty years of depression and continual failure mated the spirits of the Cavaliers. The shade of Cromwell seemed to hover over and protect the wreck of his greatness;" and one rising only, immediately to be suppressed, took place in Cheshire.

Nothing would have remained to shew that Reigate was in any way connected with this abortive affair, had not Mr. Hart been, most opportunely, the possessor of two highly curious letters from Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, evidently on the Surrey ramifications of this intended revolt. These letters are directed to Major Audeley, the same



doubtless who, ten years back, had at the head of the Parliamentary troops driven Lord Holland's advance guard from their post at Red Hill. The first letter (both bear date, 31st July, 1659) tells the Major that the two Troops to assist Colonel Hacker's Regiment are appointed to be at "Red Hill tomorrow by break of day, whear you are expected to meet them, at the same place and time." The second letter is more interesting as it gives a slight but authentic idea both of the confusion of that time, and also of the phraseology of the soon expiring Commonwealth.

"For Maior Audly at Rigayt.

"Ma : Audly. The Counsell not understanding that there was 2 Redd Hills in Surrey, and not knowing which of the Redd Hills is the Place designed by the Enimy for a Rendesvouze, and Orders being issued out upon the presumption that there was but one Redd Hill, they therefore think fit that the 2 Troopes from hence should goe to the Redd Hill by Cobham, and the Party with you to the Redd Hill by Rigayt, and if you find there is a gathering together of the Enimy about that Place, you are to send to the other Redd Hill to Mr. Hubbert for assistance, and accordingly he is to correspond with you. We are apt to think the Enimy is mistaken of the place, as well as we, and we hope there may be a Providence in the mistake,—Your affectionate friend and general,

"CHARLES FLEETWOOD."

"You are to be at one of the clock in the morning, upon Redd Hill."

The glimpse into the past afforded by these letters, ceases with this design against the Major's natural sleep, and whether the dawn of the 1st of August last, was the two hundredth anniversary of his dispersion of the Red Hill Conspiracy, or whether the wished for "Providence" took place to render Mr. Audeley's vigilance unnecessary, "appears not."

## REIGATE, PAST AND PRESENT.

“Rhiegate, carrying a greater shew for largenesse than faire buildings, hath on the South side a Parke thicke sette with faire groves, wherein the right Noble Charles Earle of Nottingham Baron of Effingham and Lord Admirall of England hath a House, where the Earles of Warren and Suthrey had founded a prety Monasterie. On the East side standeth a Castle mounted aloft, now forlorne, and for age ready to fall.”

This description is most dismal. If Camden could now be revived we trust that he would not consider that the “fairnesse” of Reigate has diminished, as undoubtedly as its “largenesse” has increased. He certainly would have been obliged to reconsider his verdict if his life had been antedated some hundred years, for then the public edifices might have served as Reigate’s special boast. The Castle at that time was not “forlorne,” the “prety Monasterie” graced the tree set Valley, the ancient Market House stood at the Town’s western entrance, and in the main street, no less than three Chapels were visible in close proximity—one dedicated to the Holy Cross, stood near the Red Cross Inn—another in honor of St. Thomas à Becket, occupied the unfortunately conspicuous site of the Session House, and the house of Mr. Forbes the chemist in Bell Street still possesses traces of the ecclesiastical character it once bore, as the Chapel of St. Lawrence. Then also the Parish Church tower must have been seen gleaming white and new above the eastern end of the Valley.

The present Market Place came into use, after the desecration of St. Thomas's Chapel in the High Street (see p. 23). The original ground for markets was on the open space where Nutley Lane, formerly the principal entrance, joins the Town. A few massy ribs of underground vaulting, used as a saw pit in Mr. Holdsworth's yard, mark the site of the "Owlde Market House." Reigate Market was established under Royal Charter, granted in 1313 by Edward II., at the suit of John de Warren, 8th Earl of Surrey. This date suggests the possibility that the disastrous day at Bannockburn was the general subject of gossip at the opening of the Market, especially if the Holmesdalers contributed to those levies that unwillingly followed King Edward to defeat in Scotland. It is a convincing proof of the durability of those customs that are based upon "the great *eating* interest," that while the Monasteries founded by the Warrens are dissolved, the Castles that they reared have crumbled into dust, and the Estates that they acquired are dispersed, this rustic Institution should continue in full force over an interval of more than 500 years, in an unbroken succession of nearly 30,000 Tuesdays. And thus, excepting the Town's right to Parliamentary representation, the only indubitable connecting link between Reigate and the mail-clad Barons who lorded over it for so many hundred years, is the little crowd of farmers, pigs, and carts that the Market Place sees collected together every Tuesday by virtue of King Edward's Charter.

Reigate's voice in Parliament is even an older privilege than that of the Market, for the Borough sent a representative to the Commons, as long ago as the 23rd year of

Edward I. (1297). This occurred during the lifetime of John de Warren, 7th Earl of Surrey. He was one of the most conspicuous of these eminent Nobles, being constantly employed in affairs of state both military and diplomatic, from his entrance into Parliament in his *fourteenth* year, till his career was closed by death. It has been inferred that the Parliamentary representation of Cities as well as of Counties, originated in Earl John's interference for the Towns on his estate. This can hardly be so, for burgesses had been called to Parliament, as members for their Towns, in the previous reign of Henry III., but it seems probable that it was in consequence of the Earl's distinguished position, that Reigate became entitled at so early a period of its existence, to send two representatives to the House of Commons. The Reform Act of 1832, took away one half of this ancient privilege. What ever change the coming Reform Bill may make in the Constitution, we trust that the remainder of this time-honored right will be spared, and that the claim by the burgesses of Reigate to send up one member to Parliament will not be taken away, however plausible may be the theory for "electoral uniformity," which would require such a sacrifice.

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It is but "to load the imagination with a wish, which while it is formed, is known to be in vain,"—yet we should like to have impressed our ancestors with an idea of the interest that their descendants would take in the slightest contemporary record of past occurrences, and to have taught them that the word "trivial" hardly applies to any thing that bears Time's impress.

The character of the first Lord Effingham is by no means one to kindle enthusiasm, yet reading in the Parish Register the following mention of his death: "Janewarye, Anno. 1572. The 11th daie being Sondaie, in the breckeing of Daie, Dyid or Dêpted ye righte honarabell Lorde ye Lorde Wylllyam Howarde and Lorde Preevy Seale—on whosse soulle God have mercye, Amen:" seems to bring us much closer to this event, and to touch us with a portion of the feeling that passed over Reigate, when the toll of the Church bell announced this Nobleman's decease. The quaint phraseology of the Register gives some idea of the interval of time that has elapsed since it was written,—but this does not satisfy our antiquarian cravings, and we still hanker after the impossible sight of all those numberless beer barrels that have been drained under the roof of the Swan Inn, since that day in the year 1452, when John Hervest came here to resign his Priorship over the neighbouring Monastery; for we feel sure that such a vision of endless rows of casks, would better enable the mind to span that chasm of time during which this Inn has been in existence, and to understand the meaning of those words, *four centuries*, than any verbal definition however ingenious.

The dismay that was spread throughout the Nation by the long threatened approach of the Armada would be appreciated with singular vivacity, if we could but hear, even the cries of the little children as they ran out whooping, to greet the 836 soldiers appointed to hold this Town against the Pope and the Spaniard.—What a racy interest the difference of two hundred years, would confer upon the doubtless very commonplace remarks of the

bystanders, when Mr. Evershed of Ockley rode up and down Reigate in May 1648, to collect signatures to that "high flying" Surrey Petition ;—or again about two months later, when they received the band of puritanic gentlemen sent by the Derby House Committee to devise precautions, lest the crumbling Castle walls should be used to the endangerment of the Commonwealth.

We can form some idea of these events ;—but it is yet more tantalizing to think of the many quaint accidents illustrating vanished customs and habits, that have happened in these streets, and which a few touches of the pen might have preserved for our benefit. Out of the many events which the Market Place must have witnessed, Mr. Ridgway, the local historian, has recorded only the two following ; which with this apology for so scanty a budget, we offer to our readers,—

The Rev. Mr. Pottle, one of the Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral, officiated in this parish, happily only for two years, between 1738-40. "He was a man very fond of company and drinking. *One Sunday* after Divine Service in the afternoon, he came to the Swan Inn with his black gown on, and got quite tipsy. He quarrelled with one of the company, and went out into the street and stripping off his gown, threw it down and said, 'Lay thou there Divinity, till I have beat this man.' "

This part of the World seems to have regarded the Day of Rest, as set apart specially for pugilism—for like pastor like flock, it is yet remembered how the roughs of Reigate amused themselves each Sunday, with a running tussle up and down the streets ; and it is related of the beadle of the neighbouring parish of Leigh, that he was wont every



Sunday afternoon to indulge in a stand-up fight, in which he was worsted with equal regularity.

The next story is of graver cast.—An Officer of an infantry regiment refuses to take back a bad halfcrown, that he had passed to Mr. Poor (the last but one landlord of the well-known White Hart Inn). The enraged landlord shouts after him, as he marches with his men down the street, “you are a poor pimping fellow.” The Officer immediately rushes back and stabs Mr. Poor through and through, while flying for refuge into the kitchen. The soldiers attempted a rescue, but the Officer was taken, tried, and hanged.

We are indebted to Mr. Ridgway for a passing glimpse of “that murderer, who from the richness of his gifts and the enormity of his crime, is almost a historical personage,” namely, Eugene Aram. He graced Reigate with his presence for about twelve months; assisting in Mr. Alchin’s school in Church Street, and lodging, by a curious coincidence, in a cottage called “Upper Repentance.” All that we are told about him, is that “he was a very gay man, who wore his gold laced hat and ruffles;” for Mr. Ridgway not having our advantages, has none of that sympathy and tender regard, which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has taught us to feel for the sentimental Aram of his novel. Such stories are likely to spring up when the criminal is unmasked; but it is said that the murderer was noticed for the looks of guilty suspicion which he constantly cast behind him, wherever he went.

We may also state on Mr. Ridgway’s authority, that Anthony Cooper, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury, lodged at the house in Church Street called the Wilderness, but that he



wrote his celebrated work "The Characteristics of Men and Manners," at Betchworth. His stay here must have been during that retirement from public life, which he dedicated to literary pursuits, before ill health drove him to meet death at Naples, in 1713.

Judging by the following description, our village Chronieler's youth coincided with the period, when Reigate streets were in the acme of dullness, even before the beginning of the now extinct coaching era. "Between forty and fifty years back (circa 1760), Reigate had not one good road to it, and very few people came to it. The farmers used to bring their corn to market, mostly on the backs of horses; and as to coaches, I do not think I have seen *ten* pass through the Town, *during the course of the year*, except that of Alderman Parsons, who had six of the strongest horses that could be purchased, to draw it up and down the Hill." The scanty road accommodation of this district, even in somewhat later times, is also illustrated by the story of the Reigate farmer who, as prescribed for the good man, was merciful to his beast, though at the expense of other people's "cattle." The old London Road, which then ascended Reigate Hill leading up from Nutley Lane, was not wide enough to suffer one vehicle to pass another, or even to turn round, upon its narrow limits. Availing himself of this, our farmer was wont to anticipate the approach of the London Mail, by lodging his cart upon the Hill, with a palpably inefficient team. The cart of course stuck fast, and retreat, or evasion being impossible, the Mail coachman could only get rid of this blockade, by lending his horses to tug the farmer's load to the summit of the Downs.

Mr. Ridgway's gloomy description shows what a change was brought about by the opening of the London and Brighton turnpike road ; when the active bustle, caused by the daily transit through Reigate of forty coaches, must have given the place such a very different appearance. The locomotive indeed has placed the Mail Coach days of Reigate among its "historical associations ;" and the cheery pictures that the Market Place presented, when the Road was in its glory, exist no longer, save in the colored print, and the pages of our great novelist. Railways however have not put Reigate back again into its normal state of stagnation ; and the animation of a coaching Town, is exchanged for almost a suburban liveliness. Although the journey of the Brighton traveller is no longer varied by the splendid view from Reigate Hill, and by a peep into the Market Place ; still by the agency of steam, thousands who would otherwise be now living—

"in populous city pent,

Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,"

gain a far more lasting benefit, from the "delectable variety of Fields, Groves, Meadows, and pretty Hills," which the Holmesdale here exhibits.

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### PRESENT STATE OF REIGATE.

It is not our intention to give the self-evident details of the present condition of Reigate. It is enough to state for the information of strangers, that the Town mainly consists of one long street running parallel with the Valley ; that bears the following names, West Street, High Street, and Church





Street; and that from the Market Place, branches Bell Street towards the South. As we have mentioned, the Market Place was taken into use soon after the Reformation. St. Thomas à Becket's desecrated Chapel, after long service as a Sessions House, was pulled down about the year 1708; when the present Town Hall was erected on the site. If not an ornamental building, it is at least a useful one, for many are the purposes to which it is devoted. In addition to the multifarious duties of Town Hall, Concert, and Lecture Room, Sessions House, Penny Bank Office, Asylum for the books of the Mechanic's Institute, and for the rifles of the Reigate Volunteers, it has lately been adapted into a Corn Exchange, and a room has been fitted up with desks and stands; for the frequenters of Tuesday's Market. To the North, between the Railway and the Chalk Hills, are the white new villas of Wray Park; the Parish Church is at the East end of the Town; the Castle adjoins the High Street, on the North side, and the Priory and Park, on the South; the Heath lies to the West, skirting the Dorking Road. The mass of new buildings seen from Red Hill Station, is called Warwick Town. In addition to the Parish Church, there is Red Hill District Church upon the slope above the Brighton Railway; a temporary Church in Warwick Town; and a Church is being built for the benefit of Wray Park. Reigate also possesses National and British Schools; a Quaker's Meeting House and Burial Ground; and an Independent Chapel. The principal Hotel is the "White Hart," which we believe is thoroughly well managed, and possesses accommodation of a superior order. The "Swan," and the "Grapes," are the chief Commercial Inns. The

Honorable William John Monson is the present representative of Reigate in Parliament.

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#### THE NEW CHURCH.

The foundation of St. Mark's Church, Wray Park, on a site about two hundred yards to the North of the Railway Station, is a step towards meeting the religious requirements of this increasing Parish. It is intended to afford 720 sittings, one third free, and to cost, with the parsonage house, £5,600. The district assigned to this Church includes all the Parish lying North of West Street, and of the Railway, reckoning from the point where it crosses the London Road, with the exception of the National Schools. Mr. Wilson Saunders is the Treasurer and Chairman of St. Mark's Church Committee. The present Incumbent is the Rev. Arthur Cazenove.

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#### THE NEW TOWN HALL.

The limited space for public meetings afforded by the Town Hall, has occasioned the formation of the "Reigate Public Hall Company." The new Hall, to be built upon an eligible site in the High Street, will be capable of holding 800 persons, with adjoining rooms for a Museum. It is a satisfactory indication, that provision for the proper accommodation of the Oxford Middle-Class Examiners, is quoted as a motive of the undertaking. Mr. John Lees, High Street, Reigate, is Architect and Honorary Secretary to the Company.



## THE OXFORD MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

The result of the examination held here last summer by the Oxford Delegates, was certainly an encouragement to the Schoolmasters of the Town and neighbourhood. Their educational endeavours received the following conspicuous blazon in the "Times" of 26th August, 1859. "It is very remarkable that Reigate, a new centre of examination, is the place where the proportion of success is the greatest, and of failures, the smallest. It was to be expected, that in new centres, from inexperience on the part of teachers, and of boys, the failures would be rather above, than below the average;—but at Reigate, not only is the proportion less than the average, but it is actually less, and greatly less, than at any other place."—The exact degree of success and failure in each centre of examination, was shewn in a table, in which this Town stood foremost. Of the Candidates examined here, 81 per cent. succeeded, and 19 per cent. failed. At Liverpool, which came next, there was 66 per cent. of success, and 34 per cent. of failure,—while at Bedford, the lowest place in the list, only 26 per cent. succeeded, as against failures to the extent of 73 per cent.

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## THE HOLMESDALE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

The study of Natural History is ably forwarded by the "Holmesdale Club;" an association of about seventy members, mostly residents here, under the presidency of Mr. Wilson Saunders. The object of the Club, the



investigation of the Natural History of the surrounding Country, is pleasantly fulfilled by many summer excursions. Mr. Evelyn has shewn true liberality in entertaining the Club at Wotton, with a ready kindness that made his welcome a welcome indeed, and other gentlemen blessed with extensive grounds in that lovely region about Dorking, have done the like. New members are elected at the monthly meetings, on the recommendation of one or more of the Association. The entrance fee and annual subscription, are five shillings each. The Secretary is Mr. James Brewer, who has so materially assisted the botanical studies of his fellow townsmen, by the compilation of the "Reigate Flora."

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#### THE MECHANIC'S INSTITUTION.

This Institution has completed an existence of twenty-one years, and during that period has carried out, to a great extent, the objects for which it was established, namely—to bring, by means of good books, some acquaintance with Science, Literature, and Art, within the reach of all who had any desire to acquire such information; and also by means of lectures to excite an interest, in those who might not already feel it, for these now necessary branches of knowledge. "The Institution has given the inhabitants of Reigate an opportunity of hearing a very large number of lecturers, celebrated not only for their extended knowledge, but for their power of imparting that knowledge to others. It has always been engaged in attempting to spread useful and valuable information, and

to extend a kindly and neighbourly feeling by affording opportunities for all who wished to enjoy evenings of rational amusement and instruction, to do so together. Having spent its twenty-one years thus successfully, it was thought right to celebrate the period of its majority by an evening party on the 14th of December, 1858, at the Town Hall, when a large number of the members and their friends met, and spent a very agreeable evening." Though attaining to "majority" did not put the Institution into the possession of ample fortune, it at least finds it with a sufficient income, if not a large one. The Library numbers rather more than 1500 volumes, of more than average merit, and classes are formed for Reading and Discussion, and for the study of French and Drawing; as the instructor in Drawing bears the honored name of Linnell, the students must feel specially called upon to meet such an advantage with proper exertion. The number of members, both honorary and ordinary, is steadily increasing, being now 46 honorary, 157 ordinary, total 203; though a wish is expressed that the number of lady members should increase. Mr. Peter Martin is President for Session 1859-60, and Mr. Payne is Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. The attendance in the Reading Room has been excellent; and a large number of books are in circulation amongst the members.

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## CHAPTER II.

Reigate Castle—Historical Incidents—Description of the Site—Inquiry into the Probable Date of the Castle—The Barons' Cave—The Parish Church; Date; Architecture; Restorations—The Monuments—Parish Library—Howard Prayer-Book—The Reigate Charities—The Priory—The Mordaunt Family—The Great Chimney Piece.

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### REIGATE CASTLE,

#### HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

IN THE description of Reigate Castle (p 46), we endeavour to show why, in our opinion, the residentiary buildings were of a slight and perhaps temporary nature. Whatever was the cause, certainly this Castle had but little influence upon the fortunes of its owners, the Earls of Surrey;—the events that connect it with their history extend only over about two hundred years; and even during this limited period they used it but seldom, either as a habitation or a fortress.

The first mention of Reigate Castle occurs in the gloomy time of national distress, caused by the dissensions between King John and his Barons (1216). William Warren the 6th Earl of Surrey at first acted in unison with the King his relative, but as the struggle for power went on, the Earl placed the weight of his authority in the

opposite scale ; and he took a leading part in that juncture of affairs, which obtained for England the Magna Charta (1215). It was in his Castle at Stamford, that the Barons assembled to consider the Declaration of Rights and Privileges drawn up by Archbishop Langton, and through Warren's mediation King John submitted to ratify the Charter.

The cruelties which that treacherous Monarch by aid of his mercenaries, inflicted on the Nobility, who had sought no better security than the royal word, doubtless completed Earl Warren's alienation ; and he gave in his adhesion to Louis the Dauphin, when the oppressed Barons met evil treatment, by the evil expedient of foreign help. Reigate Castle was consequently thrown open to the French, and thus in spite of the popular rhyme of this district, the never won Holmesdale submitted to a foreign Lord. He held it however only for a short time, and left no worse trace of his presence, than the French coins that have been discovered in the Castle ditches. King John's timely death put an end to the revolt, and the Dauphin had to retreat from England.

The Castle's next appearance in history, was in the lifetime of the 7th Earl, John de Warren (circa 1270). He endeavoured to shelter himself behind these Walls, from just punishment for a most grave offence. This Earl was one of the most eminent of his family ; but the "couragieuse stoutenesse" which prompted him to resist King Edward's arbitrary exactions (see p. 17), was evidently coupled with most ungovernable temper. Alan, Baron de la Zouch, having obtained over him a legal victory, the Earl and his followers in contempt of justice and of the King's Palace

at Westminster, where the scene took place, immediately assaulted the lucklessly successful litigant, and inflicted wounds which ultimately caused his death. Warren promptly boated across the Thames, and cast himself into the protecting enclosure of Reigate Castle.

So flagrant a breach of discipline could not be overlooked, and King Henry summoned the Earl to appear and answer for this crime; but he refused. To support the royal mandate, Prince Edward and the Archbishop of York quickly appeared in arms before the Castle. The attack was preparing, when Warren yielded, and placed himself at the King's mercy. The sentence was to pay the fines of 10,000 marks into the Treasury, and of 2,000 marks to Alan de la Zouch's family. The Earl was also required to walk in solemn procession, with fifty Knights as compurgators, from the Temple to Westminster Hall; and to declare there on oath, that the assault was the prompting of hasty rage, and not of "malice aforethought."

All endeavour to gain an idea of the true value of money in these remote times, may be delusive, still it is a subject of such interest, that we will give what estimate we can, of the amount of the penalty imposed by this sentence. A mark was a coin representing two-third parts of the pound of gold. During the 13th century, according to Lord Lyttleton's valuation in the notes to his "Henry II.," the gold pound was equal in value to three pounds of modern money. The imposition of a fine as punishment for homicide, if the Baron's death is not to be classed as murder, hardly assorts with our ideas of justice; still by this computation, these fines together amounted to the by no means trifling sum of £24,000.

The moral tone of those times was not of that severity that such a crime would disgrace John de Warren for life ; and about seven years later the Castle reached the culmination of its glory, when “in the third year of Edward I. the Earl of Surrey entertained that Sovereign, at his Castle at Reigate, in a style of great splendour.”

This circumstance is the more interesting, because such few proofs exist of this Castle being used as a residence. For the same reason we notice, that the succeeding Earl dated deeds from this place. The charter he obtained from Edward III. authorising the maintenance of Tuesday's weekly market, is also a memorial, of the interest that he took in the welfare of Reigate.

The following story taken from Watson's “Memoirs of the Earls of Surrey” (Vol. II. p. 18), shews that this Nobleman made use of Reigate Castle, in a manner even less creditable, than his predecessor had done—“A D. 1317. Alice de Lacy, wife of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, being at Canford in Dorsetshire was violently taken hence”—with her own consent however, if that mends matters—“by a knight belonging to the Earl of Warren ; many others being concerned in the conspiracy and it is said the King himself being privy to it. She was carried in great triumph, in contempt of the Earl her husband, to the said Earl of Warren, who was then at his Castle of Reigate in Surrey ; but in their passage amongst the hedges and woods between Haulton and Farnham, her conductors seeing certain streamers and banners, supposed the Earl of Lancaster was coming to her rescue, and thereupon they fled, leaving her alone ; but afterwards discovering that they were only some priests and others going in procession round



the fields, (probably to mark out some boundary) they returned,"—and we suppose transported the beauty to Reigate; though her estimation of the courage of her new associates must have been sadly lowered by this incident. The Earl of Lancaster was divorced from his inconstant wife; and recovered damages against the Earl of Warren, according to the custom of that time, by burning his Castle at Sandal near Wakefield, and wasting his Manors to the north of the Trent.

The only remaining occasion when Reigate was of service as a fortress, occurred in the lifetime of the 10th Earl, Richard Fitz-Alan. Though the Castle protected him in this instance, he ultimately fell a victim to the misgoverned times of Richard II. The Earl had joined the party in resistance to the King; hence at the instigation of the favourite, Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, Richard attempted to surprise Fitz-Alan in Reigate Castle. Besieging troops suddenly invested the place; but they retreated even without venturing an attack, so threatening was the appearance of the Walls.

After this we hear no more of the Castle, except in comments on its ruined state.

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## REIGATE CASTLE,

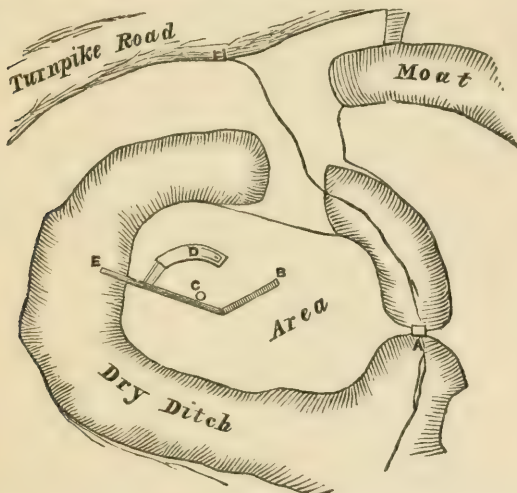
### DESCRIPTION OF THE SITE.

The Reigate Visitor, if unprepared, may be disappointed on finding that the Castle Court is but a small level field; only resembling a fortification in the steep grassy sides of the area, on which he is standing. The place however is



worth a visit. The Caves beneath his feet are curious ; the View down the Valley towards Dorking is fine ; and the Houses and Streets below, backed by the high straight ridge of the Park beyond, have an unusual and picturesque appearance.

The Map will explain the ground plan of the Earth-works, and the position and shape of the Caves.



- |                         |                                        |                   |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| A. Mr. Barnes' Archway. | B. Entrance to Caves.                  | C. Guard Chamber. |
| D. Baron's Hall.        | E. Blocked-up exit into the Dry Ditch. |                   |

The turretted Archway (much like an old sand-paper watch holder), which the Visitor crosses to reach the Court, was built in 1777, by Mr. Barnes, a Reigate solicitor.

What little is to be learnt from books, respecting the origin of this Castle, may be summed up in Aubrey's words "that it was built in Saxon times, though a vulgar error has generally given credit of it, to one of the Warren

Earls of Surrey." The structure that once stood here has so completely vanished, and the surface of the ground has been so altered, that what kind of Castle it was, can only be guessed at; but the attempt is worth making, as the probable date of the building is involved in the inquiry.

Demolition began here at least 300 years ago; for Lambarde (who made his celebrated "Perambulation" in the reign of Elizabeth) tells us that even then, only "the ruyns and rubbishe of an old Castle, which some call Holmesdale" were to be seen here. Camden also describes it as "forlorne,—for age ready to fall."

Aubrey, who was acquainted with the locality, must have had some grounds for stating, that the foundation of the Castle was anterior to the Conquest; and the probability has been pointed out, that the Romans chose this detached knoll of sandstone, to place on it a fort; to guard the ancient line of communication which ran through this Parish towards Croydon. It also appears to us, for the following reasons, that the entire clearance away of the Walls that once occupied this site, may be reckoned as a proof of their remote antiquity.

During the Civil Wars, the Parliament fearing lest this mass of "ruyns and rubbishe" should assist the disaffected Surrey men to revolt, and classing Reigate among the places of strength in the County, directed the Derby House Committee, to place it "in such a condition, that no use may be made of it, to the endangering the Peace of the Kingdom." It has been presumed that the Castle was demolished in consequence of these orders; but we have found no positive statement to this effect; and we fancy, that if any large building was then destroyed, some

remembrance of such an event, would at least have been preserved. Yet one can hardly credit that walls, capable of housing King Edward under circumstances of "great jollity," or of frightening away attack, should thus have entirely disappeared, only by slow decay. Towards reconciling these conflicting facts, we suggest, that unlike the ordinary type of mediæval Castles, as at Rochester or Guildford, the inhabited portions of Reigate Castle were entirely detached from the fortifications; and that it consisted of a circuit of walls, bastions, and earthworks, within which the domestic buildings were erected.

Without countervailing reasons, if one of the Warren's had built here a Stronghold capable of a royal reception, he would have raised upon this site, the massy Keep and Tower of a Norman Castle; and to uproot the foundations of such a building must have taken time and trouble.

No record remains of the nature of the inner fortifications, if any existed: but a fragment of the outer defences lasted till 1786, consisting apparently of a curtain wall, composed of small irregular masonry, and flanked by round towers of no great height. Judging by the view of these ruins in Watson's "Memoirs," they must have borne a general resemblance to Burgh Castle near Great Yarmouth: this is a Roman Camp, fortified by surrounding a post of natural strength within the circuit of a massy bastioned wall: the troops encamped within the enclosure, that was left open for this purpose.

Though we can only support Aubrey's assertion by these conjectures, we are thus led to agree with him; and to think that in all probability an ancient walled Camp, founded here before the Conquest, was adapted into this

Castle ; and that a residence, perhaps only for summer use, was placed within the limits of the original fortifications. This building would not enter into the system of the defensive works ; and though large enough to accommodate a royal suite, it may yet have been of so temporary a character, as thus to vanish, without leaving a trace, even of the foundations. The outer walls (portions of which as we mentioned, remained standing till within the last hundred years), if strengthened by a broad Moat to the North, and by the steep sand banks on the southern approaches, may well have been capable of resisting a sudden assault, especially considering the feeble artillery of the Middle Ages.

Even the surface of the ground has undergone a change, for we feel assured, that the deep path under Mr. Barnes's Archway, results from excavation, probably in the progress of sand digging. A Survey, taken in the reign of James I., states the Castle site to be seventeen acres in extent ; while the area now called the Court, is only about 160 paces in length, and 100 in breadth. Mr. Ridgway, the village Historian, gets over this difficulty, by imagining that the Castle was built in the form of the figure 8, connected in the centre by a drawbridge : but the idea is more ingenious than probable. As a further proof of the length of time that the centre of the Castle Court has been unincumbered with ruins, we find from the before-mentioned Survey, that a Lodge then stood on this plot of ground, which was then used as a rabbit warren. This Lodge is evidently the one-storied Tudor building, that is represented in Watson's engraving. Mr. Ridgway says that it was Earl Warren's house, "where he often resided:" though

apparently without surer ground for this belief, than that "one of the rooms was hung with gilt leather, which I have seen myself."

As regards the Caves, we shall content ourselves by adopting Aubrey's account, and by referring our readers to the map (p. 47): for we should be sorry to destroy by ineffective description, the vague mystery that attends all subterranean wonders; and besides, while nothing certain is known about these excavations, all that is curious in their structure is very apparent. He describes them, as "a Vault which runs underground several perches, to a small portal or door, that opens into the Graffe, or dry ditch without the Castle. This Vault is bivious, and cut out of the sand, several paces broad, and five yards high at the end which opens into the Graffe." This opening into the outer ditch was doubtless used as a sally port. Stonework is to be found at the blocked-up end of the passage, which may be a portion of the foundation of the external walls. As the filling up of this exit has given scope for the exercise of fancy, the popular theory continues it as far as to the Priory Cellars.

The descent is quite easy; and no one need fear to summon the old lady, and her candles, from the Cottage hard by.

Every local tradition, however visionary, should be supported if possible; and we regretted to find that the earlier historians of Reigate were ominously silent respecting the "Barons' Cave." Salmon in his *Antiquities* (written early in last Century), is the first to claim for this "cellarage," the distinction of being the place, where *Magna Charta* was debated upon by the Confederate

Nobles. The Assembly for this purpose at Earl Warren's Castle at Stamford, is probably, as Mr. Brayley suggests, the origin of this story.

However one may play the incredulous in daylight, yet subterranean gloom casts a dim, uncertain shade of plausibility, over the stories of the aged châtelaine. It would be cruel to be sceptical in her presence; or to disturb her faith in these traditions, which is strong enough to convert, in her imagination, the verses she recites,

“Thou who the verdant plain dost traverse here,  
Whilst Thames amongst his willows from thy view,  
Retires, O stranger,” &c.

into a solemn address to the Caves of Reigate Castle!



THE GUARD CHAMBER (REIGATE CASTLE CAVES)



## THE PARISH CHURCH.



REIGATE CHURCH.

**R**eigate

Church, dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalene, is placed, as shewn by the Frontispiece, towards the eastern end of the Valley;

removed by some little distance, from the main portion of the Town. The situation still justifies Reigate's ancient designation, of Church in Fields; and though this characteristic is to a certain extent encroached upon, the Church retains a rustic and venerable appearance. A surrounding group of trees, and the grey tint of the old Horsham slate roofs, mitigate the modern look of new stonework, fresh pointing, and clean stucco.

The building is 125 feet long, and 54 feet broad; and consists of a Nave, with north and south Aisles, continued on into a principal, and two side Chancels.



The Tower at the west end, is battlemented and double buttressed; and contains eight bells of comparatively modern date: the six old bells having been in 1784, recast into the present peal.

The Vestry and Room above for the Parish Library (see p. 66) are attached to the North Chancel.

The external architecture is almost wholly of the Perpendicular Style, the "Early English" west window of the north Aisle, being the sole exception.\* Thus judging by the outside, this building does not appear to be older than the fifteenth century. It is within, that traces of a previous style of architecture are prominently visible; and the interior gains both dignity and beauty by the contrast of different styles; the elegance that distinguishes later workmanship, being enhanced, by the massive character of the first development of Gothic.

Reigate's former name of Church in Fields, and the grant of this Advowson to the Monastery of St. Mary Overy, by the 2nd Earl Warren, who died A.D. 1135, are presumptive proofs of the existence here of a Parish Church, both prior to, and within the century, that succeeded the Conquest; but the present Church bears no mark of either Saxon, or pure Norman work.

The architectural specimens of the highest antiquity afforded by this building, are the Nave pillars and capitals; these are of "Semi-Norman" work, a Style that was in use during about fifty years (A.D. 1150-1200): while the pointed, was gradually superseding the circular headed arch. From the use of the trefoil ornament, and

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\* The "Early English" windows in the Chancels, result from the fancy of the restoring Architect, in 1845.

the general appearance of the capitals, we believe that they belong to the close of that period, and that this Church was founded between the years 1175 and 1200. Besides the late character of the capitals, the following is an additional reason for assigning their date to these twenty-five years.—Several of these capitals bear a rude resemblance to the acanthus leaf, and the volutes of the Corinthian Order; and they also have a general similarity to capitals in the Choir of Canterbury Cathedral. The reconstruction of that Choir, then recently destroyed by fire, was commenced in the year 1175. The work was at first superintended by the Norman, William of Sens. His stay in England was short, and abridged by accident, so that we may not claim him as our architect. Still the foreign character of these capitals (for the use of classic ornament is a special mark of the French school of “Semi-Norman”), and their resemblance to his designs, lead us to think it probable, that workmen trained up under his influence, and who had been engaged in the restorations at Canterbury, were employed upon Reigate Church. This assumption is rendered the more likely, by the intercourse which that ancient line of communication from the West of England, must have kept up between Reigate and Canterbury.

We will now point out the portions of the Church, which belong to those successive Styles of Gothic architecture, that followed the Semi-Norman period.—The west window of the North Aisle, though restored, represents the only definite specimen of “Early English” workmanship to be found here: it belongs to the later development of this Style, 1275-1300.—The Tower, south Aisle, Chancels, and Porch, may be assigned to the central

division of the Perpendicular style (1450-1500), when it was least subject to influence from "Decorated" or "Tudor" forms.

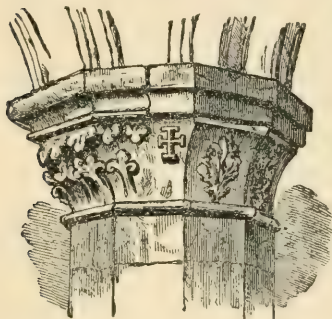
The Church has undergone gradual changes over nearly 700 years; and we will now try, for the subject is not devoid of interest, to convey some idea of the progressive stages, by which it reached the condition in which we now see it.—To begin at the first point of departure from the Style in which the building was begun: a chasm of about one hundred years can be traced between the "Semi-Norman" Nave and the "Early English" window in the north Aisle. In spite of the lapse of time thus indicated, we fancy that this variation in the architecture, does not occur here in consequence of an *alteration* in the Church's structure; but rather that the growth of the building was *continuous* through these hundred years, and that when the north Aisle walls were being raised, "Early English" was the architectural fashion then in vogue. We think so, remembering the slow and intermittent manner in which large mediæval buildings were raised up; and also, more especially, because the increasingly prevailing influence of the "Early English," is shewn in what is undoubtedly a part of the original construction of the Church,—that is the Nave. To give our proof of this assertion; though the Nave is certainly of "Semi-Norman" date, and bore throughout, prior to alteration in later times, the general features of that era, yet the sloped edges of the north side Arches approximate in character to "Early English" mouldings:



while the elegant pattern which runs as an ornamental border round the southern arches, is of pure "Semi-Norman" workmanship.

The first principal remodification given to the Church, is in the Perpendicular style of the fifteenth century. These alterations consisted, in the addition of three Chancels, a south Porch, and west Tower, to the original Nave and Aisles, and in raising the south Aisle to the present height. One memento exists, and it is a curious one, of the original ground plan, before these changes were made.—In the course of these alterations, the Nave was extended towards the East, by adding to it three arches, one to the south and two on the north side of the Church; and it seems probable to us that these three arches, some 300 years later in date than the work to which they are adjoined, mark the place where our Church's Tower formerly stood. This is of course but a conjecture, yet we must indulge in a brief explanation, to justify this theory. Firstly—The original or "Semi-Norman" Tower has wholly disappeared; for the West Tower is apparently throughout of the "Perpendicular" style. Secondly—The intersection of the Nave, Chancel, and Transepts, was nearly the most common position for the Tower in "Norman" and "Early English" Churches, as is still seen at Gatton and Chipstead; and the site of these additional arches is at the eastern end of the Nave, on the spot where this intersection, if there were any, must have taken place. Thirdly—The fifteenth century architect wished nearly to double the size of the Church; but the rapid slope of ground towards the West, prevented the continuation of the building in that direction: being thus driven to the east end, to obtain the necessary width for his Chancels he was forced (we can fancy, he was not very sorry) to pull down the Semi-Norman Tower, Chancel,

and Transepts. The existence of Transepts here, is certainly very speculative, as all trace of them is swept away; except that the position of a low massy wall, removed in 1845, which abutted against the East side of the Screen in the south Aisle, can only be accounted for on the supposition that it was a portion of a side Transept wall. Fourthly—The exact junction point of this extension to the building, is marked out in a singular manner



upon the eastern south side Nave pillar and capital. Apparently it was accomplished, by transforming the pilaster that abutted against the ancient Tower wall, into the detached shaft of the arch, that springs thence towards the Chancel. It is here that the before men-

tioned memento occurs: for so little was uniformity cared for in those days, that the *western* half of the capital has been left of the original "Semi-Norman," while the *eastern* exhibits "Perpendicular" ornamentation. The crosslet on the south face, is a modernism, having been carved out of a projecting knob of stone, that had been left unwrought by the fifteenth century workman. The corresponding alteration on the north side, must be looked for in the pillar and capital standing *second* from the Chancel. It cannot be discerned so clearly, for this capital seems to be wholly of the "Semi-Norman" time; yet we could fancy from the feeble undecided character of the carving, that the eastern half is really a "Perpendicular" copy of the other side.

Certain other structural peculiarities in the Nave are to us inexplicable : for instance—none of the Nave pillars correspond with their opposite brethren, those on the north side advancing at least two feet farther eastward, than the southern side pillars; and what was it that compelled the architect in the fifteenth century to place *two* continuing arches on the north side, to match only *one* on the other ?

We will now bring the narrative of the changes that have taken place in the Church, down to the present time. —The Vestry and Room above, were built against the north Chancel wall in 1513. During the political agitations of the next 300 years, the building remained in a slumber very undisturbed : the flight of time being chiefly indicated by the growth of pews, moss, and monuments, within and without these walls. The zeal of the present day for Church extension and renovation, was faintly shadowed forth in the beginning of this century, by the building of the Gallery in 1818, when the north Aisle was raised to its present height ; and by the erection in 1824 of the turret on the Tower, to replace a wooden belfry, then pulled down.

More attention has been devoted to the condition of the Church during the last twenty years, than had been paid to it during the previous three centuries. In the years 1844-5, the Chancel, and Screen were restored :—the Nave was reseated, and the stonework of the windows renewed, in the years 1857-8. The Chancels also have been glazed with painted glass.

We will now say a few words upon the Church's general appearance.—The interior is characterised by



remarkable solemnity, and richness of effect. This results from a somewhat rare union of the robust forms and daring fancy of Gothic, when first emerging from the round arched Styles of architecture, with the elegance and simplicity of its latest development. The solidity of the Nave arches: their bearing powers emphasised by one massy rib of stone:—the variety caused by the mixture of round and octagonal pillars, and by the elaborate ornamentation of the capitals:—the dignity gained by the marked elevation of the Chancel above the Nave, as shewn by flights of successive steps, and by the lofty Chancel Arch,—compose into a most unusual, and impressive scene of architectural beauty.



Besides the associative interest attaching to the Nave capitals, from their resemblance to work of the French school of "Semi-Norman," they are in themselves well worthy of study. The interfusion of Classic and Gothic forms, and the energetic freedom of an art in its spring time, gave to

the sculptor an unexampled range of treatment. Alternately following the "Norman" principles in which he was educated, or yielding to the transitional influences of his time, his hand seems to hesitate between the Greek acanthus leaf, and the Gothic trefoil. Varying the design of the foliage as he proceeded, the carving grew under his chisel with such rare inventive power, that, though



never losing sight of the general effect, he was enabled to furnish every capital with a different design of ornament.

The additions to the Church in the fifteenth century, were of the best period of the Perpendicular Style; and the Chancel arches and pillars are of elegant, simple form. The richly carved niches and canopies of the Reredos, form a fine specimen of ornate Perpendicular Sculpture. Concealment behind wood and plaster for many years, was so far useful, that owing to this protection the Reredos bore its original coloring, when disclosed in the restorations of 1845. The prevailing tints were red and green, of various shades, with lines picked out in white. Over the flat portions of the stonework ran a delicate tracery of tendrils and leaves, interwoven with a diapering of stars, fleurdelys, and the monogram I.H.S. picked out in gold. Judging by those fragments of the carving that lurked within the niches, the sculptured work also, had been richly colored and gilt. When the Reredos and Sedilia were perfect, they must have composed a *tout ensemble*, rarely equalled in a parish Church. An imitation of the ancient coloring has been attempted on the Sedilia: but the effect is not pleasing.

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THE MONUMENTS.

The Monuments in this Church, reach to no great antiquity, the two oldest dating between 1610-20. They are good examples of that era's sepulchral taste; or rather were so, having suffered much from the fingers, both of man, and of time. The white marble Statues under the

pillared canopy, memorialise Sir Thomas Bludder and Wife, who lived in the Hall at Flanchford (see Chap. III.). They died within a week of each other, A.D. 1618. The two monumental Statues lying close by, are the effigies of the Richard Elyots (father and son), who lived at the Mansion called the Lodge. Richard Elyot the elder, died in 1609, and his son three years later, a few months before the death of his royal master, Henry Prince of Wales. Besides the interest derived from this connection with a Prince, so distinguished by early promise and by early death, the Monument is not devoid of artistic merit. The Statue of the father especially, has a solemn dignity, lying in the traditional attitude of repose, with hands uplifted, joined in prayer. The mutilated kneeling figure of a lady, beneath the arch in the south Chancel wall, was his daughter Katherine Elyot; and a family likeness may be traced in their features. She "put off this mortal life at her age of 28 years," A.D. 1623; and the inscription on the Monument used to bear witness, that this memorial was due to a sister's love. The Elyot Monuments were originally placed against the north wall of the centre Chancel: but they were either displaced, or destroyed, in the restorations of 1845, when ecclesiastical propriety was respected, more than the memory of the dead. Even the stone in honor of Sir Edward Thurland, a faithful servant of Charles I., and an esteemed friend of Jeremy Taylor, has been swept away; though his were those "silent excellencies," which so specially need commemoration. Thurland lived at "Great Doods," a mansion at the corner of the Croydon Road: he represented Reigate in Parliament:—was appointed one of the

Barons of the Exchequer in 1672: acted as Solicitor to James II., and as Evelyn's Steward of the Manor. He died at Reigate in 1682, aged seventy-six. In addition to the studies which raised him to the Bench, Thurland turned his attention to theology and metaphysics. To his "Diatriba concerning Prayer," an excellent Homily against Atheism, "that abounding ingredient now in the world," Evelyn devotes a long letter of patient and laudatory criticism. But Thurland must have been more than merely a good scholar and a sound lawyer; for besides what the inscription recorded of him, that he was faithful in his duty to God and man, and to his king, even in adversity:—Jeremy Taylor avers that "his society were argument enough to make me desire a dwelling" near to London; and Evelyn says that his conversation was of that stamp, that from it "I do always return, both more learned and better."

To revive recollections of Lieutenant Bird, a very different person, whose Monument has also shared in this expulsion—He "had the misfortune to kill the waiter" of a disreputable tavern near Golden Square: was hung for this deed in February 1718, and thereby achieved a County History immortality. The curious will found in the bell-ringers' Gallery, the "marble half-length of the deceased, in armour, in full flowing wig, truncheon in his right hand, &c." and with the cravat around the neck, which popular belief has converted into a halter. A drunken public-house brawl, and a hero in wig and breast-plate, almost extinguish those feelings of regret that should accompany so miserable a story; yet some pity may be excited by the fancy, that it was perhaps distress

at losing his wife, when he was only twenty-two years old, which drove the young widower, into these disastrous courses. True sympathy however, must be given to the remembrance of that sorrow which these walls witnessed year after year, when on every anniversary of his execution, Mr. Bird's mother came and shut herself up alone, for hours in this Church.

The Ladbroke Monument, in the north Chancel, cannot fail to be observed: an expensive (costing 1,500*l.*), and rather overwhelming specimen, of the taste of our great-grandfathers.

In a large Vault beneath the Chancel, lie buried Lord Howard of Effingham, and the 1st and 2nd Earls of Nottingham (see p. 11). Although Lord Howard directed that a Monument should be raised to him, both he and his family remain without memorial. Yet the following inscription on a lead coffin beneath our feet, alone sufficiently points out, that one at least of those buried here, fully deserves some token of our respect. "Heare lyeth the body of Charles Howarde, Earle of Nottingham, Lorde High Admyrall of Englande, Generall of Queene Elizabethes's Navy Royall att Sea agaynst the Spanyard's invinsable Navy, in the year of our Lord 1588; who departed this life att Haling Howse, the 14 daye of December, in ye yeare of our Lorde 1624, *Ætatis sue* 87."

The large marble slab let into the south Chancel east wall, is noticeable as a Monument—that commemorates nobody. Designed to perpetuate the memory of the Right Honorable William Elliott, who resided at Thurland's house of "Great Doods," it now only serves to illustrate the fable, that tells the fate of the hare with many friends;

for, though the inscriptionless state of the tablet may be partly owing to the neglect of Mr. Elliott's family, still the primary delay was caused, by the difficulty of deciding on the most fitting of the many eulogists, who claimed to do him honor.—We will endeavour to fill up this blank upon the Monument of one, who may be deservedly ranked among the illustrious dead of Reigate. Mr. Elliott was a Privy Councillor, a Member of Parliament, and a descendant of the Elliotts of Minto, at whose house he died, in 1818. He was a man of true cultivation, whose varied knowledge was enhanced by good sense, pure taste, and unaffected elegance. Through intimacy, when a boy, with Richard Burke, the only son of Edmund Burke, he was distinguished in early youth by the friendship of that great man, and of his celebrated scholar, Mr. Windham. Mr. Elliott's eulogist Mr. Allen, also tells us, that though other statesmen debated with more force, no man ever spoke with more permanent possession of the honest partiality of the "House;" and that this was bestowed upon him, as much from his careful and finished style of ingenious reasoning, as from "the authority of his spotless life, unbending integrity, and lofty sense of honor."

The inscription on a brass plate over the Vestry door, curiously illustrates that change of feeling, that was heralding the Reformation, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is dated A.D. 1513, and records that John Skynner with money to be expended for the souls of his parents, "caused this vestibule to be built in honor of Almighty God;" evidently preferring to apply this trust fund, in that form of "pious uses," than to employ it in the purchase of masses for the dead.

On the faith of Mr. Ridgway's manuscript, we may include the following inscription, among the monumental curiosities of the Church; though we do not vouch for its existence:—

In memory of John Tooth;  
“ Clerk of this parish I was forsooth,  
By trade a tailor, by name John Tooth:  
Who on my actions cast any jeers,  
Mend in themselves what bad appears.  
Faults I had many, you that have none,  
Are justly entitled to cast the first stone.”

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PARISH LIBRARY.

Above the Vestry is the Library, which in 1701 was established by Mr. Andrew Cranston, the then Vicar. It is intended for the use of the parishioners, and the Vicar for the time being, is Librarian. The Library now musters about 1,700 volumes; and still receives occasional additions, for the presentation of a book is expected of each representative of the Borough. During the first year of its existence, all the neighbouring gentry contributed to the collection. Among the donors we find the names of Sir John Parsons, Mr. Speaker Onslow, and of the Evelyns, Scawens, and Thurlands. The Town's-people also, seem to have felt a pride in rendering their assistance; for entries in the Register commemorate, that Russell, the blacksmith, gave the bar and fastenings to the window; and that Ward, the Reigate carrier, “cheerfully carried all parcells gratis from London to the Library.” This collection possesses a few Manuscripts, and some early



specimens of Printing. The object however, of most local interest, is the first Lord Effingham's Prayer-Book. It bears no date, but the subscription at the end, tell us that it was "Imprinted at London, in Powles Church Yarde, by Richard Jugge and John Cawood, Printers to the Queene's Maiestie;" and the Psalms appended to the Prayers, printed by the same firm, is dated 1566. The Book seems to have been retained in use by a member of the Howard family, for an old metrical version of the Psalms, printed in 1637, is inserted at the end, without disturbing the original binding. The Coat of Arms impressed upon the covers, is that of the Howard family, quartering Brotherton, Warren, and Bigot. The initials W. H., the encircling "Garter," and the old Howard motto, "*sola Virtus invicta*," indicate who was the first possessor of this charming old Prayer-Book. The bright colors of the rubrics, the handsome shape of the type, and the rich vivid black of the ink, may cause some doubt, whether or no the printer's art has greatly improved since its outset. It would be interesting to know how the volume came here; but all that can be learnt from the Register, is that Mr. Bonwick of Kinnersley was, in 1701, donor of a Book of Common Prayer of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Library room has a venerable air of gravity, such as it could not fail to receive from the imposing ranks of books, embrowned by age, around the walls. As a collection it certainly contains many valuable treatises, especially on historical and topographical subjects; but its usefulness is somewhat diminished by rather a superfluity of the controversial theology of the last century. Books such as "Bugg's Quakerism Drooping," or the "Door of the



Tabernacle," are not likely to afford other interest, than to excite a smile at the quaintness of their titles; and may perhaps be best described, as belonging "no more to man, but to the worm, the moth, and the spider. Their dark and ribbed backs, their yellow leaves, do not more repel us, than the unprofitableness of their substance."

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### THE REIGATE CHARITIES.

The benefactors of Reigate have been numerous and liberal. As the amount derived from Mr. Alderman Smith's munificence is by far the largest item in these trust funds (the Parish deriving an income of at least 120*l.* a year from his Charity) we shall commence our short account of the Reigate Charities, with a Notice of his Life. We do this the more readily, because Mr. Brayley did not avail himself of the information respecting Henry Smith's family, that was brought to light in a genealogical inquiry, that Mr. Gwilt, inspired by pious zeal to clear his ancestor's good fame from an idle tradition, carried on for many years.\*

The Alderman's memory aptly illustrates the proverbial fate of the dog with a bad name; for the silly story, with all respect be it spoken, which Evelyn set on foot respecting his mode of life (in Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's *Britannia*), has greatly deprived this benefactor of a whole County, of that respect which should have been his

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\* Notices relating to Thomas Smith of Campden, and to Henry Smith, sometime Alderman of London, by the late Charles P. Gwilt (a descendant of the family). Privately printed, 1836. A copy of this book is to be found in the Reigate Parish Library.

portion. This tale, which has saddled the Alderman with the nickname of "Dog Smith," is circumstantially related in Salmon's County History.—"One fixes it upon Smith's going about begging, and after the last scrap entreating for a Bone for his Dog, which he shared with his Fidus Achates. Another has heard that he fed at other men's Tables, and would carry away a Bone to solace his Dog. This was when the Buttery Hatch was worn off the Hooks, and Bones had their complement of Meat."

The facts known with certainty of Henry Smith's biography, may be comprised within short space.—Born at Wandsworth in 1548, he was buried there, in 1627.—He lived in Silver Street in the City of London, where he amassed a large fortune—was a Member of the Salter's Company—was chosen Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without—was married but childless. After his wife's death he devoted the bulk of his property to works of charity, first by deeds of trust during his lifetime, and afterwards by will.

Mr. Gwilt's researches were so far successful that Henry Smith's family and rank in life have been established with certainty; and he thus obtained a strong, though indirect disproof, of Evelyn's story. Henry Smith was related to the Smiths of Campden, a Gloucestershire family of position and consequence; his uncle, Thomas Smith of Campden being the head of that house. This Thomas Smith was distinguished as a Page of the Chamber to Henry VIII., and it appears from entries in the Royal Household Book, that, like Smeaton, he was a special favorite with the King, as his apparel was paid for out of the privy purse. It has been suggested that Henry Smith

was a silversmith, though on no surer authority than the name of the street in which he lived. Whatever was his occupation, it may, however, be supposed, that he owed his success in life to Court patronage procured for him by his Uncle.

The "Dog Smith" picture, that Salmon gives us of the Alderman, is a curious contrast to the enthusiastic language in which he is described by Fuller, who affects a timidity in giving the particulars of his bounty, being "affraid that our infidel Age will not give credit thereunto as conceiving it rather a Romanza or Fiction, than a Thing really performed, because of the prodigious greatness thereof." As Mr. Gwilt remarks, if Henry Smith were this beggar and vagrant, he must have been a singular associate for the Earls of Essex and Dorset, and others of the same rank, with whom he was on terms of familiar intercourse, and from among whom he selected the trustees of his charitable intentions. That he was not such an eccentric being, is, in our opinion, very sufficiently proved by the wise precautions that he adopted against the abuse of the funds he devoted to public benefit.

The time through which Smith lived was the period of severe and wide spread distress that intervened between the dissolution of the monasteries, and the establishment of a legal system of relief. It may have been this crisis of extended misery which incited him to consecrate his property to the service of the poor; for it must have been a very urgent motive, as he made this sacrifice during his lifetime. Though actuated by this self-denying liberality, Smith seems to have been deeply impressed by the ill effect of indiscriminate charity; for he is most careful in

defining "his will and meaning" to be, that all or most part of his Charities should be employed, for "the setting of the poor on work," for apprentice fees, and for the education of children; and if money be distributed, it is to be reserved for the deserving aged, or infirm.

Smith left 1,000*l.* to the Poor of Reigate; and the Parish also shares in the income of the residuary property, in common with the other Surrey parishes. The legacy was invested in the purchase of two estates in the Parish of Ruspur (Sussex), which produced (in 1855) an annuity of 68*l.* The share of the general estate, by the last account, amounted to 53*l.* 15*s.* per annum.

Mr. Alderman Smith was the first and the principal Reigate benefactor.—In after years, a Grammar School was built for the benefit of this Parish, by public subscription (A.D. 1675), on a plot of ground adjoining the Churchyard; and it was endowed with the rent of a house (10*l.* a-year), and with the produce of 500*l.* laid out in land, the bequests of Mr. Bishopp (1698), and Mr. Parker (1718).—Another legacy by Mr. Bishopp, invested in 1,020*l.*, 3*l.* per cent. Stock, furnishes a weekly dole of bread.—Baron Maseres (for biographical notice see Chap. V.) has during the last thirty-five years, provided the Parish with a Sermon on Sunday afternoons, having bequeathed an endowment of 27*l.* 6*s.* a-year for that purpose.

We have done no more, than enumerate the principal of the Reigate Charities. The re-settlement of this large amount of public property, has been placed in the hands of the Charity Commissioners.



THE PRIORY.

[The Priory House, one of the Seats possessed by Earl Somers, marks the site of a Monastery, founded here by William Warren (6th Earl of Surrey) and Isabel his wife; it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and the Holy Cross, and consisted of a few regular Canons of the Order of St. Augustin. After an existence of about three hundred years, the Priory ceased to be, in 1535, under the law that transferred to the Crown, the property of all religious

houses, whose annual revenues were below 200*l*. John Lynden the last Prior, was then turned adrift, with a yearly pension of 10*l*. : he was not however treated so badly as at first appears, for it should be remembered that during the reign of Henry VIII., this sum equalled in value 100*l*. of our money.

Lord William Howard, 1st Lord Effingham, obtained the Priory Estate by grant from Henry VIII. The present Mansion is entirely without trace of an ecclesiastical character; and though that monkish requirement "a fayre pond," still remains, we doubt if its waters are as well stored with fish, as they were in former times. We fancy that Lord Effingham in converting the Priory into a residence, cleared away the monastic buildings that once stood here. Evelyn however describes the Priory, as "an ancient Monastery well in repair;" but whether this was so, or that it was only the name that suggested to him this idea, we have no means of judging; for modernisation has thoroughly concealed, if it has not removed, the Howard mansion.

As far as we can ascertain, the sole remaining portions of the house as built by Lord Effingham, are the clustered red brick chimnies that peer above the roof, and the stonework of the fireplace in the entrance Hall. He and his justly famous son Charles, 1st Earl of Nottingham,\* used the Priory as a residence, and established their family Vault in the Parish Church. The arms of Queen Elizabeth above the doorway, were placed there in her honor, by the Leader of her Fleets against the Armada.

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\* For Biographical Notices of Lord Effingham and the Earl of Nottingham (see p. 11 and Chap. V.)



The Priory House and Lands were inherited by the Earl of Nottingham's granddaughter, Elizabeth, married to John Lord Mordaunt, 1st Earl of Peterborough. But her interest in this property was subject to rights that Lord Monson had acquired by marriage with her *step*-grandmother, the Dowager Lady Nottingham (see p. 12). On Lady Monson's death in 1642, Lady Peterborough (her husband having died about the same time) expected as a matter of course, to enter upon possession of these estates. Lord Monson however shewed no willingness to surrender them; on the contrary he adopted every method of resistance,—first by open defiance, “standing out against a writ of assistance and a *posse comitatûs*,” and planting cannon to oppose her entrance, and then by the more decorous denial of justice, afforded by the Law Courts. Even after a decision had been given, as it could not fail to be, in Lady Peterborough's favor, he would not quit his grip, till driven from each separate portion of the estate, by the recovery of nine distinct verdicts against him.

Lady Peterborough had two sons. The title went in course of law to Henry the eldest, and the family estates would have followed, but that his mother irritated by his espousal of the Royal Cause, his father having borne arms in service of the Parliament, disinherited him in favor of her second son, John Mordaunt. The King vainly mindful of his young adherent's rights, issued a Declaration in Henry's favor. This assertion of authority is a curious proof of the pertinacity with which Charles clung to his kingly dignity, at a time when even the shadow of freedom hardly remained to him. This Proclamation, dated



Hampton Court, 21st September, 1647, states that the King had special cause to tender the advantage of the Earl of Peterborough, that the entail could not be cut off without royal consent, and it directs "our Council at Law, the Clerks of our Signet, &c.", not to allow proceedings to be taken against the Earl, without "minding the King of the same."—Some family arrangements must have been effected within two years of this date, when Lady Peterborough settled the Blechingley property (which had come to her from her father) on Lord Peterborough, while her second son seems to have had undisturbed possession of the Priory Estate.

Lady Peterborough's zeal for the Commonwealth was destined to additional disappointment in the conduct of her family, even from the son whom she had tried to prefer before his elder brother,—for John Mordaunt was yet more ardent than the Earl of Peterborough for the Stuart family.

As owner of the Priory we are entitled to take an interest in Mr. Mordaunt, and to give a short description of his character, and of the leading events of his life. He was endowed with courage, activity, and intelligence; yet coupled unfortunately with that levity and arrogance which reappearing in his celebrated and most gifted son, was by his remarkable talents rendered even more conspicuous and more lamentable. Mr. Mordaunt may also be distinguished as the most able of the agents that Charles II. possessed in England, but this, perhaps, is no great proof of capacity. Of course he stood high in Clarendon's favor, who described him (1658), as "now of age, of parts, and great vigour of mind, and newly married

to a young and beautiful lady of a loyal spirit, and notable vivacity of wit." This was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Cary, and granddaughter of the Earl of Monmouth. It is curious to find both Clarendon and Evelyn, from whom we learn most about Mr. Mordaunt, turning rather quickly from mention of him to sounding the praises of his admirable wife. He is chiefly recommended to us, as Evelyn's "special friend," and to Evelyn, by the collateral attraction of being the "husband of the most virtuous lady in the world." Nothing is more pleasant in Evelyn's pleasant character, than his faithful, hearty regard for Mrs. Mordaunt, whom he never alludes to in his Diary but to praise, and on whom he confers even more frequent eulogium, than on his more celebrated "dear friend, Mrs. Godolphin."

Their introduction, apparently, took place in the Priory, so we are justified in quoting Evelyn's first brief mention of her, whom, after an acquaintance of eight-and-twenty years, he fondly describes as—"a blessed creature she was, and one that loved and feared God exemplarily."—"21st August, 1655. I went to Ryegate to visit Mrs. Cary at my Lady Peterborough's, in an ancient Monastery well in repair, but the Park much defaced.—At Ryegate was now the Archbishop of Armagh, the learned James Usher, whom I went to visit.\* He received me very kindly. In discourse with him he told me, how great the loss of time was to study much the Eastern languages; that excepting Hebrew there was little fruit to be gathered of exceeding labour, that besides some mathematical books, the Arabic itself had little considerable:—that Mr. Selden's best book was

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\* For a Notice of the Life of Archbishop Usher, see Chap. V.

his "Titles of Honour:" that the Church would be destroyed by Sectaries, who would in all likelihood bring in Popery.—In conclusion he recommended to me the study of philology above all human studies; and so with his blessing, I took my leave of this excellent person, and returned to Wotton." Another entry in the Diary shows us "Mrs. Cary," as a guest in Evelyn's London house, and Mr. Mordaunt as a visitor (15th February, 1657) "to see his mistress—so after dinner they all departed." But before long, the Diary has to record gloomier events than lover's visits; and the sky is overcast, both literally and metaphorically; for in the summer of 1658, in addition to the discomforts of a "season as cold as winter,—an extraordinary storm of hail and rain"—it is also described as "a dangerous, treacherous time,"—31st *May*, "I went to visit my Lady Peterborough whose son, Mr. Mordaunt, a prisoner in the Tower, was now on his trial, and acquitted but by one voice; but that holy martyr Dr. Hewer, was condemned to die without law, jury, or justice, but by a mock, Council of State, as they called it." Mr. Mordaunt's narrow escape from justice, as strictly it must be called, was in this wise. "The mock Council" was the High Court of Justice, which Cromwell established with the concurrence of the Legislature, considering that it was not fit, that there should be a Royalist Plot every winter. Mr. Mordaunt who "embraced all opportunities to serve the King," was busy engaging men in that cause, when he was betrayed, and arrested. The High Court of Justice seldom consisted of less than 120 Judges; and out of this large tribunal there were usually some, who for pity or money, would do good offices to the prisoners. By diligent use of the

“silver key,” Mrs. Mordaunt obtained, though only the evening before the trial, this important advice, that the disappearance of one of the witnesses might save her husband’s head. She passed the night in contriving this ; and by the dextrous application of more money, procured the evasion of the witness, as he was being brought down to the Hall to give in his evidence ; and accordingly when called for, “by no search could he be found.” By the rules of the Court the sentence could not be deferred ; and it so fell out, by one of the Judges withdrawing upon a sudden fit of illness, that the Court was divided, one half condemning him, and the other half voting that he was not guilty. Whereupon the President “made some excuses for the justice that he was about to do, and acknowledged many obligations to the Mother of the Prisoner, and in contemplation thereof, pronounced him innocent, for ought appeared to the Court.” Cromwell however would not let go of Mr. Mordaunt, not agreeing with so amiable an idea of justice ; and he sought to have him tried again, having retaken the missing witness : “but the case was so unheard of, that any man discharged upon a public trial, should be proceeded against for the same offence, that Cromwell himself thought not fit to undergo so great reproach.” Mordaunt was very few days at liberty, before he embarked himself as frankly in the King’s behalf as before. At last, though not without at least one fruitless effort (see p. 27), he experienced better success, having the satisfaction of returning to England, in 1660, with King Charles’s well-known declaration from Breda. His services were rewarded with the titles, of Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Avalon, and by the

High Constablenesship of Windsor Castle. Lord Mordaunt's lifetime was more checquered, in the period after the Restoration, than perhaps anticipation, whilst struggling under Cromwell's heavy hand, had led him to expect; for his jealous rivals in Court favor, by telling stories of his vanity and arrogant conduct (which were somewhat too true), "drew a more ungracious countenance from the King towards him, than his singular and useful activity did deserve;" and again in 1666, his enemies, though the attempt was productive of no other result, at least succeeded in shocking Evelyn, by the following Parliamentary attack upon his "special friend." *23rd November, 1666.* "At London I heard an extraordinary case before a Committee of the whole House of Commons, between one Captain Tayleur and my Lord Mordaunt, where after the lawyers had pleaded, and the witnesses been examined, such foul and dishonorable things were produced against his Lordship, of tyranny during his government of Windsor Castle, and suborning witnesses, that I was exceedingly interested for his Lordship."

If the charges laid against Lord Mordaunt, as set forth in the Journals of the House of Lords (3rd January 1666), were founded on fact, they might well "interest" his well wishers. Captain Tayleur, who held a subordinate post in Windsor Castle, made the following accusation;—"that his Lordship had, by his soldiers, forcibly ejected him, his family, and goods, out of their house in the Castle;—that "the rude carriage of which soldiers, then frightened a young child of the said Mr. Tayleur out of its wits, whereof it soon died!"—that complainant was afterwards taken into custody by a file of musketeers with drawn

swords, and shut up in a "low dark room,"—that his Lordship made no other return to his writ of *habeas corpus* than to call the process server "Rogue," "in high contempt of his Majesty's authority, and the laws of the Realm,"—and in conclusion, that Lord Mordaunt's threats and menaces had frightened Mr. Tayleur, if not out of life like his hapless infant, at least to such a degree, that "he was enforced to desert his wife, home, and employment, and obscure himself elsewhere."

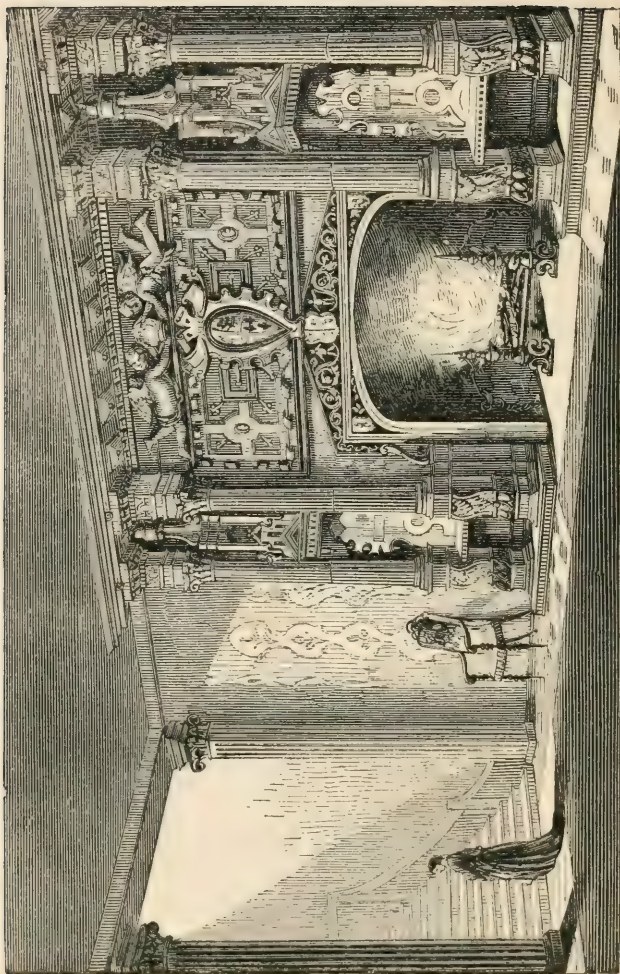
This course of persecution is rendered but too intelligible by the following paragraph in Mr. Tayleur's petition, that Mrs. Anne Tayleur his daughter, had been assailed by his Lordship with "uncivil speeches, which she rejecting, and threatening to make the said Lord Viscount's Lady acquainted with them, the said Lord Viscount swore by a most dreadful Oath and Imprecation, he would persecute her and her Family to all Eternity."

The Impeachment ended abruptly, in a dispute on a point of Parliamentary practice between the two Houses; and thus we have no means of judging, whether or no, Lord Mordaunt really committed this abominable misuse of his High Constable's authority. He met his accuser with immediate denial and assertion of entire innocence; and it is difficult to believe that a matter based on truth should have been left thus incomplete. Mr. Hallam supposes that the chief object with which these charges were brought forward, was an assertion by the Commons of their right to the privilege of impeachment.

One of Lord Mordaunt's contemporaries however, did not take so lenient a view of his conduct, for after commenting on the unabashed appearance of certain







THE GREAT CHIMNEY PIECE IN THE PRIORY ENTRANCE HALL.

noblemen of damaged character, at the opening of Parliament, Mr. Pepys remarks,—*29th July, 1667*. “But above all, I saw my Lord Mordaunt as merry as the best, that it seems hath done such further indignities to Mr. Tayleur, since the last sitting of Parliament, as would hang him, if there were nothing else, would the King do what were fit for him; but nothing of that is now likely to be.”

Lord Mordaunt died in 1675, and was succeeded by his son Charles, who is best known as the Earl of Peterborough,\* a title that he derived from his Uncle. Within a few years after his Father's death he sold the Priory to Sir John Parsons, a wealthy Civic dignitary and once Lord Mayor; who made considerable alterations here, adapting what Evelyn calls the “great Chamber” into the entrance Hall, and placing at the end the glossy, black oak pillars, and staircase; he also brought Verrio to decorate the walls with clouds, and gods, and goddesses, in Hampton Court style. The next proprietor was a Mr. Ireland, who pulled down a great portion of the Mansion. Finally, about the beginning of the present century, the estate came by purchase into possession of the family of Lord Somers.

Mr. Manning affirms that the Chimney Piece in the Priory entrance Hall, is a relic of that splendid Palace at Nonsuch, which was levelled to the ground by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland. We should of course have followed, undoubtedly, so eminent an authority, had we not observed that Evelyn notes in the account of his visit to the Priory, in August 1655, that “the house is nobly furnished. The Chimney Piece in the great Chamber, carved in wood, was

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\* For a short Biography of Lord Peterborough, see Chap. V.

of Henry VIII., and was taken from a house of his in Blechingley.”

If therefore Evelyn’s description refers, as we presume it does, to this fine specimen of Tudor decoration, he must have seen it here, some years before Charles II. was able to supply his mistresses with Palaces. We suppose that the house referred to by Evelyn as King Henry’s, was Blechingley Manor House, this being one of the many estates settled by Henry VIII. on Anne of Cleves. It was pulled down by Henry, Earl of Peterborough, during the season of poverty he experienced, after his unfortunate revolt in company with the Earl of Holland (see p. 25). The stone Chimney breast and jambs bear the Howard arms, and are considered to be a portion of the Mansion founded here by the first Lord Effingham.



SEAL OF REIGATE PRIORY.

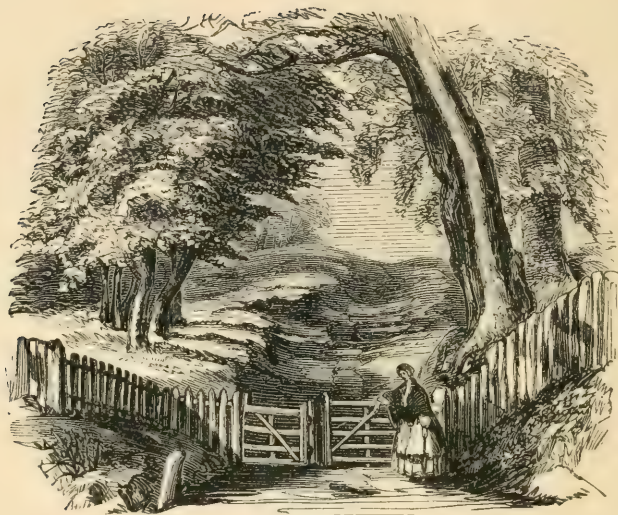
## CHAPTER III.

Reigate Park; Walks and Scenery — The Holmesdale — The Murder of Mr. Coecock—Walk to Redhill Common—High Trees—The Earlswood Idiot Asylum—The Philanthropic Society's School Farm—The Heath—Walk to Betchworth Castle — Betchworth Church; Castle; Park — Reigate Hill—The Smuggler's Cave—Betchworth Clump—The View—Geological Lecture—Walk to Leigh Place—Flanchford—Leigh Place and Church.

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### THE PARK.

THE elevated Terrace lying to the South of the Town, and separated from it by the Priory Grounds, retains the name of the Park; though the deer with which it was replenished were dispersed, and the timber trees with which it was well stored were cut down, more than 200 years ago. He is an ill person who does nobody any good; and it is even to the Lord Monson of regicidal and litigious memory that we stand indebted for privileges, which Reigate never would have possessed, had not his levelling tendencies led him to “deface,” and throw open this tract of ground.



GATE INTO THE PARK FROM THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

The Park is indeed justly one of Reigate's chief attractions. This natural Terrace is formed by the abrupt outcrop of the lowermost group of the Shanklin sand strata (see p. 3), and standing forward as an outpost from the loftier Chalk Hills, commands a panoramic view of great variety and extent. The North Downs bound the horizon on the one side, and the central elevation of the Weald on the other; the Western frontier is nobly guarded by Leith Hill, which attains a mountaneous grandeur when seen peering above the morning mist: to the East, the eye passes onwards into Kent, over the summit of the subsidiary "hogsback" on which we are standing. The



range of sight also reaches across the entire breadth of the Weald Valley, perhaps the widest in England, from this its Northernmost verge, to that point of the South Down Hills, about four miles from the sea at Worthing, named Chanctonbury Ring, from the circle of trees by which it is distinguished. But we will not further invade with words the natural province of the eye, or endeavour to re-create the view before us by a landscape "shaped in ink;" and we prefer rather to recount the peculiar advantages of the Park itself, than to use up our quickly exhausted string of superlatives upon the beauty of the surrounding country.

The South side of the Park falls in unbroken slope into the Valley. The North side is, on the contrary, indented by a close succession of deep recesses thickly set with trees; and this power of gaining within the closest limits, either a landscape ranging over an area of one hundred miles in extent, or studies of copse and glade, is a signal recommendation to the sketcher. The Park too has been "so charmingly unkept up, for many and many a-day," that he will find himself, especially on the northern slopes, in a rich wilderness of wood, where the trees and bushes together lead a tussling life of it, and possess all the natural elegance and wildness of untutored growth. The copses here could furnish a painter with an endless store of "picturesque stuff" for backgrounds, foregrounds, &c.; and the clump of Scotch firs and sweet chesnuts that stands at the head of the Valley fronting the Priory, presents such a charming contrast of form and color as might have tempted Titian to the painting of a second "Peter Martyr."

We must also mention for the benefit of invalids, that a walk cut midway along the southern side of the Park has this great merit, that while perfectly screened from the North and East, it commands an uninterrupted view over the Valley; a sheltered approach also can be made, by taking either of the roads, that circuit round the Park. From this dry and pleasant pathway, while raised above the mist, and guarded from the wind, the descent of the winter sun behind Leith Hill can be watched in meditative comfort.

The old hollow road that circles the North and West sides of the Park, is eminent for picturesque charm, even among the many pretty lanes in the neighbourhood; and charming indeed are its sandy banks, gay with tints of rich ochereous red and yellow, and festooned with tufts of plummy fern and tangled briar, its overhanging trees, dappled lights and shades, and complete seclusion. One view of the Church Tower, rising above the sea of waving tree tops that fill the Valley to the brim, alone repays the walk.

To Mr. Kingsley we are indebted for another consideration of this lane apart from external interest.—“Curious things to a minute philosopher are these same hollow lanes. They set him on archæological questions, more than he can solve; and I meditate as I go, how many centuries it took to saw through the warm sandbanks this dyke ten feet deep, up which he trots, with the oak boughs meeting over his head. Was it ever worth men’s while to dig out the soil? Surely not. The old method must have been to remove the soft upper spit, till they got to tolerably hard ground; and then, Macadam’s metal





LEITH HILL FROM REIGATE PARK.



being as yet unknown, the rains and the wheels of generations sawed gradually deeper and deeper, till this road-ditch was formed. But it must have taken centuries to do it. Many of these hollow lanes, especially those on flat ground, must be as old or older than the Conquest. In Devonshire I am sure that they are. But there many of them, one suspects, were made not of malice, but of cowardice prepense. Your indigenous Celt was, one fears, a sneaking animal, and liked to keep when he could, under cover of banks and hillsides: while your bold Roman, made his raised roads straight over hill and dale, "ridgeways," from which, as from an eagle's eyrie, he could survey the conquered lowlands far and wide. It marks strongly the difference between the two races that difference between the Roman paved road, with its established common way for all passengers, its regular stations and milestones, and the Celtic track-ways winding irresolutely along in innumerable ruts, parting to meet again, as if each savage (for they were nothing better) had taken his own fresh path, when he found the next line of ruts too heavy for his cattle."—Kingsley's *Miscellanies*, Vol. I., p. 160.

The Park yields a curiosity for the botanist, the *Botrichium*, or Moonwort fern, by no means a common plant. As shewn by the other name—"the *Osmunda Lunaria*"—it is closely allied to the renowned flowering fern, the *Osmunda Regalis*, which it resembles in a fructification composed of a branching spike of capsules. The *Botrichium* is formed of one single stem, or rather of a pinnate, and, at times, a bi-pinnate frond: it grows both in moist and dry pastures; and arrives at perfection at the

end of June, or early in July. The trivial name of Moonwort, is derived from the crescent shape of the notched indentations of the leaf.

It has been supposed, that the rounded western end of the Park Terrace is artificial, indicating the site of an ancient Encampment. The natural formation of the ground has done so much for this position, in the abrupt rise of the sandstone escarpment from the Valley, that an aboriginal Fort may safely be imagined here, without fear of the antiquary being disconcerted by any provoking disputant, who "minds the bigging o't." The same reason also gives substantiality to the tradition, that by attack from this vantage ground, the Holmesdalers broke into two detachments the stream of routed Danes, when flying from their overthrow at Ockley (see Chap. IV., "Gatton"). Both these bands of fugitives met with the due fate of an invader; the northern division was destroyed at the Fords below Gatton, and the other in a Field in the adjacent parish of Leigh, called "Slaughter Wick" from this event. Kimberham Bridge, about three miles to the South of Reigate, "anciently called Kill-man Bridge," was another point upon the Fords of the river Mole, where those Danes met with death from the inhabitants of this neighbourhood.

The remembrance of these victories so raised the natives in their own estimation, as to entitle them "in their own praise to chaunt this rythme,

The Vale of Holmsdall

Never wonne, ne never shall."

We trust however that the Reigate Volunteer Rifle Corps will not base their trust in the prophetic certainty of this

saying as regards the future, upon its correctness as regards the past; for besides the contradiction it received, when the forces of the Dauphin occupied Reigate Castle, Fuller in his "Worthies" also respectfully prefers his suit, that "I hope I may humbly mind the men of Holmesdale, that when King William the Conqueror had vanquished King Harold at Battail in Sussex, he marched with his army directly to London, through the very middle and bowels of the Holmesdale, and was it not won at that time?" But whether the Vale has been conquered or not, all will certainly re-echo Fuller's "wish and hope, that never may be hereafter, by a Foreign Nation invading it."

Placed, as we now are supposed to be, above the Valley, we will take this opportunity to give a slight account of the "Holmesdale." It consisted of that strip of land bounded to the North by the Chalk Downs, and to the South by the parallel line of the Shanklin sand elevation; and following this natural boundary line, it extended from Godstone to Guildford. According to Fuller the limits extended further eastward, for he says that "it lieth partly in Surrey, and partly in Kent." To convey some idea of the general aspect of the Holmesdale, we have availed ourselves of the oldest description of it that we could find; but the increased command this age possesses both over gold, and over iron, has so increased our capabilities, that we fear the old adage will soon become out of date, and man will have as much made the Country as the Town. Modernism however has not been carried quite so far, and railways and villas have not so entirely transmogrified the landscape, but that we may yet quote an account of the Holmesdale written three

centuries ago ; and turning towards Dorking we may say, following the words of Camden, that before us, “a Valley falling lowe, by little and little, called in times past Holmesdale of the Woods therein, runneth down very pleasant to behold, by reason of the delectable variety of Groves, and Fields, and Meadows. On each side there be pretty Hills rising up a great way along the country : Parkes everywhere replenished with Deere : Rivers also full of Fish.”

The “greens and wasts” mentioned in a Survey taken in 1635, have certainly been cleared out of Leigh Parish ; yet in the bird’s-eye view from the Park ridge, this locality is distinguished by such a prominent mass of verdure, as to recall those groves “of greate trees of oake and beache,” from which the Holmesdale received its name. The mention of these trees may carry the memory even further back, namely, to the time when, centuries ago, the Weald Valley, as far as sight can reach East, West, and South, was occupied by that dense immemorial forest, the Andred Wood, behind whose impenetrable glades lay the city Anderida, the British Capital of this region, known to us by the more familiar name of Pevensey. To the Briton this was the Andred Wood, or “uninhabited region,” and the Saxon continued this descriptive appellation, calling it the Weald or “wild district.” That energy, which extirpated its aboriginal inhabitants, has brought the Weald under the dominion of the plough, and Camden now could hardly call it “the barraine, inner part of Surrey :” yet a shadowy resemblance to the original aspect of the country is preserved, in the sombre tint given to the Southern horizon by the heaths and copses of Tilgate Forest.



We suppose that the story of Mr. Coecock's death must not be omitted from a local history; though we regret to associate thoughts of violence and crime with the pretty entrance leading into the Park from the Brighton Road.

To take the words of the Village Chronicler—"On Reigate Heath, about eighty-six years ago (circa 1729), a man known by the nickname of Roley-Poley, was hanged in chains for the murder of Mr. Coecock (a farmer at Ifield), about seven o'clock in the evening, near the Park Gate. He laid in waiting for a Mr. Charington, who was a very sober, steady man, and always rode very slow, but having that evening drunk more than common, he rode very fast, which saved his life. Mr. Coecock coming by soon after, very slow, Roley-Poley shot him, and rifled his pockets. The murderer was taken a day or two afterwards at Epsom; and he was tried, and found guilty, upon the evidence of a servant girl, who was in bed with his wife when he returned home, and saw the watch, and money, which he had brought with him."

Though there be nothing but a geological connection between the two localities, we will mention here, that the *Eastern* portion of the Shanklin sand ridge, which is divided from the Park by the Brighton-road, affords a pleasant walk. It commences in the footpath that passes over Cockshot Hill, and ends on Redhill Common. The views on either side of this lesser "hogsback" are most charming; and the path has a picturesque finale in a mouldering farm house, called "High Trees," that, as yet, stands at the Eastern extremity of this range of hills. The name arose from an elm tree that grew beside this house (it was blown down some years ago), which was so





HIGH TREES.

conspicuous from its own height, and from this lofty position, that it served as a Sea Mark.

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### REDHILL COMMON.

Redhill Common covers the Western cliff of that sudden break in the ridge running Eastward from Cockshot Hill, that forms the thoroughfare for the Brighton, and Dover Railways. The name of the Hill arises from the bright tints of the sand strata of which it is formed. It commands sights of much beauty and interest, in the broad stretch of country sweeping up towards Tunbridge—in

the thickset woods of Nutfield, upon the opposite hill,—and in the view of the gorge below, which seems so narrow and inconsiderable, when contrasted with the mighty stream of continental traffic, that sets up and down it, night and day.

Perched upon a knoll of rising ground, midway down the hillside, is St. John's, the Redhill District Church. It was built in 1843 (Mr. Knowles, the architect) at a cost of about 5,000*l.*, and will hold nearly 700 people. The site of this Church is more picturesque than desirable, for the narrow limits of the hillock prevent a much needed increase of accommodation.

Redhill Common possesses associations connecting it with the Civil Wars (see p. 26): but this spot gains a far more present human interest, from a proximity of two of those Institutions, that so markedly characterise the charitable enterprise of our day. The conspicuous building of the Earlswood Idiot Asylum advertises itself: the Reformatory School Farm is less apparent, placed upon the slopes below Nutfield. As sights of the highest interest, and as undertakings deserving the utmost support, these establishments have a double claim upon our notice.

The spectacle of degradation, whether natural or acquired, cannot but be painful; yet there is nothing to shock the feelings in either of these Asylums, and the success of their efforts for the benefit of their inmates is manifest, even to a visitor. The patience shewn in the education of the idiots; the ingenious appliances for their amusement; the cleverness some display in carpentering and drawing; even the singular limitations and chasms

in their mental powers, are fit subjects for an instructive curiosity.—Not less worthy of attention is the system of wise discipline, by which obedience, industry, and self-control, are made to replace self-will, disorder, and idleness, in the dispositions of the young criminals.

The present number of inmates in the Idiot Asylum is 276. It is vexing to know, that there is ample supply of cases outside, and room for twice as many patients inside this building, if the Institution had sufficient funds for their support. Visitors are admitted every Monday by tickets obtainable at the office, 29, Poultry, E.C. We are also authorised by the Board of Management to state, that for the convenience of residents in the Country, the Institution will be open to inspection on Mondays, by application to the Medical Superintendent. This courtesy, moreover, will be extended to other days of the week (except Saturday and Sunday), should there be a sufficient reason.

The average yearly number in the Reformatory is 263. It has been argued, that a transfer from London back-slums to these charming hills, must be a pleasure, not a punishment; but this is not the case: the strict discipline of the Farm School is a most severe infliction upon the restless young Bohemian. This objection is still better answered by the following paragraph from the Reformatory School Inspector's last Report:—"The *diminution* in the number of commitments of offenders under sixteen, in England and Wales, for the year 1858, was just upon 40 *per cent.* as compared with the year 1857." The Report also shows, and this is perhaps the most convincing fact, that in the districts where these schools have

been working for some time, an even more marked decrease in juvenile offences has taken place.—In conclusion we give an extract from the Inspector's certificate, as to the state of the Redhill Reformatory :—" This Farm School retains its place as on the whole, the best organised, and most industrial, of English Reformatories.—In each of its departments, order and regularity are steadily enforced—and the working spirit encouraged, without neglect of mental instruction, and also without coaxing or peculiar indulgences. The Masters, the Bailiff, Matron, &c., continue to show themselves very earnest in their duties. The state of the farm does the Bailiff, in particular, the greatest credit." The Farm School can be inspected throughout the week (Sundays excepted), between ten and four o'clock, and Visitors may be sure of meeting with every attention.

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## THE HEATH.

To the West of Reigate lies the Heath. It is based upon the Shanklin sand; and the quick rise and fall of ground that characterises these strata, and the absence of enclosures, afford both extensive views of the surrounding country, and opportunity for an open, breezy walk. Leith Hill nowhere looks to greater advantage, than when seen rising over the undulating, broken surface of the Heath; and the roads, as they traverse the central ridge, are enlivened [by the bright tints of furze and heath-crowned sandbanks. During May and June, the Buckbean or Marsh trefoil is to be found here, as well as the *Drosera* or round-leaved Sun Dew, that opens at mid-day its delicate white petals. The Lady Fern, and the *Osmunda*

Regalis grew in the marshy places to the West of the Heath; but it is to be feared that the Collector's zeal has extirpated the rarer, the flowering Fern.

A portion of the Heath, by the side of the Dorking Road, is encircled by a Race Course; which, never attaining to more than a local celebrity, has been disused for many years. The Mounds covered by groups of Fir trees are Tumuli, the burial places of the South Saxons. Beads, ashes, and other traces of sepulture were disclosed, when these trees were planted.

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#### WALK TO BETCHWORTH CASTLE.

Although Betchworth Castle (distant from Reigate about four miles) is rather beyond the limits of this work, still the walk there includes such a charming variety of scenery, and the woods in Betchworth Park are so fine, that it would be an omission not to mention this excursion.

The route (passing by Wonham Mill, and by footpath between Betchworth Church and Brockham Green) may shortly be described as follows:—Leaving Reigate by the Western exit, cross the Heath by the central or left-hand road; and by following the narrow lane that starts from the South-west corner, over Trumpet Hill, the visitor will be conducted into the deep Valley of Wonham Mill. This old lane, is one of the few that have not been “improved” into un-interestingness: it is doubtless one of those aboriginal track-ways, for which Mr. Kingsley claims such high antiquity (see p. 86). The deep, narrow road, the luxuriant growth that clothes the steep sides with tufts of



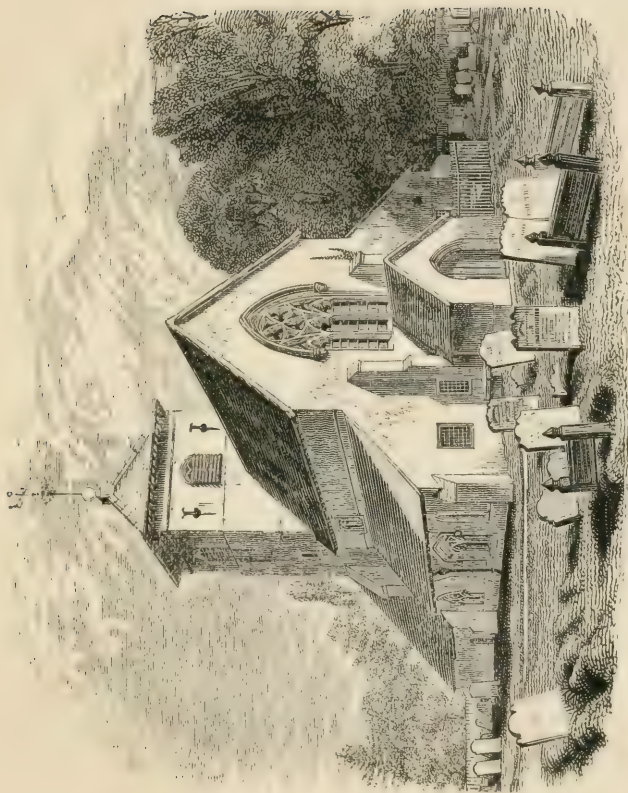
fern and clusters of briony berries, the interlacing foliage overhead, will recall associations of Devonshire or Jersey.—Turning up past the Mill, the road after crossing some rising ground, follows the Northern bank of the Mole into the Village of Betchworth.

The Church here is pretty, both within and without. It was restored, or rather renovated in 1850, so insecure was its condition. The ancient character of the building was then much interfered with: especially by the transfer of the Tower, from its original site above the intersection of the Nave and Chancel, to the present position on the South. In the South Chancel, a striking proof is to be found of the majestic growth of the old Holmesdale forest. It is a long capacious chest with triple locks. The sides are simply squared without any attempt at ornament, being rudely hewn out of the trunk of a noble oak, that was in its prime of vigor before the Norman Conquest.

To resume the walk. The Churchyard must be crossed to take the footpath to Brockham Green, that issues from the North-west corner.—After crossing open fields, it descends into the Valley of the Mole—the River winding through narrow meadow banks, spanned by a little old-fashioned bridge, with Brockham Church spire seen beyond, compose into a pleasant picture—the path then crosses the bridge into Brockham Green—to the left, on entering, is a group of old timber houses, amongst the most picturesque hereabouts. The pathway is recovered at the Western corner of the Green, and soon strikes into Betchworth Park. A walk of a quarter of a mile, turning Northward (towards the right), leads to the relics of the



HETCHWORTH CHURCH BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.





Mansion that formerly stood here. It retained the name of Betchworth Castle, as it stood upon the site which that building occupied, upon a bank of rising ground above the Mole. This mass of dismantled walls will soon have vanished, as thoroughly as the Castle whose place it usurps.

The founder of Betchworth Castle, and Lord of the Manor of West Betchworth, was a man of note—he was Lord Maltravers, who in 1376-7 was made Earl Marshal of England by Richard II.; in reward for his sturdy defence of Southampton against the French Fleet. He was a Fitz-Alan, the second son of that Richard, Earl of Arundel, who was the first of the Fitz-Alan Earls of Surrey (see p. 7). In 1437, the Manor and Castle passed by marriage to Sir Thomas Brown, whose family retained this property till the year 1690. Mrs. Fenwick, the last of the Browns, then sold the estate to Mr. Abraham Tucker, who was celebrated, in his day, as author of a metaphysical work called “The Light of Nature Pursued.” The present owner, Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., of Deepdene, acquired West Betchworth Manor by purchase; and he annexed the Park to his adjoining estate, and dismantled the House, then greatly out of repair.

Judging by the print in Watson’s “Memoirs,” the Mansion that formerly stood here, must have been an eminently picturesque building; with varied outline of battlemented gables, clustered chimnies, and oriel windows; standing among terrassed lawns, and gardens running down to the Mole. The ivy is fast pulling the crumbling walls to the ground; and the only architectural feature to be found among the ruins, is a chimney arch

of Tudor style. Even these scanty remains are concealed from sight, as jealously as the Fairyland Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, for

“ All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
     At distance like a little wood :  
     \*     \*     \*     a wall of green,  
     Close matted bur, and brake, and briar.”

Neither the memory, nor the work of man, give much interest to this place, but enough of attraction is to be found here in the park glades, so wild as to assume a forest character,—in the quaint forms of the twisted trunks of ancient oaks, sweet chesnuts, and thorns,—and last not least, in that magnificent *triple* avenue of limes, that supporting, in columnar majesty, walls of compactest verdure, and of overpowering height, rivals the dignity of a cathedral, both in long drawn perspective, and in solemn gloom.

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#### REIGATE HILL.

The Chalk Cliffs tower so conspicuously above the Town, that Reigate Hill palpably indicates itself to be the readiest means of obtaining an extended view over the Valley. The summit can be reached with ease, by the old London and Brighton Turnpike road, that winds in easy curve down the Hill side. Even if the climb be longer than had been expected, we can answer for it that the view will outstrip the liveliest imagination.

The railway affords such easy access, that we would advise an excursion to the point on the North Downs, called Betchworth Clump, as a preferable look-out place

to Reigate Hill ; for it offers not only a more uninterrupted prospect to the South, but also the power of looking Northwards, across the Thames Valley.

If, however, the Visitor has not time enough to avail himself of this recommendation, there is much in Reigate Hill, to console him for the lost opportunity. The Downs here plant their feet boldly into the Valley ; and the sheer descent of cliff below, and the perennial murmur of the beech groves above, afford refreshing change to senses wearied with London's monotonous bustle. Before him is a view, which is indeed, "a sight to make an Englishman proud of his Native Land."

Evelyn took such delight in his "sweet and native County," that the description of this prospect, which includes the district adjacent to his much loved home at Wotton, may very appropriately be written in an attempted imitation of his style of language.—Turning your face to the South, this height presents one of the most divertissant and considerable Vistas in the World ; namely, Reigate that goodly Town, the Park Hill environed by noble Trees, the rich bosage of the Weald, the craggy prominence of Leith Hill, with a large portion of the Holmesdale, all offering themselves to your view at once, and at so agreeable a distance, as nothing can be more delightful.

The shady recesses of the beech groves on the hill-top, afford both ready relief from dazzling sunshine, and a striking contrast to the limitless views over the Valley. This wood possesses two curiosities, but the first we mention is dependant on the time of year, being only visible in June and July: it is the "pale, witch-like

*Monotropa*.”—The “Yellow Bird’s-nest,” or *Monotropa Hypopithys* is one of the most singular of the British plants. It consists of stems from six to nine inches high, standing singly or in groups, of a pale, yellowish, fleshy texture, with scales instead of leaves; and as it grows in woods, it is generally supposed to be parasitic on the roots of trees. The young plants have a graceful appearance from the drooping action of the heads, which however disappears as the flowers advance.

If the Visitor, entering the wood at the Western end, advances onward about one hundred paces, following the line of a dry ditch near to its Northern outskirts, he will light upon, taking care he does not light down into, the other curiosity—the Smuggler’s Cave. This is a pit about fifteen feet deep, and six feet across, half shrouded by a maple bush that juts across the mouth: it is situated in the tract of debateable ground between the wood and the fields behind; and as a further clue to discovery we may specify, that it lies close to two twisted oaks that stand conspicuous among the surrounding beech trees. The Cave, now filled up, which was entered by this rough shaft, is supposed to have been an inland *Câche*, where goods that had been run up from the Coast were hidden, till they could be distributed with safety.

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#### BETCHWORTH CLUMP.

A path leads straight up from Betchworth Station to the group of beech trees, that names, and distinguishes,

this point of view. We will first describe the general features of the landscape that lies before us.

As it crowns the central ridge between the two chief vallies of the South of England, the Vallies of the Thames, and of the Weald, the "Clump" commands a prospect some thirty miles each way, extending Northwards to the Berkshire Hills, and Southwards to the Downs above Shoreham.

Looking along the bending frontier of the Chalk Downs, they are seen to range round in a bay of ample curve, of which Reigate and Leith Hills are the East and Western headlands. The graceful sweep, and undulating surface of the escarpment on which we are standing, and the clearly defined profile line of Reigate Hill, will surprise those accustomed only to a front view of these cliffs.

Immediately below is the Holmesdale, that is separated from the Weald by that often mentioned ridge of Shanklin sand that passes throughout the County, from Godstone to Hindhead Hill. As these sandhills run parallel with the North Downs, they seem to stretch forward from the vantage ground on which we are placed, "like so many bastions into the oak covered Wealden below":—the "bastions" that assert themselves most conspicuously in the Valley beneath us, are first, the wood covered bank leading on towards Nutfield:—then the "hogsback" line from Redhill Common to Reigate Park:—the rising ground of the Heath:—the terraces clothed by Betchworth Park and the Deepdene:—and lastly the bold mass of Leith Hill, which rising 993 feet above the level of the Sea, is the highest ground in the South of England.



The belt of rich clay land called the Weald, and the Forest ridge round which it circles, occupies the middle of the landscape.—This central line of clays, sand, and limestone extends Westwards towards Horsham, and Eastwards to Crowborough Hill, its highest point of altitude.

The South Downs skirt the South and South-western horizon “like a pale blue cloud, and entice the eye away into infinity.”

It is the wave-like interchange of hill and valley, the fold behind fold of “the surging hills of Surrey,” together with the immense extent of prospect commanded by the “Clump,” that are the main sources of beauty and interest in the scene before us. Neither buildings nor water are conspicuous objects here: the Valley immediately below is, indeed, enlivened by the square Tower of Betchworth Church, and by Brockham Village, prettily banked in by trees; but the Mole fully justifies its name, being quite invisible, save in one sparkling curve that bends towards Dorking.

The Berkshire Hills are the horizon limit of the prospect to the North. Comparison of this, with the Southern view, suggests the impression that the Northern is the richer, more populous district; the verdure seems of deeper dye, and many a house and village is seen to sparkle “like a grain of salt” among the thick-set woods. Windsor Castle will of course be looked for eagerly though distant about twenty miles; and the Round Tower may be seen in a north-westerly direction, the weather being propitious; when also a more recent architectural epoch is exemplified by the glitter of the Crystal Palace, above Walton Heath.

## GEOLOGICAL LECTURE.

While the Visitor rests under Betchworth Clump, we will endeavour with Dr. Mantell's, and Mr. Kingsley's assistance, to read him a geological lecture upon the surrounding country.\*

Looking across from the North to the South Downs, and marking the wide expanse below, skirted by these continuous ranges that circle round the horizon, it seems as if the Wealden elevation had been deposited in the centre of a basin of chalk. But this is not the case; the layers of lime and sandstone of the central Forest ridge, instead of resting upon, were pushed up through the bottom of this mighty cup. The subterranean movement by which this was achieved, appears to have passed in a line from East to West, and to have extended from the Vale of Pewsey in Wiltshire, by Kingsclere, Farnham, and Guildford—traversing the Wealds of Kent and Sussex, to the opposite coast of France near Boulogne. But for this displacement, the whole area of the South-east of England, at present occupied by the Wealden, would have been a level expanse of chalk, and the Wealden, which are the lowermost or inferior beds, would have been entirely concealed from view and unknown.

From our point of view, to use Mr. Kingsley's forcible expression, we can point out the relics of three distinct

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\* These pages, except where reference is given to other authorities, are abridged from Dr. Mantell's geological contributions to Brayley's County History.

Worlds: that is to say, of three eras during which, the governing systems, and the appearance of the Earth's surface were as different from each other, and from its present state, as if our planet had been remade afresh during each of these periods.

Though second in order, we will first consider the process by which the chalk beds were formed; as we have sufficient certainty on this head to convey an approximate, though indeed most shadowy idea, of the century after century that were required to build up the masses of chalk still existing in the South of England.—“ We know now what chalk is, and how it was made. We know that it was deposited as white lime mud, at a vast sea depth; seemingly undisturbed by winds, or currents. We know that not only the flint, but the chalk itself, is made up of shells: the shells of little microscopic animalcules, smaller than a needle's point, in millions of millions, some whole, some broken, some in powder, which lived, and died, and decayed, for ages in the great chalk sea. We know this I say; we had suspected it long ago—but now we seem to have proof of it, which is past gainsaying. In the late survey of the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with a view to laying down the Electric Telegraph between England, and America—a great discovery was made. It was found that the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, after you have left the land a few hundred miles, is one vast plain of mud, some 1,300 miles in breadth. But here is the wonder; it was found that at a depth averaging 1,600 fathoms—9,600 feet—in utter darkness, the sea floor is covered with countless millions of animalcule shells, of the same families though not of the

same species, as those which compose the chalk,"—Kingsley's *Miscellanies*, Vol. 2, p. 372.

The ages during which these dust like clouds of little shells sank down from the surface of the ocean, with a fall as quiet and gradual as the snow flake, was not the first of these geologic Worlds, for the chalk sea rested upon a floor formed in a very different system; namely, upon strata built up by the sediments of *fresh* water lakes, and of rivers that ran their course before this great ocean arose, to submerge them beneath its chalky waves. The accretion of these strata took place during the most ancient, the Wealden epoch.

The South of England was then the bed of an ancient delta, or estuary, formed by a river of great extent, flowing through a country enjoying the temperature of the tropics; peopled by enormous crocodiles, turtles, and birds, and by reptiles of appalling magnitude, of which the colossal iguanodon and megalosaurus were the chief; lizard-like creatures from forty to one hundred feet in length. The prodigious depth of accumulations formed by the bones of many kinds of reptiles, and of the trunks and branches of trees, and marsh plants, slowly deposited in innumerable successive layers, inconvertibly prove to us, that the Wealden world was of an indefinitely long duration.

These sediments also assure us that this World must have been diversified by hill and valley, and irrigated by streams and torrents, the tributaries of its mighty river. Arborescent ferns, palms, and yuccas, constituted its groves, and forests; delicate ferns and grasses the vegetable clothing of its soil; and in its marshes, equiseta, and plants of a like nature, prevailed. It was peopled by

enormous lizards, crocodiles, and turtles: flying reptiles and birds frequented its fens and rivers, and deposited their eggs on its banks and shoals. But there is no evidence that Man ever set his foot upon that wondrous soil, or that any of the animals, that are his contemporaries, found there a habitation; on the contrary there are conclusive reasons to infer that Man, and the existing races of animals were not created, till incalculable ages had elapsed after the destruction of the country, which we have attempted to pourtray.

We lastly come to the third World, when those subterranean movements commenced which gradually forced up both the Wealden and the Chalk Formation which covered it; and elevating large masses of these ancient ocean and river beds above the level of the waters, converted them into dry land. "But how were these beds of chalk and limestone raised? By the upheaving force of earthquakes; or rather by the upheaving force which causes earthquakes, which was much more violent than now, in the earlier epochs of our planet, acting however not of necessity in sudden shocks, but slowly and quietly, uplifting day by day, and year by year, some portions of the earth's surface, and letting others sink down; as in the case of the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, which is now 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean."

Upon the emergence of the chalk above the sea, the last formed, and consequently the least coherent beds, would be the first exposed to the destructive effects of the waves; and if the elevations were gradual, successive strata would be subjected to this operation, until the mass

of chalk was lifted up above the reach of these denuding causes. The drainage of the elevated masses of the soft calcareous rock would then commence, and give rise to numerous streams and rills, by which the surface would be grooved or furrowed; and funnels or sandpipes, would be formed by the gyrotory action of eddies, induced by opposing currents; effects in every respect analogous to those observable on the muddy dunes of a delta, on the recession of the tide. And thus the beds of loose, unrolled, and but slightly abraded flints, the rounded and smooth contour of the gently-swelling hills and combes, and the undulating valleys of the chalk districts, are the natural results of the operations above described. The subsequent consolidation of the exposed chalk would gradually be effected by the percolation of water, a process by which calcareous spar is infiltrated into porous strata; and many of the beds would thus be converted into compact lime stone. The inner band of ferruginous sandhills remained, in consequence of the support yielded by the subordinate beds of chert, and hard sandstone; and the valleys that intervene between the sandhills and the chalk-downs were excavated, by the removal of the softer strata of marl, and blue clay or gault, which are interposed between the white chalk, and the ferruginous sands.

The term of years during which this third World ran its course, if the word *years* is applicable to such overwhelming accumulations of time, is supposed to have been a trifle compared with the preceding geological epochs; and this fact must be borne in mind, while reading the following estimate of the number of centuries that must have been consumed in the progress of this removal of the



superincumbent chalk beds, or as it is technically called, the denudation of the Weald :—"It is an admirable lesson to stand on the North Downs, and to look at the distant South Downs; for remembering that at no great distance to the west, the northern and southern escarpments meet and close, one can safely picture to oneself the great dome of rocks, which must have covered up the Weald, within so limited a period as since the latter part of the chalk formation. The distance from the Northern to the Southern Downs, is about twenty-two miles, and the thickness of the several formations is on an average about 1,100 feet, as I am informed by Professor Ramsay." And then after giving the principles on which he founds his opinion, Mr. Darwin asserts, that "under ordinary circumstances, for cliffs 500 feet in height, denudation of one inch per century for the whole length would be an ample allowance—and that at this rate, the denudation of the Weald must have required 306,662,400 years; or say *three hundred million of years.*"—Darwin on the Origin of Species, p. 285-6.

Shortly to reconsider these geological phenomena. The country that lies around us has undergone the following successive changes :—

I.—It was the estuary of a vast river that flowed through an immense valley, which abounded with tropical vegetation, and swarmed with birds and reptiles, strange and enormous, both in size and shape. During this epoch the Wealden strata were deposited.

II.—The delta thus deposited, subsided to a great depth. It then formed the bottom of the sea, and was gradually entombed under several thousand feet of strata,



composed of extinct species of marine fishes, and of microscopic shells and corals. This process, let us estimate as we may the probably rapid production of these infinite simal animal forms, must have extended through countless ages. This era was the Chalk formation.

III.—The ocean bed was then broken up : large masses were carried away and ground to pieces by the action of the waves ; and other portions, being upheaved above the level of the waters, became groups of islands : the depressions or basins were filled by a sea teeming with marine fishes, and with shells, of a kind wholly distinct from those of the preceding ocean, and fed by streams which brought down from the land the remains of animals and plants. The dry land was then peopled by elephants, rhinoceroses, gigantic elks, and other mammalia, whose remains became imbedded in the mud and gravel of the lakes and estuaries. These sedimentary deposits constitute the Tertiary, and post Tertiary formations.

The tracts of sand and gravel upon Walton Heath, and other wide expanses in the Thames Valley, were produced by the upheavals and denudations of the third geological World :—the elevated, rounded masses that formed the bed of that ancient chalk ocean, were traversed by the pilgrim of old days in his route to the Shrine of St. Thomas, and are resorted to by the pilgrim of our own time, who aspires after bracing air, and an horizon of ample verge :—and the farmer reaps his harvest in the Weald, upon the delta once inhabited by the megalosaurus, and the iguanodon.

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## WALK TO LEIGH PLACE.

Leigh Place in the Parish of Leigh, a moated House of much interest, is situated about three miles to the South-west of Reigate. The Road that leads there, descends into the Valley from the South-west corner of the Park, and crosses the Mole at Flanchford. This river, which in summer is only a harmless trickle of water, rises when filled by winter floods, to the dignity of so impetuous and dangerous a stream, as to make the bridge here impassable, even to horsemen. Hardly a winter passes without the occurrence of an accident: the last fatal mishap was the death of a shepherd boy, who was dragged over the parapet by the struggles of a sheep, that he was endeavouring to carry along the bridge.

The name of this Ford and Hamlet will remain as an abiding, though sole memento, of Hugh de Flenesford, the first recorded proprietor of the adjacent lands. Some interest attaches to the next owner of this Manor, in consequence of his station in life; for we are told, that John de Warren gave, granted, and confirmed the estate of Flanchford, to Brice his Cook, and to Alice his wife, to hold to them and their heirs, fully, freely, and quietly, rendering to the Lord of the Manor for all services, secular custom, and demand, one pound of cumin at Michaelmas. We are curious to know the composition of that super-excellent dish, for which his master endowed him with so substantial a reward; perhaps it was for a consummate culinary achievement, on the occasion of the Earl's successful entertainment of King Edward at Reigate Castle.

About a hundred yards before reaching the River (on the left-hand side coming from Reigate), are to be seen some terraced banks of earth, and straggling orchard trees. This is all that remains to mark the site, of one of the largest Houses in this part of the County, and of the spacious Garden, Park well stocked with Deer, four ponds in train which drove a Mill, &c., as enumerated by Aubrey. This Mansion was, we believe, pulled down in the beginning of this century. Here lived, between the years 1601-55, the Bludders, father and son, who lie buried in Reigate Church.

Sir Thomas Bludder, the father (whose monument has been left standing at Reigate), was the First Commissioner of the Navy Victualling Office at Chatham. He bought Flanchford in 1601; and was knighted by James I. on the occasion of a Dock Yard Survey, in July 1604. As one of the Earl of Nottingham's principal officers in the Admiralty, Sir Thomas must have shared in his chief's dislike to their neighbour at Kinnersley, Sir William Monson, who had been so active in that Commission of Inquiry which the Earl of Northampton set on foot, in the year 1616, into the administration of the Royal Dock Yards (see Chap. V., "Sir William Monson").

The only other proprietor of Flanchford for whom we are bound to feel any interest, was Sir Cyril Wych, who bought it, in 1666. To be near Wotton, was possibly the reason of this purchase, as he had married Evelyn's niece, the daughter of his elder brother, then Lord of Wotton Manor. We learn from the Diary, that he was "a noble and learned gentleman (son of Sir Peter Wich), who had been Ambassador at Constantinople, and was afterwards

made one of the Lords Justices of Ireland."—The ill-will borne against Sir Cyril by the English settlers in that country, as he strove to protect the oppressed Irish, and to administer justice without partiality, testifies to the uprightness of his conduct. It seems presumptuous to question Evelyn's accuracy regarding his own kinsman, but it was not Sir Cyril, but his father, who represented England at the Porte.

After crossing the Ford, the footpath (leading off from the second field gate, on the left-hand side of the road) may be taken, as a short cut to Leigh Place and Church; if traversed however, soon after rain, the wayfarer may feel inclined to agree with Mr. Salmon, that "here begins one of the dirtiest countries in England."

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## LEIGH PLACE AND CHURCH.



LEIGH PLACE.

The walls of Leigh Place have not sheltered mankind during the last 400 years, without passing through nearly as many changes as they have centuries, and consequently the house has by no means that antique show, which its length of pedigree would have justified.

Still these alterations have not deprived the building of the touch of poetry, that is inherent to the idea of a "moated grange;" and glimpses of windows, and of

white-washed wall, gleaming out from among the ivy leaves, and the high-pitched roof covered by grey slabs of old Horsham slate, make the exterior of this House sufficiently picturesque.—The gilt vane, clock turret, and little pinnacles of ball-capped pyramids, are certainly not Gothic in character; yet the flight of one hundred years over these accessories has much subdued the incongruity of their appearance; and the sentiment of antiquity receives able support, from the formidable, elbow-shaped knocker, that still offers itself to the grasp of the Visitor.

As the most convincing proof of its antiquity and past importance, Leigh Place must especially appeal to the Moat, remaining in four-sided perfectness, and to the roof slates, which equal in bulk and weight to good sized flag-stones, reveal a bearing power in these old walls and timbers far ampler than is allotted to modern structures.

If Mr. Salmon be correct in the opinion that “Lei” means the Mansion of a great man, the very name of the parish would testify to the early foundation of the “Place;” but he also derives Leigh, from pasture or grass ground; a far more likely explanation, as the adjacent waterside meadows must always have been the peculiar characteristic of this neighbourhood.

The original look of Leigh Place is so completely obliterated by alterations, which have changed it from a fortified Manor Hall, to a moated Grange, that it is difficult to give any estimate of its age. Mr. Dendy the late proprietor, drew up a short statement of the early possessors of the estate, but he does not specify the founder of this Mansion. A branch of the great Norman family of Braose held Leigh Manor from the



time of the Conquest till A.D. 1419, when it came into the hands of John de Arderne, Sheriff of the Counties of Surrey, and Sussex. The second of the Ardernes was also a man of distinction, for he was a friend of Henry VII., and an officer in his household. If we possess no proof that any of the Braose family resided at Leigh Place, the monumental brasses in the Parish Church to several of the Ardernes, are presumptive evidence that they dwelt here, and that the House dates, at least, from the commencement of the 15th century.

Drawings show that the building was diminished to the extent of one half, within the last hundred years; one whole wing, and a portion of the other having been then pulled down; and previously (judging by the style of the woodwork, about the year 1600), the plan and form of the interior must have undergone material alteration.

A 15th century mansion, to meet the requirements of a family of rank, must have contained a Dining Hall, the principal room, extending throughout the height of the house, with a roof of open woodwork. At first, we thought that no traces of such a Hall existed. Mr. Dendy however, kindly pointed out to us an arched framework of massy chesnut timber, reaching from the ground to the roof, which recent alterations had brought to light.

As this mode of structure was inapplicable to a building designed to be braced together by intermediate floorings, we felt convinced that the two-storied house of the present day, was fitted into the shell of the ancient dining Hall, which occupied the central portion of the building; and that the original timbers and walls are still standing, though disguised by this modification.





DINING HALL IN LEIGH PLACE.

The present dining-room still preserves most of its 17th century character. In the long, low, wainscotted chamber, the stone floor, capacious fireplace, seated chimney corner, and staircase leading into the room itself, we may still see the main features of a country squire's dining parlour, some two hundred and fifty years ago. The handsome fire-back, and dog-irons, the work of the old Sussex foundries, and the glossy, tresseled dining table, add to the quaint, unmodern appearance of the room.

The carved side and lid of an old armoir chest are let into the wainscoat; and above the staircase, are placed pieces of armour found in the moat, and upon the premises.

A fragment of a stone chimney breast, taken out of the moat about twenty years ago, has been inserted into the fireplace of an upstairs room. It bears, though very

faintly, as if scratched with a nail, the following inscription:—"Nonne MEA PECCATA quietem dEMENT. x. p. m. ? plura fuERE QUAM maculæ VIPERæ, nec dabit ULLAM salutEM Dei TYPUS."

trans., "Will not my sins take from me my rest in the time of darkness? (that is at the tenth hour of the night): they have been more numerous than the spots of the viper, nor will the image of God grant me any security."\*

It is supposed, that this expression "typus Dei" refers to a Crucifix, and that the inscription is the work of a Roman Catholic priest to wile away the weary hours of concealment. This is probable, for the rude irregular letters resemble sentences traced upon prison walls; and because the Lady Copley, who held these estates during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, fell under the suspicions of the government for harbouring Romish emissaries.

This relic may lead us to fancy, that Leigh Place contained one of those secret lurking places, to which, during that age of intolerance, Romanists resorted to worship God according to the ritual of their forefathers; and, that, as Mr. Hallam has so vigorously described, in the private chambers of this lonely house, "by stealth, at the dead of night—with all the mystery that subdues the imagination, and with all the mutual trust that invigorates constancy," this proscribed ecclesiastic celebrated the solemn rites of his Church, rendered "more impressive in such concealment, than if surrounded by all their former splendour."

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\* Taken from the copy and translation in Mr. Dendy's possession. It has been suggested that the "x. p. m." is, in reality, "in Christum."—The inscription would, according to this version, begin, "Will not my sins take from me my peace of mind in Christ?"

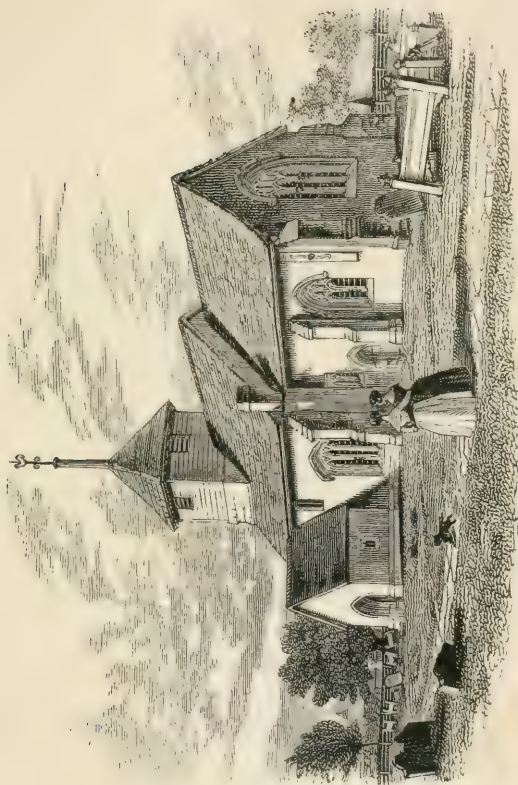
Between the joists of one of the upper floors was found a small, silver, two-handled cup (apparently to be dated about the beginning of the 17th century); together with a "pose" of ancient coins. These coins, together with others found in the moat and in the adjacent fields, comprise examples of the English currency, from Edward I., to William III. : two oboli bearing the head of Domitian; and some trade tokens, one issued at Reigate by Thomas Heathfield.

A drawbridge across the Moat was in existence forty years ago; and the stumps of the massy posts, that held it back when raised, may be seen when the water is very low.

The Parish Church, entirely of Perpendicular architecture, is a small, but pretty building. It has recently been restored, within and without; and contains nothing of archæological interest, except fine brasses to the memories of Richard Arderne (and wife), who died A.D. 1489; and of John Arderne, who is supposed, though there is no date, to be the officer in the household of Henry VII.

Ben Jonson resided, though it is uncertain at what period of his life, in Swains farm house, hard by. A room in it is called the "study," in commemoration of the lodger poet.

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LEIGH CHURCH BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.



## CHAPTER IV.

Merstham Manor—The Quarries—Merstham Place—The Church; Brasses; Frescoes—Walk to Chipstead—Chipstead Church; Monuments—Gatton Manor; Battlebridge Farm—The Borough—Gatton Park; House; The Hall; Pavement; Frescoes; Pictures—Gatton Church.

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### MERSTHAM MANOR.

THE Manor and Church of Merstham were for many centuries attached to Canterbury Cathedral, having been, in 1018, granted to that establishment by Athelstan a son of that “unready” Saxon King, Ethelred II. It was, we need hardly state, Henry VIII. who diverted the Manor from this foundation, and assigned it to Sir Robert Southwell, Sheriff of Surrey, and Master of the Rolls.

The Southwell family held this property for a short time only; and after many changes of ownership, it came by purchase, in 1788, into the hands of Mr. William Jolliffe: his descendant, Sir William George Hylton Jolliffe, Bart., Member for Petersfield, is the present Lord of the Manor.

The Merstham stone quarries acquired a long established celebrity, from the circumstance that they were nearest in position to the Valley of the Thames; and the materials

for several considerable public works, namely, old London Bridge, Windsor Castle, and Henry VII's Chapel were derived from this source. Their situation gave these quarries such importance, that not only the stone, but also the men who lived near, were reserved for the service of the Crown; for in the time of Edward III., any inhabitant of the parish that refused to work in them was liable to be sent prisoner to Windsor Castle.—The stone lies immediately below the chalk, and juts out in a terrace of inconsiderable breadth, extending along the base of the North Downs from Godstone into Hampshire. Dr. Mantell defines this stone to be a grey chalk marl, “essentially composed of fine grains of silicious sand, and of mica, with a large proportion of granular green silicate of iron, cemented together by earthy carbonate of lime.” The resistance that it offers to the effects of heat has conferred on it the name of Firestone. The stratum is well defined in this parish, and forms the mound upon which the Church is situated.

“One of the branches of the river Mole takes its rise from the foot of a hill below the Churchyard, and forms a small pond, whence it flows through the gardens belonging to the Parsonage, and the meadows eastward of the Village; and in the Parish of Horley it joins other streams from Tilgate Forest, in Sussex. There is also an occasional current called the Bourne, which at uncertain intervals of time, in and after wet seasons, issues from the foot of Merstham Hill,” on the northern side, towards Smitham Bottom, “and continues to flow for some weeks.”

Recent changes, and the deep railway cutting between Merstham Station and the Tunnel, have almost obliterated



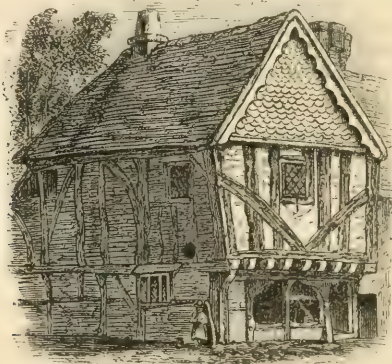
the Pilgrim's Lane; one of the few remaining evidences of that ancient trackway, which led from the Western Counties towards Canterbury (see p. 19).

A railway or tramroad, one of the first in the South of England, was constructed here about sixty years ago, to transport lime and fuller's earth, from Merstham to Wandsworth. It is a remarkable proof of the rapid growth of our engineering powers, to find that County historians, writing since the beginning of this century, should mention as a marvel a cutting only twenty-six feet deep; so close as we are to a mile long Tunnel, costing 112,000*l.*, and to a cutting that is carried through chalk cliffs 180 feet high. The horse railroad proved actually less remunerative than the railways of the present day, and was bought up, and closed by the Brighton Railway Company.

The Orchards of this Parish possess a local celebrity; one, only two acres in extent, having yielded a crop of above 800 bushels of apples. From the mention of a mill for apples, in an inventory of implements belonging to Merstham Manor (dated about 1377-99), it appears that cider was then the common drink upon the farm. This inventory curiously illustrates the change in the value of money that has taken place since that time. The rent of this Manor, which is set down at 166 acres in extent, was then 36*l.*, "which, after deducting interest for the value of the stock, was, perhaps, something more than three shillings per acre." The price of a pig was sixpence, and the same sum was divided among the workmen, who made a plough "out of the Lord's timber." Women's rights were not well looked after in these days, for as the

Manor Hall possessed but one chair, it is supposed that either the Lady of the House did not dine at the table, or else sat on a bench among the servants.

“Merstham Place, the seat of Sir William George Hylton Jolliffe, Bart., M.P., is situated at a short distance from the Church. It is an irregular building, but surrounded by pleasing grounds, and its general effect upon the eye is good. The house was much improved a few years since, under the direction of Mr. Knowles.”



THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

In the Village, near the entrance to Sir William Jolliffe's mansion, is a Blacksmith's Forge; yet judging by the swaying roof ridge, and “slantendicular” chimnies, this picturesque old house will soon have to be spoken of in the past sense.

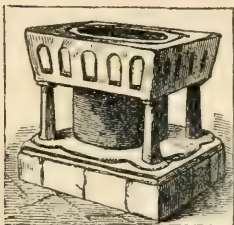
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MERSTHAM CHURCH.

Merstham Church, seen placed upon a grassy knoll, the grave mounds lying around like a flock of sheep, the shingled spire set off against a background of old elms, looks the ideal of an English Village Church. Within, however, the effect is marred by whitewash, white paint, and high deal pews.

The Church, as at Reigate, is formed by the addition of Aisles and Chancels to a "Semi-Norman" Nave; and a very characteristic feature of that Style is to be found here, namely, the retention of the circular form in the clerestory windows, the arches below being pointed.



The Font, a massy, square block of Sussex marble, can hardly be dated later than 1150, which would place the foundation of this Church at the outset of the Semi-Norman period. The Capitals are only ornamented by courses of mouldings; but the classic tendency that influenced that Style, is visible

in the curious foliage upon the Capitals of the Chancel arch. The taste, that biassed the latter half of the 12th century, is also traceable, in the dedication of this Church to St. Katherine; for at this time a fervid admiration sprang up for this Saint, her story, then recently imported from the East, being spread through Western Europe, with all the zest of novelty.



The lancet windowed Tower is "Early English;" and the West door underneath is a good specimen of the ogee-shaped arch, and of the star flower ornament peculiar to this Style. It has been recently restored, in common with much of the exterior stonework.

The Chancels and Porch were added, between the years 1450 and 1500; when "Perpendicular" tracery was fitted into the windows throughout the Church. At this time also the walls were raised, and thus the clerestories were brought into the present unusual position, within the building. The Porch is decorated with quaterfoiled apertures, and a niche above the doorway. In the centre Chancel is a pretty double piscina, formed in the shape of acorn cups set among oak leaves.

In this Church are the finest Brasses in the neighbourhood; but occurring within the limits of the Chancels, they are not of marked antiquity. The armed figure within the altar rails, memorialises Sir John Newdegate (A.D. 1498). The Newdegates were an old Surrey family, long established at Newdegate Place, in the parish of that name, about five miles to the South-east of Reigate. Sir John, however, from the word "Middlesex" in the mutilated inscription around the brass, was perhaps of the younger Newdegate branch, that settled at Harefield in Middlesex. The figure of the Knight is picturesque; his face surrounded by elflock hair, and his fierce, long sword stretching from elbow to heel. Against the North Chancel side wall is an altar tomb, which held brasses commemorative of John Elmebrygge, who died in 1473, and of his two wives, four sons, and seven daughters. Elmebrygge was Lord of Albury Manor in this Parish; and from the position of the tomb it is supposed, that he



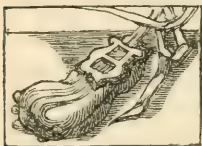
founded this Chancel. Most of the brasses have disappeared from this tomb: the portraits of seven little hooded daughters, all in a row, which remain, have to our

eyes an appearance so quaint, as hardly to be of a sepulchral gravity.

In the North Chancel floor are inserted brasses to Thomas Elmebrygge, and Joanna his Wife, who died in the beginning of the 16th century; and in the South



Chancel is the figure of a little petticoated boy, one Peter Best, who died in the year 1585. It is believed that the mutilated statue placed against the South Chancel wall, is, or rather was, an effigy of Nicholas Jamys, Mayor, and Alderman of London, the father of John Elmebrygge's first wife. This statue was discovered about sixty years ago, lying reversed, the back of the slab forming part of the Chancel pavement. It is described, at that time, as having the hands upraised in attitude of prayer, and with bright scarlet colouring on the robes: these details, however, have disappeared. The feet rested against a bird with outstretched wings, and the head was supported



by two angels; but these accessories only exist in a most fragmentary state. A purse attached by the girdle to the right side, marks the Alderman's mercantile occupation.

The South Aisle wall was in old times covered with frescoes; but they are now well nigh obliterated by the combined efforts of whitewash, rough usage, hat pegs, and inscriptions relating to Parish overseers. As St. Katherine is the patroness of this Church, it seems likely that designs illustrative of her story would be found here; if this be so, the Easternmost compartment represents the first act of her Martyrdom, when an angel descending from heaven broke in pieces the instruments of torture. The figures to the right, if these shadowy relics may thus be designated, with hands uplifted, and faces upturned, would form the astonished spectators of the miraculous interposition; more in the centre appears the persecuting Tyrant Maximin, distinguished by a crown and shield.

The central compartment is sadly destroyed ; but the forms of a colossal Virgin and Child, are just traceable. The third division of the frescoes would represent the Saint's death by beheading, if the soldier drawing his sword may be thus interpreted. Against one of the piers of the Chancel arch, is a small representation of the Virgin and Child, stencilled in red.

Fixed above the Tower arch, is a shield bearing the three royal leopards. This is an imported curiosity, having been one of the bosses in the groining work of old London Bridge. As this structure was composed of Merstham stone, the placing of this relic here, was singularly appropriate.

From the North-east corner of Merstham Churchyard runs a footpath, which, if not the shortest route to Chipstead Church (distance about a mile and half) would still deserve to be followed, on account of the varied beauty of the scenery. It commences by ascending the Chalk Hills ; and after passing up the Eastern promontery to that bay, or recess in the Chalk Downs which circles round Gatton Park, it affords a view of Merstham Place, Village, and Church below ; the Gatton woods, forming a vast amphitheatre, stretching up far above.—After running through two or three fields, past some secluded cottages, the path strikes into a road : it is recovered, however, by turning up the road to the left, and by taking the second gateway into the fields on the right. The track then slides down into a deep, almost circular Valley, the hills sloping into it from all points of the compass. The path, about a quarter of a mile further on, enters Chipstead Roughit ; a copse, where the luxuriant undergrowth, the red and white sand banks crowned



with fir trees, and the fresh breeze of the uplands, hardly need the associating sound of tinkling sheep bells, to recall remembrances of the thyme scented forests above Lucerne.

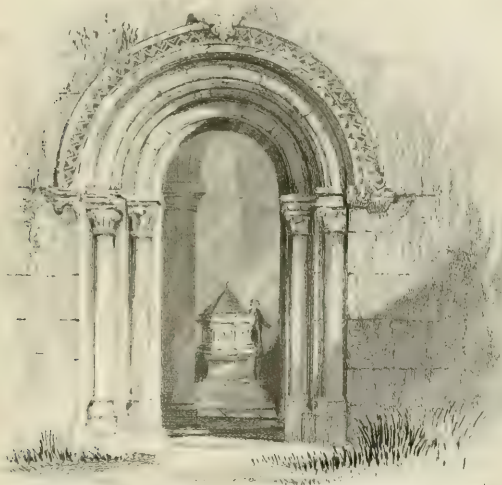
The path here ends in the main Road; then turning to the right, by following the limb of the direction post pointing to Croydon, Chipstead Church will be found a quarter of a mile further on. The words, "main road," do not sound inviting; but a continuous canopy of boughs proves a recompense for the cessation of the footpath.



CHIPSTEAD CHURCH.

Chipstead Church is worth seeing both within and without,—for the sake of the spot in which it is placed, and of the walk to it from Merstham.

This quiet road-side green, the group of immemorial elms that circle round the modest little Church, these



ANCIENT DOORWAY AT CHIPSTEAD CHURCH.

lichen tinted walls and massy buttresses, telling of an undisturbed existence through seven centuries, compose a scene so entirely unmodern, such a “haunt of ancient peace,” that, but for the distant sparkle of the Crystal Palace, there is nothing here to remind one of the presence of the 19th century.

This Church is dedicated to St. Margaret. It is stated by the County Historian to be “very ancient.” The North and West doors are certainly circular headed, and so far follow the “Norman” type, but the star flower ornament on the North doorway, proves the workmanship to be so late, that we cannot assign an earlier date than 1150 to these portions of the Church: this would bring

them within the era of the often-mentioned Semi-Norman Style (A.D. 1150-1200). No definite proof exists of any earlier building; and we therefore conclude, that though possessing more varied architectural examples, Chipstead is but little older than the neighbouring churches. It is distinguished, however, by the retention of the original cruciform ground plan and central Tower of the 12th century.

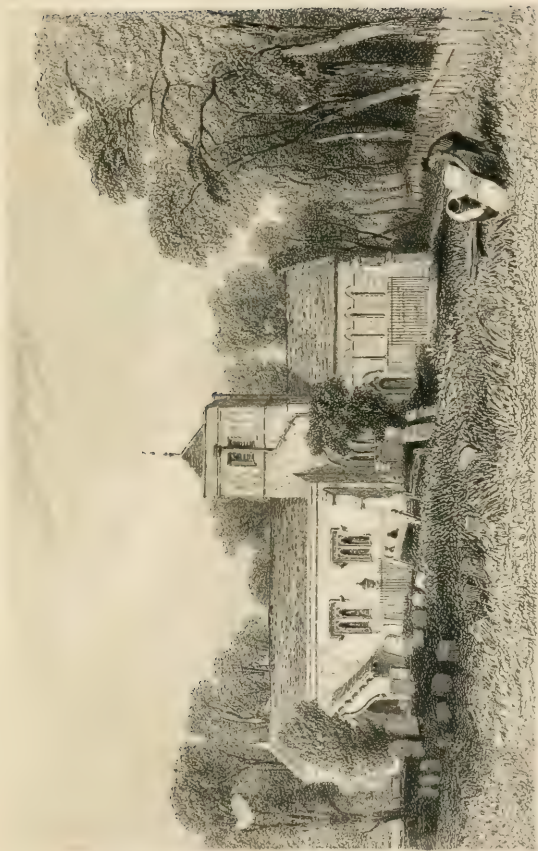
The Nave contains the massy cylindrical pillars, pointed arches, and circular headed clerestory windows of the Semi-Norman time. Besides general similarity, this Church resembles Merstham Church in the coincidence, that the clerestory windows are brought into the interior, by the elevation given to the Nave and Aisle roofs in the 15th century.

To conclude the general description of the Church. The Chancel and North Transept were built (excepting the large East window), during the commencement of the Early-English period (A.D. 1200-1300); and the triangular headed, lancet windows, and the vaulting, simple, almost rude in form, beneath the Tower, are uncommon examples of this somewhat unusual Style. The doorways, with a flattened arch, and ogee-shaped tympanum, and the square headed piscinæ, are also features peculiar to "Early-English." The South Transept is a restoration.

The accessory objects of interest to be found here are as

follows:—Against the Chancel South wall is a stone bench, singular both in workmanship and position. It is not near enough to the East end to have served as the sedilia to the ancient altar; and the carving upon the arms has a strangely classic appearance; but we





*(Before its Restoration)*



cannot form any estimate as to its date or use.—The banner and crest which hang above, appear to belong to the family of Stephens of Epsom, to whom there are several memorial slabs in the Church. The tombstone upon the Chancel floor, decorated with the floreated cross, was placed there during the recent restorations.

Within the Altar rails lies buried Alice, eldest daughter of the “judicious” Hooker, the author of the “Ecclesiastical Polity.” Her tombstone affords an instance of the frequent inaccuracy of monumental inscriptions, for her father is described, as Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of Salisbury, though he was distinguished by neither of these dignities. As this lady survived her father forty-nine years, Isaac Walton is wrong in supposing, that she died in early youth.

The varied ground plan, the rays of light darting through the narrow, lancet windows, the stone vaulting under the Tower, and the dark open timbers of the roof, give a solemn and dignified look to the interior of the Church.

The restorations have been executed with judgment; and the treatment and quality of the painted glass might well be adopted as an example.

In the South Aisle is a Monument to Sir Edward Banks, the eminent contractor for public works. He deserves to be remembered, not only as the builder of London, Waterloo, and Southwark Bridges, but because by dint of “an honest heart, a clear head, and an extraordinary amount of perseverance,” he raised himself from humble station to a post of high distinction and usefulness. He died in 1835, and was buried here, owing to a fancy for



this churchyard which he had felt some forty years previously, when a day labourer upon the Merstham and Wandsworth tramroad.

The fine old Yew Tree, on the North side of the Church, measures twenty-four feet in circumference, at four feet from the ground. The Church key is kept at the Cottage on the Green.

The Carriage Road will take the Visitor home again behind Upper Gatton House, for joining the Road from Sutton at the turn by the Black Horse Inn, it will lead him down Reigate Hill into the Town.

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#### GATTON MANOR.

“A little from the Fountaines where the Mole springeth, standeth Gatton, which now is scarce a small Village, though in Times past it hath been a famous Towne. To prove the Antiquitie thereof, it sheweth Roman Coynes digged forth of the Ground, and sendeth unto Parliament, two Burgesses.”

Camden may claim “antiquitie” for Gatton: but it can hardly be believed that it was ever an important town, when it is known, that even in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Roger Copley is described as its *only* inhabitant.

The derivation of the name, Gatton, is assigned to the same cause from which Reigate received its appellation, being supposed to mean the town upon that “gate” or road, which running eastward from the Roman Causeway “Stone Street,” here crossing the line of the North Downs, passed onwards towards Croydon.



The discovery of Roman coins mentioned by Camden, coupled with this definition of the name, seem to indicate that this place was called "the town upon the road," from the establishment here of a Roman fortified settlement, to guard the Valley and the ancient Causeway. The only clue to the position of this fort, is but a vague one, being Aubrey's statement, that "where the fine Manour House now stands, was formerly a Castle."

Besides these slight traces of the omnipresent Roman, Gatton possesses another associative link with early times. "Battlebridge" Farm, in the Valley below the Mansion House, recalls the first Danish Invasion. After plundering London and Canterbury, the Danes advanced into Surrey, doubtless along the route which passed through Gatton. Their course was not stayed till they met defeat at Ockley, from the Saxons under Ethelwulf (A.D. 851). Part of the routed army flying back this way, were slaughtered by the Amazonian inhabitants of the neighbourhood, while fording a stream which rose among the surrounding hills.—Stream, ford, and bridge, alike have passed away, and the name "Battlebridge" remained as sole memento of this event, till some years ago, when in digging upon a point near the site of the old Merstham Station, the bones of these luckless Danes reappeared above ground, to remind us of their fate.

In one respect, at least, we may say, that Gatton is a "famouse Towne," though not, however, on account of size or historic association, but because it was such a conspicuous example of that extinct curiosity, "a rotten borough," that the very name became typical of that anomaly in our legislature. The privilege of sending two

Burgesses to Parliament was awarded to Gatton by King Henry VI. A.D. 1451, and was taken away in 1832, by, what must now be called, the first Reform Bill. As the burgesses never mustered more than thirty votes, the Lord of the Manor of course directed the election; and it may be doubted whether the true men of Gatton ever once really chose their representatives during the whole time that they possessed that privilege. We do hear, however, of a contested election about a hundred years ago, when the successful candidate was returned by the triumphant majority of seven votes against six.

There was nothing strange to the legislator of the 16th century in the fact that Gatton should contain only one Burgess, and that he should nominate to Parliament two gentlemen, "of good discrecion, larning, and wysdome." But when this occurred again, in 1832, it was considered, that the elective farce, of which this Borough was for so many years the scene, had, as if to grace its extinction, reached the climax of absurdity.

The little temple protecting a classic urn, among the trees behind the House, was Gatton's Town Hall.—We are now so far removed from the days of "pocket boroughs;" and the electoral rottenness we have to struggle against, is so much more the ignorance of many voters, than the servility of a few, that the inscription upon the urn's base, "*Stat ductis sortibus urna*," would hardly of itself explain to a stranger the use for which this temple was designed; unless indeed metaphor be construed as a prophecy, and "*urna*" translated into "ballot box."

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## GATTON PARK.

Gatton House, the property of William John Monson, 6th Baron Monson (who succeeded to it on the death of his cousin the late Lord Monson in the year 1841), is a stately mansion, pleasantly situated on a shelf of ground midway down the North Downs. The surrounding Park stretches down from the summit of the Chalk range into the Valley. Before the House is a lake, a rare feature in this waterless district.

“Fling wide the Gates of Paradise and ye enter Gatton Park,” was the style in which George Robins blew his auctioneering trumpet when he knocked down this property to the Monson family, at no less a price than 100,000*l.*,—so exciting was his puffing blast of eloquence. If not quite paradisiacal, still the rapid slope of ground secures to the Park much pretty scenery; and the trees either stand in noble groups, or clothe the hills in close set phalanx. The higher levels command a remarkable view, looking over banks and masses of foliage, the lake shining below like a mirror, onwards down the Valley that runs Eastwards into Kent. The copses here take, early in the summer, a golden appearance; as the chalk into which their roots are struck, enters into, and affects the colour of the foliage. The carriage way passes, when near the House, beneath a group of wych elms, distinguishable by their thin set leaves, and boughs of elegant, drooping line.

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## GATTON HOUSE.

The principal feature of Gatton House is the Hall,\* that rears its height above the building to which it is adjoined. It was to have led, as planned by the late Lord Monson, to a facade of corresponding size ; but this intention is unfulfilled, and the Hall's main purpose is to shelter a matchless Pavement of antique marble. These marbles, especially the Rosso, Giallo, and Verde Antico, that ages ago were dug up in Elba, or floated down the Nile to minister to Roman splendour, are of great rarity, for the ruins of the bath or palace, are the only quarries now available.

Lord Monson bought this pavement at Rome, in 1830, giving for it the sum of 10,000*l*. It had been put together for King Ferdinand VII. of Spain ; but renewed political agitation, at the close of his life, prevented the completion of the bargain.

In plan the Hall follows the lines of the Greek, or equal armed cross. The form and general arrangement resembles the Corsini Chapel, in the Church, San Giovanni in Laterano, at Rome ; and it vies with this splendid msusoleum in the decorative effect of costly marbles : the design, however, is incomplete, the central dome being wanting. The height of the building is about ninety feet, and the extreme width about fifty feet. In the absence of the dome, a massy cornice from which it was to spring, fluted pilasters, and arched recesses worked in Carrara marble, with exquisite care, are the chief architectural points of the interior.

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\* The Hall is open to Visitors throughout the week, except Sundays.

But it is to the effect of color, not of structure, that the Hall owes its peculiar charm. Every part of the surface not decorated by carving, is enriched by color derived, either from the tones of foreign marble, or from the artist's skill. Arabesques, adapted from Rafael's designs in the Loggie of the Vatican, cover the flat spaces between the pilasters. On the lunettes between the principal arches are painted four colossal figures, historical personages typifying the following Virtues, namely, Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., representing Fortitude; Esther,—Prudence; Ruth,—Meekness: and Penelope,—Patience: below are infant genii, playing with animals emblematical of these attributes. The wall over the entrance is covered by an architectural picture. It is a facade and balcony of Italian design, in which the painter Rafael is introduced, holding a sketch of his fresco, "the School of Athens." Above is represented the scene in Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," where Lady Edith drops the rose at Sir Kenneth's foot, in the Chapel of the Carmelite Nuns at Engaddi.

These works were executed by Mr. Severn shortly after his return from Italy. The figures in the lunettes, are wrought out with much elegance and individuality of motive; and the groups of children show a tender, and varied invention. The coloring is sweet and transparent, and exhibits the special advantages of fresco painting in breadth of shadow, and luminous effect. Remembering the greatest examples of mural decoration, his study for many years, Mr. Severn has blended his art with the architectural design; and the result is most happy.—The rich hues of the pavement are repeated overhead by the color of the frescoes, and the Hall is as bright and riant

as if this brilliant example of the Italian style was lighted by an Italian sky.

The bust of the late Lord Monson (by Gibson), and a veiled head by Monti, stand on marble pedestals, costing forty guineas each, so precious is the "giallo antico." The entrance as originally designed, is closed by iron gates of elaborate casting.

The late Lord Monson planned the erection of this Hall, but he died even before the commencement; and the fulfilment of his designs devolved on his mother, the late Lady Warwick.

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We will enumerate the most important Pictures in the House.

*In the Corridor*:—"The Entombment of our Saviour," (*attributed to Titian*).—Monsieur Kugler remarks upon the original in the Louvre, one of this painter's most important works, that in this picture the highest beauty of form and dignity of expression, are united with the liveliest emotion and the deepest feeling.—If ever Venetian picture influenced later art, this is the one: to it may be traced the noblest inspirations of Vandyck.

"Two Views on the Adda"—(*Canaletto*)—painted with unusual delicacy and vivacity of color.

"Women with Fruit"—(*attributed to Rubens*).

"Boy, and Girl, playing cards"—(*Nicolas Maas*).—Dr. Waagen was struck by the uncommon truth, and extraordinary power of coloring shewn in this picture.

"David bearing Goliath's head"—(*Guido Reni*).—A beautiful specimen of this artist's skill. The picture was procured by the late Lord Monson from a Monastery at Arezzo.

Two large Views in Venice—(*after Canaletto*).

*Pictures in the Dining Room :—*

“The Holy Family”—(*Leonardo da Vinci*).<sup>\*</sup>—The Madonna holds the infant Christ in her lap. The little St. John Baptist kneels to receive the caresses of the Saviour. In the background, on the right, stands St. Joseph with folded arms, and on the left, is St. Zacharias.—This picture is by far the most important object in the house, and the more so, as the chief work of the somewhat earlier time of this great master. The style of the modelling, and the yellowish, brownish coloring of the flesh recall, on the one hand, his master Andrea Verocchio, and on the other, his fellow scholar, Lorenzo di Credi. The execution of the nude is of melting tenderness, and the hair is painted with such care, that the single hairs are delineated. The Virgin’s face expresses maternal feeling with great warmth and fervency; and a peaceful joy pervades the features of the infant Christ. The preservation of this gem, purchased by the late Lord Monson for 4000*l.*, is upon the whole excellent.—A copy of this picture, attributed to Cesare da Sesto, is in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

“Lorenzo di Medici”—(*Sebastian del Piombo*).—“A masterly portrait; but belonging to those later works of this master which have so much darkened with time, as to present only the shadow of what they originally were.”—*Waagen*.

“A Portrait of Rafael Sanzio”—(*by himself*).—An old copy of this portrait.

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<sup>\*</sup> The description is abridged from Dr. Waagen’s work on English Picture Galleries.

“The Death of Lucretia”—(*Rembrandt*).—This picture admirably exhibits this great painter’s power, both in technical, and creative skill. Despising conventionality, for he represents Lucretia as a Jewish, not a Roman Matron, he has rendered her story to the full. In the powerless hands, and the suffering look of failing strength, the departure of life is shewn with painful accuracy; still her face bears an expression of far deeper distress—of a shame and sorrow more bitter than death. This picture was bought by the late Lord Monson at Venice.

Over the doorways at the end of the Dining room are two small pictures, a “Holy Family”—(*Guido*), and “the Infant Saviour playing with a Crown of Thorns”—(*Murillo*), which is pleasing in idea, and delicate in treatment.

Against the door into the Corridor is placed an example of the Venetian school. “St. Jerome in the Desert,—(*John Bellini*).—The solid colouring, and the firm treatment of the details, which are wrought out with much truth and fancy, give to this picture considerable interest and merit.

*The Room leading from the Corridor :—*

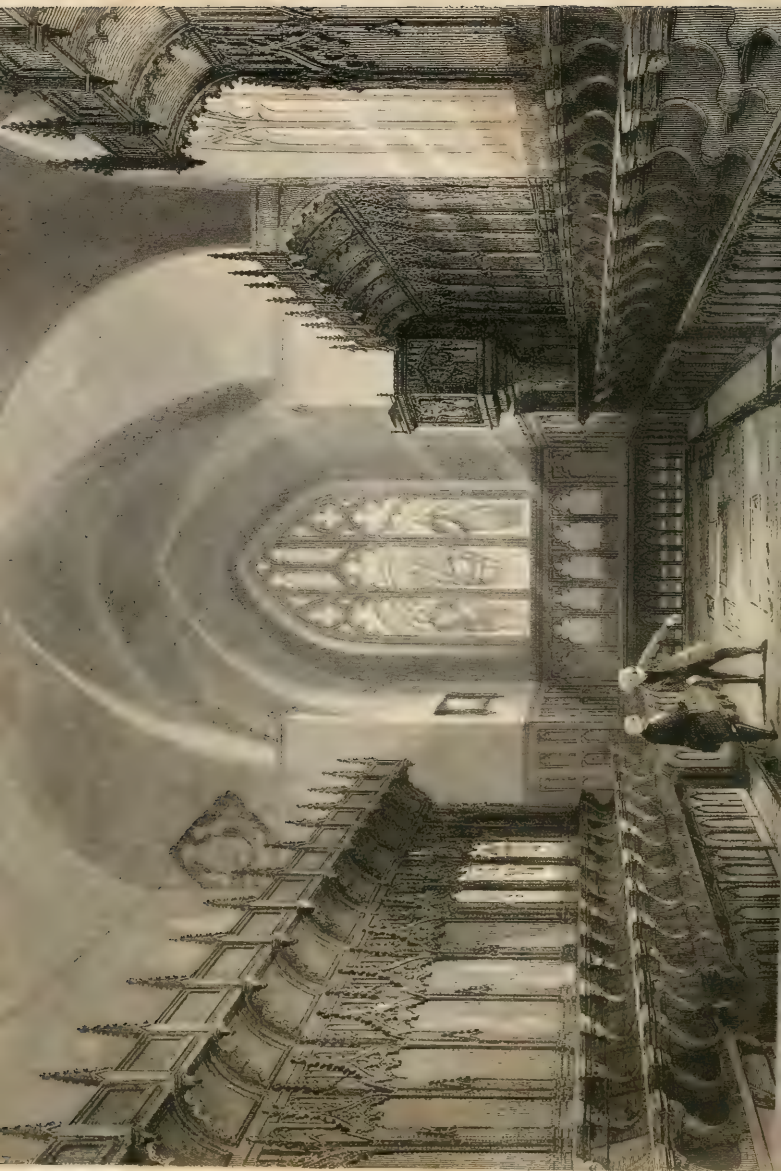
“Portrait of Lady Dysart”—(*Sir Thomas Lawrence*).—“Landscapes”—(*Claude Lorraine*).—This set of small landscapes in neutral tint, were apparently dashed off by the painter to cover the blank panels of a chamber wall. They made no favorable impression on Dr. Waagen.

*The Boudoir :—*

“The Crucifixion”—(*L. Carracci*).—A small copy of Tintoretto’s mighty picture in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice.—It is interesting, as the original is unpopularised by engraving, but heavy and leaden in color.









“A Mother and Children”—(*Paul Veronese*).—A charming group: probably a portion of a larger composition.

*The Study*:—

“Portrait of Endymion Porter”—(*Dobson*).—“approaching Vandyck in merit,” *Waagen*.—Endymion Porter attended Charles I. in that fruitless journey to Spain to court the Infanta. He remained in the King’s service, as agent for the purchase of pictures. Porter was denounced by the Parliament as a malcontent of evil fame; yet as Evelyn found him examining pictures in London, within half a year after his royal master’s death, we suppose that the authorities were content to let him alone.

“Lady carrying a child on her back”—(*Sir Joshua Reynolds*).—This *has* been a beautiful picture; but it unfortunately exhibits the perishability, no less than the tender grace of Sir Joshua’s productions.

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The Library is tastefully fitted up in ebony and ivory. The chimney piece belonged to the Emperor Napoleon. The frame of a chimney glass in this room, covered with exquisite carvings of fruit, flowers, and fish, is a specimen of Grinling Gibbon’s unrivalled workmanship.

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## GATTON CHURCH.

The Church peers modestly through the trees near the House; and a partial concealment is perhaps just as well, as “the exterior has been neatly stuccoed.” Though possessing no marked claim to antiquity, the Church is dated in the Semi-Norman, or Early English period. The Font, belonging to the outset of the latter Style (A.D. 1200), is some evidence in proof of this assertion; and

we also find here the cruciform ground plan of the 12th century architect.

Canopied stalls throughout the Nave, and a quantity of oak carving, give to the interior of the Church the look of a College Chapel. The woodwork harmonises together fairly well, though the varying styles of those different countries from which it has been collected reveal themselves on close examination.

The canopies and wainscoting of the Nave came from Aürschot Cathedral in Louvain: the stalls from a Benedictine Monastery at Ghent: and the carved seats from Rouen. The Chancel fittings are of Burgundian workmanship. The communion table, and pulpit, being obtained at Nuremberg, are attributed to Albert Durer. Tongres in Flanders supplied the altar rails.—This transfer



of ecclesiastical furniture is, we regret to say, not confined to the Continent, for the West end Screen is plunder from an English Church. The centre panel of the Pulpit is a bas-relief of German art, representing the Descent from the Cross. Excepting the modern Tower window (the arms and supporters of Henry VII.), the colored glass throughout the

Church is from Aürschot Cathedral.

The Church was thus fitted up, in 1834, under the direction, and at the expense of the late Lord Monson.

## CHAPTER V.

Lives of the Earl of Nottingham—Sir William Monson—Archbishop Usher—  
The Earl of Peterborough — The Lord Chancellor Somers — Baron  
Maseres — Mr. Glover.

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### THE FIRST EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

CHARLES HOWARD, 2nd Lord Howard of Effingham, and 1st Earl of Nottingham.—He was initiated early in life into affairs of State, being sent Ambassador to France in his twenty-third year (1559)—was elected M.P. for Surrey (1562 and 1572)—made Knight of the Garter (1574); Chamberlain of the Household, and Lord High Admiral (1584-5). He presided at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scotland; distinguished himself in dispersing the Spanish Armada (1588); commanded the Fleet on the Capture of Cadiz (1596); and on his return was created Earl of Nottingham. In 1599, in that time of dismay when Spain was renewing preparations for invasion, and while the Earl of Essex was betraying his trust in Ireland, the Queen was “pleased to repose in Nottingham the sole and supreme command both of Fleet and Army, with the high title of Lord Lieutenant-General of all England,” and by his firm conduct he crushed at once the insurrectionary outbreak that Essex began in the streets of London (February 1601).

He received the Queen's last instructions respecting the succession to the Throne: was appointed High Constable at the Coronation of James I.; and was sent Ambassador to Spain (1605). He died in his eighty-seventh year, 14th December, 1624, and was buried at Reigate.

He was married twice; first to Katherine, daughter of Lord Hunsdon, and on the second occasion to a kinswoman of James I., namely, Margaret, daughter of James Stuart, Earl of Murray. The Earl had several children by both wives. William, who died in his father's lifetime leaving a daughter Elizabeth, the wife of the Earl of Peterborough (see p. 74), and Charles, who succeeded his father as 2nd Earl of Nottingham, were children of the first wife; and by the second, he had Charles, who afterwards succeeded to the titles of his half-brother.

This is the outline of the Earl of Nottingham's long and active career; but that we may give a more lively idea of Reigate's chief Worthy, we intend to fill out this dry catalogue of events, dignities, and ceremonies, with descriptions of the principal scenes in which he figured, arranged in chronological order. These occurrences have been selected either as being important events in the Earl's life, or else as endowing us, in some degree, with the gift to see the Earl as *others* saw him: in a way, perhaps, more amusing to us, than complimentary to so dignified a statesman.

We are told by Sir Robert Naunton in his "Observations on Queen Elizabeth, her time and favorites," that Nottingham was a goodly gentleman, honest and brave, and a faithful servant to his mistress; "such an one as the Queen, of her own princely judgment, knew to be a fit

instrument in her service; for she was a proficient in reading of men, as well as of books.”—In spite of this commendation, and although the Earl was an honored member of that band of Elizabethan councillors, “the most diligent and circumspect as well as the most sagacious, that any Prince has employed,” we cannot say that his character is signally brilliant or attractive; for it must be remembered, that “what the haughty daughter of Henry needed, was a moderate, cautious, flexible minister—skilled in business—competent to advise—but not aspiring to command.

In one instance, however, Nottingham did not shrink from resisting his sovereign’s will; and to his patriotic firmness a debt of gratitude is still owing from us, as it involved the very preservation of our country.—The Armada, as is in everybody’s recollection, received a foretaste of the tempestuous destiny that awaited it, on its first departure from Lisbon. So thorough was the damage then inflicted, that the attempt seemed indefinitely postponed. Consequently Queen Elizabeth, with the frugality that formed such a marked element in her character, directed the disbanding of our Fleet. Her prudent councillor, Lord Effingham, interposed; “used freedom to disobey her orders” for the dismissal of the sailors, and begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense.—His foresight was justified, and the need of our not too extensive preparations was fully shewn by the appearance of the Armada within the Channel; and but for the courage he exhibited at the Council Board, the Spaniards might have found us almost at their mercy.

1588. \**“When Effingham received intelligence from Captain Fleming of the approach of the Spanish Fleet, and saw of what mighty consequence it was to get out what few ships were ready in the port of Plymouth, he, to encourage others, not only appeared and gave orders in everything himself, but wrought also with his own hands;”*—as Fuller tells us, himself towing at a cable to draw the harbour-bound ships into the sea; *“and with no more than six ships got the first night out of Plymouth; and the next morning (20th July) having no greater force than thirty sail, and those of the smallest of the Fleet, attacked the Spanish Navy.—His valor was conspicuously displayed by the repeated attacks he made on a superior enemy; and the coolness of his temper, a quality, though less shining, yet no less useful, appeared in his passing a whole night in the midst of the Spanish Fleet, and retiring as soon as he had light enough to discover his own without loss.”* His wise prudence was also shewn by the resistance he made to the entreaties of the bravest and boldest officers in his fleet to be allowed to board the enemy. *“But he considered that they had numbers of regular troops and he none, that their ships were larger, better built, and higher moulded, so that this would have given them great advantages, and have exposed his people extremely. By this forbearance he kept the advantage of wind and tide, and thereby preserved the superiority which he had gained; and by the same skill and prudence he so much improved it, that he sunk, took, and spoiled many, and lost of his own, only one pinnace.”*



Having hunted the enemy down the Channel and round our coasts as far as Harwich, ammunition being spent, he desisted from the pursuit, and the Northern Seas completed the destruction he had begun.

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## THE SACK OF CADIZ.

1596. \*News came that the Spaniard was again making great preparations for the invasion of England.—A powerful fleet was equipped at Plymouth, consisting of 170 vessels. The Land Forces were commanded by the Earl of Essex, the Navy by Lord Effingham, as High Admiral. Both these commanders had expended great sums of their own in the Armament; such was the spirit of Elizabeth's reign.

The Fleet set sail on the 1st of June, and bent its course towards Cadiz. It was learned from captures that the Bay was full of merchant ships of great value. An attack upon the Port and Town was projected, though the attempt was deemed rash, especially by the cautious Admiral. Essex strenuously urged on the enterprise; and when a favoring resolution was at last determined on, he threw his hat into the sea, and gave symptoms of most extravagant joy. Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Thomas Howard led the van, and Essex pressed forward in their company, in spite of the Admiral's injunctions to the contrary. Emulation for glory, avidity of plunder, animosity against the Spaniard proved incentives to everyone; and the enemy was soon obliged to slip anchor,

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\* Abridged from Hume's History of England.



and retreat further into the Bay. Essex then landed his men and marched to the attack ; and the impetuous courage of the English soon carried Cadiz sword in hand. The generosity of Essex, not inferior to his valor, made him stop the slaughter, and treat his prisoners with the greatest humanity, even with affability and kindness.—It was computed, that this enterprise inflicted upon the Spaniards a loss amounting to twenty millions of ducats, besides the indignity which that proud and ambitious people suffered from the sacking of one of their chief cities, and the destruction of a Fleet of great strength and value.

In consideration of his command over this exploit, Lord Effingham was created Earl of Nottingham ; not, however, with unanimous consent, for the petulant Earl of Essex was loud in his claim to the whole merit of the sack of Cadiz, offering to maintain this plea by single combat against the Earl, or his sons, or any of his kindred. Essex's outburst of illwill seems the more ungenerous, when we read what the Lord Admiral wrote home about him. "I can assure you there is not a braver man in the world than the Earl is ; and I protest in my poor judgment a grave soldier, for what he doth, is in great order and good discipline performed."\*

After this Lord Nottingham appears no more in a naval capacity, except in resisting charges of bad Dockyard administration raised by Lord Northampton ; and superintending the construction of a little pinnace, "the Disdain," in which Prince Henry navigated the Thames.

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\* Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II., p. 54.

QUEEN ELIZABETH ENTERTAINED BY THE EARL OF NOTTINGHAM  
AT CHELSEA PLACE.\*

1602, 23rd *December*. “The Lord Admiral’s feasting the Queen had nothing extraordinary, neither were his presents so precious as were expected, being only a whole suit of apparel; whereas it was thought he would have bestowed his rich hangings of all the fights with the Spanish Armada, in eighty-eight.”—Within half a year of her death, her mind clouded by listless melancholy, we fancy that Elizabeth did not much note the absence of these hangings, or the presence of “the whole suit of apparel.”

By this reservation of these tapestries, they have become a part of our national history. They formerly decorated the room in the old Houses of Parliament, called the Painted Chamber, in which the House of Lords held its sittings, and were destroyed in the fire of 1834. A slight recollection of the hangings is preserved in Copley’s picture, the Death of Lord Chatham, in the Vernon Gallery. But it is to Lord Chatham himself that they owe a yet more enobling remembrance, from the reference that he made to them in his indignant protest against the disgraceful employment of Indian savages in the American War. The passage is indeed almost too celebrated to need quotation:—“From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord (the Earl of Effingham) frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleet against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the

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\* Extracted from Mr. Chamberlain’s correspondence with the Earl of Shrewsbury. Nichols’ *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III., p. 601.

Protestant religion of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and Inquisitional practices are let loose among us."

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THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following account of the death of Queen Elizabeth is inserted, as being interesting in itself, and as shewing the confidence placed by the Queen in the Earl of Nottingham:—

1602-3. \* "On the 14th January the late Queen, who had 2 days before sickened with a cold, removed to Richmond. But a little before her going, even the same morning, the Earl of Nottingham, High Admiral of England, coming to her—she fell into some speech of the succession; and then she told him, 'that her seat had ever been the Throne of Kings, and none but her next heir of blood and descent should succeed her.'—In the middle of March following " she began to be very ill; whereupon the Lords of the Councell weare sent for to Richmond: and there continued till Wednesday the 24th Marche, about three of the clock in ye morning (being our Lady even), at which time she died.—But on the Tuesday before her death, being the 23rd of Marche, the Lord Admirall being on the right side of her bed, the Lord Keeper on the left, and Mr. Secretary Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley), being at the bed's foot, all standing, the Lord Admirall put her in mynde of her speeche concerning

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\* Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. III., p. 607.

the succession had at Whitehall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her Counsell, came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed. Whereunto she thus replied, 'I told you, my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascall to succeed me; and who should succeed me but a king?' The Lords not understanding this dark speech, and looking one on the other, at length Mr. Secretary boldly asked her what she meant by these words, "that no rascall should succeed her." Whereunto she replied, 'that her meaning was, a king should succeed her, and who "quoth she" should that be, but our Cousin of Scotland.' They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? Whereunto she answered, 'I pray you trouble me no more: I'll have none but him.' With which answer they departed."

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The Earl of Nottingham, when in his 68th year, married Margaret Stuart the Earl of Murray's daughter. The appearance of the aged Councillor in the character of a lover seems to have afforded amusement to the Court during King James's stay at Woodstock. Both the letters through which we get this sight of the Earl, are written to the Earl of Shrewsbury, a connection of the future Countess of Nottingham.

1603, *11th September*. Sir Thomas Edmonds writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury\* "since the tyme that your Lordship left us, we have whollie spent our tyme in the exercise of hunting; but the Queene remayned at Basing till the King's coming hither; and she hath as well enter-teyned herself with good dansing, which hath brought

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\* Nichols' *Progresses of James I.*, Vol. I., p. 258.

forth a marriage betweene my Lord Admyrall and the Lady Margaret Stuart."

The next extract is out of a letter to Shrewsbury from "his loving Niece Arabella Stuart." Her playful style of gossiping correspondence has now a melancholy sound from thought of that hopeless captivity, and death in madness, which her marriage, the king not being pleased thereat, was soon after to bring upon the writer.—1603, 16<sup>th</sup> *September*. "My Lord Admirall is returned from the Prince and Princess, and either is, or will be, my Cousin before incredulous you will believe such incongruities in a Councillour—as love makes no miracles in his subjects, of what degree or age whatsoever." And the next day we hear that the Earl of Nottingham "came up the morning after, to tell the King he had wedded his cosen,—all is well liked, and the King pleased."\*

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THE EARL OF NOTTINGHAM'S EMBASSY TO SPAIN.

In the summer of 1604 the peace between England and Spain was finally concluded upon by the Spanish ministers at London. "In the Conferences previous to this treaty, the nations were found to have so few claims on each other, that, except on account of the support given by England to the Low Country provinces, the war might appear to have been continued, more on account of personal animosity between Philip and Elizabeth, than any contrariety of political interests between their subjects.—The Constable of Castile came into England to ratify the peace; and on

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\* Nichols' *Progresses of James I.*, Vol. I.; pages 265, 273.

the part of England, the Earl of Hertford was sent into the Low Countries for the same purpose, and the Earl of Nottingham into Spain." He was chosen because he was "the goodliest person of his age, and still so, though far advanced in years:" though if his ill-wishers may be believed, time had dealt more leniently to his body, than his mind. The Earl's neighbour at Kinnersley, Sir William Monson, conveyed Lord Hertford across the Channel, and we shall have an opportunity in our memoirs of Monson to mention what befel him when engaged in that duty. We will now give an account of the Earl of Nottingham's share in these negociations, and we are tempted to do so at some length, as we are enabled to draw our description of his Embassy from ample stores of contemporary narrative.

On the 28th March, 1605,\* Charles Earl of Nottingham, the Lord High Admiral, set sail from England, being accompanied with one Earle, 3 Barons, 30 Knights, 1 Herault, 2 Doctors of Phisick, besides Gentlemen in cloakes of black velvet, Pages, Trumpeters, Footmen in cloakes of oreng-tawny velvet; and also taking with him gilt coaches in great number. Having been 14 days at sea he recovered the Groyne (Corunna) where he was kindly and joyfully entertained both by the Governor, and by the common people.

The Spanish King then kept his Court at Valledolid, which is about 300th English myles from the Groyne. After a 9 days rest, permitted in respect of the Admirall's age, and long travaile, the King sent a messenger desiring

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\* Abridged from the description of the Embassy in Nichols' *Progresses of James I.*, Vol I., p. 500.



his personall presence, with such others as he best pleased to bring with him. Thereupon the English were numbered, and found to be about 650 persons. The roads of Spain were, as might have been expected, equally unable to sustain either such a crowd of attendants, or the gilt coaches from London; and his Lordship had to abate a part of his following, and to send them and the carriages on shipboard again.

Conveyed in the mule litters of the country, our Ambassador and his following were borne to the Court, passing through cities decked out with richest furniture, and strawed with flowers.—The road approaching Valledolid was wondrously replenished with Ladies, Noblemen, and Gentlemen, in coaches, being at least 500 coaches of them, and a great many Lords and others of honorable qualitie, bravely mounted, attending the comming of the English into the towne. Unfortunately, however, the bravery, both of natives, and of foreigners, was, at an instant, quite supprest and disgraced, by an extraordinarie shower of rayne, which fell so suddenly and unexpected, as it was a wonder to see.

While awaiting the conclusion of the negociations, the English were zealously entertained with processions (the King himself carrying a burning taper); with “the desperate hunting of the bull;” and by divers sumptuous feastes, maskes, and dauncing.

Thursday the 30th May, being Corpus Christi Day, his Lordship was sent for to Court, in greater state than before; and he was caused to sit downe upon a forme, at the Kings left hand.—The Grandes and Nobles of Spain, were placed to the right, upon a forme about two degrees

lower. Then there was brought before the King a little Table, and a Bible very reverently laid upon it, and with the same a crucifixe: the Archbishop of Toledo read the oathe, at parte of which oathe his Lordship helde the King's hands between his, and so the King kneeling, layde his hands upon the booke; and after his oathe, he subscribed the articles formerly concluded upon.

The Earl returned to England with "as great manifestation of love" as when he first arrived. Upon their departure, a book was published "by authoritie," wherein the "grave and noble demeanour of the Lord Ambassador and the other Lordes in his companie" was highly commended; nor did the Spanish Court give expression to their satisfaction only in words, for the Earl received "at his parting thence, to the value of 20,000*l.* in presents, besides a pension of 12,000 crowns to himself, and 30,000 among his followers.—We are told that the Spaniards were the more surprised "at the bravery of our Embassie, and the handsome gentlemen (in both which few embassies ever equalled this), for you must understand, the Jesuits reported our nation to be ugly and like devils, as a punishment sent to our nation for casting off the Pope's supremacy; when they beheld them after the shape of angells, they could not well tell whether to trust their owne eyes or their confessors' reports, yet they then appeared to them, as to all the world, monstrous lyers."\*

The accounts published by "authoritie" give a very *couleur de rose* picture of the courtesy and good feeling of the two nations; but unofficial narratives relate events of a different complexion, such as the impudent robbery in

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\* Secret History of the Court of James I., Vol. II., p. 353.

the open street of Sir Robert Mansel's hat, with a very rich jewel in it, and the difficulty he experienced in recovering the stolen property. The following, however, is the most curious of these anecdotes.—It must be premised that the Earl of Nottingham and his suite were fed at the cost of the Spanish government, and that “the report passed for currant to the infinite dishonor of our nation,” that we made a base return for this hospitality, by pilfering the plate that was set before us. One evening, “the Admiral himself not supping that night, being upon the dispatch of letters”—Sir Robert Mansel coming in late sat down at the lower end of the table. “Falling to his meat, he did espy a Spaniarde, as the dishes emptied, ever putting some into his bosome, some into his breeches, that they both strutted.” On the sudden Mansel stepping up “takes the Spaniarde in his arms (at which the Table began to rise) and brings him up to the end among the Grandees, then pulls out the plate from his bosome, his breeches and every part about him, which did so vindicate that aspersion cast upon us that never after was there any such syllable heard, but all honour done to our Nation.”\*

The Earl's last appearance in public was on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine (February, 1612), when he and the Duke of Lennox escorted her from the Royal Chapel.

In 1619, the Earl resigned his post of Lord High Admiral, being then 83 years of age, and desirous of repose. He died at Haling House in Surrey, æt 87, December 14th, 1624, and was buried in the family vault under the Chancel of Reigate Church.

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\* Secret History of James I., Vol. II., p. 54-7.

## LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM MONSON.

As owner of Kinnersley, an old Mansion situate about three miles to the South of Reigate, we have felt ourselves entitled to include in this chapter a notice of the life of Sir William Monson; especially as he was much, though not pleasantly, brought into contact with his two nearest neighbours, Lord Nottingham and Sir Thomas Bludder.

Sir William was one of the old Linconshire family of Monsons, and was uncle to Lord Monson, the second husband of the Countess of Nottingham (see p. 12).—Being of spirits “more martial, than mercurial,” Monson ran away, in the wildness of his youth, from Balliol College, Oxford, and entered the Navy as a common sailor. By courage and ability he attained “great perfection in the sea service,” and rose to the post of Admiral. He was among the first, and the most noted, of those privateering captains, who sought to aid their country, and enrich themselves by pillaging the Spaniards. Monson, however, lived long enough to see, after time had been afforded for reflection, “that neither the wealth, nor the morals of the Country were much benefited by these plundering expeditions,” and that, to use his own words, “they indeed occasioned great loss and damage to the Spaniards, but no profit or advantage to the English: there are not three men in the kingdom, who can boast that they have succeeded their fathers in any quantity of goods so gotten.”

Sir William Monson was engaged in this warfare from 1585 to 1603; and he was knighted for good service in the

sack of Cadiz. After that peace was made between England and Spain, he was employed in the protection of the Channel, acting as Vice-Admiral of the "narrow seas," between the years 1604 and 1614. This is the outline of Monson's naval career; but to give a clearer notion of the man, both what he was capable of and what he underwent, we will insert a short narration of three of the expeditions that he made against the Spaniards.\*

His first enterprise was in the year 1585, at the commencement of the Spanish war, "on board a small bark, or privateer, in company with another, still smaller.—They sailed from the Isle of Wight, in the month of September; and being come upon the Coast of Spain, about eight o'clock in the evening, they met and boarded a Spanish vessel of 300 ton burden, well manned and armed." It yielded, after a hand to hand fight carried on upon the deck of the enemy throughout the whole of that night, "and was the first Spanish prize that ever saw the English shore." Monson gives the following account of this desperate engagement.—"All our men, with one consent and courage, entered her, and we were left fighting aboard her all night, the seas being so grown, that our barks were forced to ungrapple, and fall off. The Spaniards betook themselves to their close fight, and gave two attempts, by trains of powder, to blow up their decks on which we were; but we happily prevented it, by fire pikes. Thus continued the fight till seven in the morning, when the Spaniards found they had so many men killed and disabled, that they were forced to yield.—We were a woeful spectacle, as well as the Spaniards; and I dare say

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\* Quoted from the Biog, Britannica, Vol. V., "Life of Sir William Monson."

that in the whole time of the war, there was not so rare a manner of fight, or so great a slaughter of men on both sides."

His second voyage was by no means so successful, for he returned empty handed; and in addition to distress caused by stormy weather, having been kept out at sea longer than had been expected they experienced great privations. "The extremity we endured was more terrible than befel any ship in the eighteen years war; for laying aside the continual expectation of death by shipwreck, and the daily mortality of our men, I will speak of our famine, that exceeded all men and ships I have known in the course of my life: for sixteen days together, we never tasted a drop of drink, either beer, wine, or water—many drunk salt water, and those that did, died suddenly, and the last word they usually spoke was 'drink, drink, drink,' and I dare boldly say, that of 500 men that were in that ship seven years before, at this day there is not a man alive, but myself, and one more."

The expedition of 1602, one of the last of these adventures, brought to Monson both profit and renown. "He went out, as Vice-Admiral, in the *Garland*, to the Coast of Spain, with Sir Richard Lewson as Admiral," when, "they had Intelligence of a *Caract*, ready to land in *Sisimbria*, which was of 1,600 Tun, richly laden out of the East Indies; and resolved to assault it, though in seemed placed in an Invincible Posture. Of itself it was a Gyant in comparison to our Pygmy Ships, and had in her 300 Spanish Gentlemen: the Marquess de Sancta Cruce lay hard by, with 13 ships; and all were secured under the command of a strong and well fortified Castle. But



nothing is impossible to *Mars valour* and *Gods blessing* thereon. After a faire dispute (which lasted for some hours) with Sillogismes of fire and sword, the Caract was conquered; the wealth taken therein, amounting to the value of Ten hundred Thousand Crownes of Portugal account.”\*

The pacific tendencies of James I., and the influence of Spanish gold, put a stop to this career of naval activity. In 1604 a treaty was concluded upon between England and Spain; and the Earl of Nottingham went to Spain to ratify the peace (see p. 154). The Earl of Hertford was also dispatched into the Low Countries for the same purpose, and the charge of convoying him across the Channel devolved upon Monson. Whilst fulfilling this duty, the following incident took place, which seems to have galled the Admiral of the “narrow seas” most sorely. In their passage “a Dutch ship of war coming by, would not vail as the manner was, acknowledging by that our sovereignty over the sea. Sir William Monson gave him a shot to instruct him in manners; but instead of learning, the Dutchman taught him by returning another, he acknowledged no such sovereignty. This was the very first indignity ever offered to the royal ships of England, which since have been most frequent.—Sir William Monson desired my Lord of Hertford to go into the hold; and he would instruct by stripes him that refused to be taught by fair means; but the Earle charged him, on his allegiance, first to land him on whom he was appointed to attend; so, to his great regret, Monson was forced to endure that indignity, for

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\* Fuller's Worthies. Lincolnshire, p. 163.

which I have often heard him wish he had been hanged, rather than live—to be chronicled for the first Commander of a King's ship, that ever endured that affronte.”\*

As these pacific times kept Monson inactive at home, his restless and aggressive nature led him to question the system of management in the Royal Dockyards; and it was chiefly through his exertions that a “large Commission” was obtained to examine into these alleged abuses. Very different accounts are given of this affair and of the motives which prompted Monson. On the one hand, he is commended as the zealous reformer, intimately acquainted with the practical working of the Navy, who caused, at the price of much personal odium, a great saving in the national expenditure—but on the other, Monson appears as jackal to the “venemous, intriguing, flattering, and corrupt Earl of Northampton,” and as one of that “spiteful crew of informers, who pried up and down Chatham Dockyard, belching out nothing but disgraces, deceitful speeches, and base opprobrious terms,” and that, to follow the official view of this matter, the Commission itself was only set on foot to gratify the malice which Northampton and his party felt against the Lord High Admiral and his subordinates; and that it “brought ruin almost upon the Navy, and a far greater yearly charge upon his Majesty than ever known before.”

We cannot now decide as to the purity of Monson's principles, but, at least, in this attack on official routine he showed no wish to curry favor with the people amongst whom he lived, for by it he must have provoked the ill-will of his two nearest neighbours, namely, the Admiral, at the

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\* Secret History of James I., p. 358.

Priory, and Sir Thomas Bludder, at Flanchford.—For another reason, the Countess of Nottingham also must have felt a grudge against Monson; and we might fancy that his nephew, Lord Monson, found it difficult to persuade her to assume a name, so justifiably unpleasing to her ears.—It was Sir William who retook her unfortunate cousin, Lady Arabella Stuart, when escaping from unjust imprisonment; and by his zealous haste, capturing her within sight of safety, consigned her to hopeless captivity, and death. Monson did but do his duty, yet his too successful activity excited against him much popular displeasure.

We fear that it was but a mercenary spirit that made Monson so active against the Spaniards; and that his privateering was not enobled by any touch of that chivalrous hatred, which Raleigh felt against those enemies of our country, and our religion; for Sir William did not scruple to enrich himself with Spanish gold acquired even in a less excuseable manner, than by open violence. He may, however, have been tempted into this by his unfortunate intimacy with his wicked patron, the Earl of Northampton. To procure the Peace of 1604, the Court of Spain sowed bribes broad-cast among the English nobility; and, following the example of his patron, Monson became the “pensioned agent,” as Northampton was the “pensioned chief” of the party thus bought over to the interest of Spain.

Sir William did not associate with such a man as Northampton with impunity; and this connection ultimately brought upon him imprisonment, and the accusation, if not the guilt of murder. It will be remembered that Lady

Essex was Northampton's niece—that her fatal beauty ensnared the Earl of Somerset into guilty love, and a disgraceful marriage; and that Sir Thomas Overbury was murdered for protesting against the match, if not against the amour. Northampton had pandered to his niece's passions, both of love and of hate; and Sir William Monson was too intimate with him to escape suspicion. Accordingly, in the “warm days of discovery” that followed upon Overbury's death, he was flung into the Tower; but, as there appeared to be no ground for implicating him in the murder, he was discharged from custody. Whatever evidence turned up “to connect him with the great system of corruption by which Spain ruled in the closet and the council for a dozen years, was not of a nature to be laid before the world.”\*

Northampton's death, and the trials, executions, and disgrace that fell on the contrivers of Overbury's murder, broke up “the detestable Spanish faction;”—and Sir William Monson “spent the remainder of his days in privacy, and peace, at his seat at Kinnersley, where he digested, and finished his Naval Tracts.” He lived to see the commencement of the Civil Wars, and died here, February 1642-3, in the 73rd year of his age.

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\* The “Athenæum” for 21st January, 1860, p. 91, is my authority for connecting Monson with the “Spanish Gang;” and the paragraphs relating to this portion of his career are either abridged, or quoted from that paper. I am glad, however slightly, to be able to express my obligation for those essays on Lord Bacon, which lately appeared in the Athenæum, apart from the assistance which they afforded to me respecting Northampton and Sir William Monson.

## JAMES USHER—ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

James Usher\* the pious and learned Archbishop of Armagh in Ireland—author of a History of the British Church, and of many other theological and historical treatises. Born, 1580.—He was the first scholar entered upon the College of Dublin, then founded (1593) under charter from Queen Elizabeth. Renouncing his paternal estate in favor of a younger brother, he became a Fellow of his College, that he might better devote himself to the study of Divinity. He entered into holy orders, in 1601, and was appointed Divinity Professor (1607). In 1615 he drew up articles of religion for the Church of Ireland. Having the good fortune to be accused of Puritanism, he was brought under the notice of James I., who was so satisfied by his answers that he appointed him firstly, Bishop of Meath, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh.

The troubled times that began in 1641 drove him from his see. After residing at Oxford, and then in Wales, and suffering much from sickness and poverty, he found a haven in the household of the Dowager Countess of Peterborough (1646), where he continued till his death. She had good cause of regard for the Archbishop, as her husband (when Lord Mordaunt) had been converted from Romanism to the Protestant religion by Usher's triumphant victory over a Jesuit priest, in one of those theological tournaments that were then in vogue.

During his residence under Lady Peterborough's roof, Usher was by no means idle—he acted for many years

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\* Abridged from Biog. Britannica, Vol. VI., part I., p, 4062.

as Preacher to Lincoln's Inn, he continued the publication of his works, and by direction of Charles I., drew up a fruitless "expedient" for the union of the "Presbyterian and Episcopal Government."—Lady Peterborough's house was exactly opposite Charing Cross, and commanded a full view of Whitehall. Usher had joined the wondering crowd of servants who had gathered on the leads to see the execution of King Charles—"but when the King had done speaking, and had taken off his cloaths and doublet, and stood stript in his waistcoat, and the executioners in vizards began to put up his hair, the Primate grew pale," was carried fainting down, "and laid upon his bed, where he made use both of tears and prayers; tears that so horrid a crime should be committed, and prayers that God would give his Prince patience to undergo these cruel sufferings."

In 1655 Usher published his last work—upon the Septuagint—but he did not long survive the publication; "for going shortly after to the Lady Peterborough's house at Ryegate in Surrey, he was taken, on the 20th of March 1655-6, with illness, which carried him off the next day, in the 76th year of his age. His friends intended to bury him at Ryegate, in the Vault of the Howard family; but they were forbid by Cromwell, at whose order, the corpse being first removed to Somerset House in the Strand, was conveyed thence with great magnificence to Westminster Abbey, where it was interred in Erasmus's Chapel."

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CHARLES MORDAUNT, THIRD EARL OF  
PETERBOROUGH.

Reigate has but little associative claim upon "the magnificent, the witty, the famous, and chivalrous Peterborough," for though he inherited the Priory from his father (see p. 81), he retained possession of it but for a short time; and though he bore the title of Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, the earldom which devolved to him through his uncle, diverted from our Town the adventitious distinction of giving a name to this most conspicuous character of the 18th century.

The family of the Mordaunts, father and son, appear in consistent opposition to each other through three generations: Lord Peterborough's grandfather, was a Parliamentarian, his father, was zealous for the restoration of the Monarchy, and he was no less active for the expulsion of the Stuarts.

Shortly after his father's death he served as a volunteer in warfare against the Algerines (1675); and again (1680), in the expedition under the Earl of Plymouth for the relief of Tangier.

1685. His first appearance in the House of Lords, was to oppose the Court, when he spoke "with eloquence, sprightliness, and audacity," against the maintenance of standing armies. We then find him, with characteristic impetuosity, crossing over to Holland, to solicit William the Third's appearance in England, some years before the country was ripe for that project;—having "persuaded himself that it would be as easy to surprise three great kingdoms, as he long afterwards found it to surprise

Barcelona." When the great event took place, Mordaunt's activity proved most useful by his prompt occupation of Exeter (8th November, 1688), before that city had recovered from the shock caused by the news of William's landing at Torbay.

On the occasion of William and Mary's coronation Mordaunt was created Earl of Monmouth, and appointed first Commissioner of the Treasury, which post he held till driven from office by the Tories in 1694,—In 1697 he brought upon himself disgrace, such as to any other man would have been irreparable, by the attempt to tamper with Sir John Fenwick, the Jacobite conspirator. "Yet even after the fall, that mounting spirit rose higher than ever. When he next appeared before the world . . . he had ceased to be called by the tarnished name of Monmouth; and he soon added new lustre to the name of Peterborough," by his brilliant achievements in Spain (1705-7), where, with an almost incredibly small band of troops, he reduced in behalf of our ally, Charles III., all the south-eastern districts of that Country.

Sickened of military command by the rebuffs his haughty and restless disposition brought upon him, he devoted himself (1710-15) to the diplomatic service; and it was in this career, that he gained his almost proverbial acquaintance, with all the kings and postilions of Europe.

The marvellous versatility of Lord Peterborough's talents has, perhaps, more than anything contributed to his celebrity, "having distinguished himself, as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor, he even set his heart in rivalling Bourdaloue, and Bossuet. Though an

avowed freethinker, he sat up all night at sea to compose sermons, and had with great difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man of war with his pious oratory.”\*

“As a military man his character stands deservedly high; as a diplomatist also he possessed great merit; but as a politician it seems scarcely possible to award him any praise. In that department his splendid genius was utterly obscured and eclipsed by his wayward temper. Vain, selfish, and ungovernable—always in a quarrel and on a journey—he was never thoroughly trusted by any party, nor perseveringly active at any place. . . . His friends suffered from his weaknesses, and his servants profited by them. On one occasion, when he was abroad, his steward pulled down, without his knowledge, a wing of his country house; sold the materials for his own profit; and not satisfied with this, actually sent my Lord a bill for repairs! Yet sometimes Lord Peterborough showed economy, like everything else, by fits and in extremes. ‘It is a comical sight,’ writes a lady from Bath in 1725, ‘to see him with his blue riband and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner.’”†

Pope, who visited the Earl a few weeks before his death, gives, in a letter to Mrs. Blount, a lamentable picture of the struggles of that ardent spirit to make head against pain, weakness, and approaching death. August 25th, 1735. “He was again in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the pang was over, was

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\* Macaulay's Hist., Vol. II., p. 33.

† Mahon's Hist., Vol. I., p. 348-9. Ed. 1853.

carried into the garden to the workmen, talked again of his history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of present great men and ministers, and the decay of the public spirit and honor. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: . . . I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which is indeed extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them."

Lord Peterborough died whilst going to Lisbon for the recovery of his health, October 15th, 1735, at the age of 77. He had been twice married; first to a daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, by whom he had two sons, and secondly to Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer.

The Barony of Mordaunt of Reigate became extinct in 1814, on the death of Charles Henry Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough's great grandson.

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## THE LORD CHANCELLOR SOMERS.

\*John Somers, Lord Somers “was born in 1650, at Worcester, his father being an attorney in that city. In his childhood he is said to have displayed all the application and seriousness of a man. In his manhood he certainly shewed all the gentleness and softness of a child. Yet his passions were naturally angry and impetuous, as is gladly alleged by his enemies, who do not perceive that this fact, which they intend as blame, in reality conveys the highest panegyric on his temper and self command. Being bred to the Bar, he soon became eminent in his profession, but did not confine himself to it; and in some political writings, forcibly and fearlessly inveighed against the arbitrary measures of the Court. In the memorable trial of the Seven Bishops, he acted as their counsel: in the Convention Parliament he was chosen a representative of his native city; and both in his place in the Commons, and as one of the managers of the Conferences with the Lords, he actively promoted the great work of the Revolution. He was soon after made Solicitor General—became in 1692, Attorney-General; and in 1693 Lord Keeper. In 1697 he was still further promoted to a peerage and the office of Lord Chancellor—honors which so far from soliciting, he was with great difficulty persuaded to accept. In all these employments he maintained the same serene and lofty character—neither arrogant to his inferiors, nor servile to the King. But all his merit could not shield him from the usual vicissitudes of popularity;

and . . . in 1701 he was assailed by a parliamentary impeachment, chiefly for his share in the Treaty of Partition . . . and so formidable was the outcry against Somers, that King William, well as he knew his innocence, and highly as he prized his services, had, even before his trial, found it necessary to deprive him of the Seals. His personal mortifications, however, never drove him into political rancour. He remained for several years in dignified exclusion from office, observing, rather than opposing, the Government, and dividing his time between the duties of a peerage, and the pursuits of science. In the former, he was considered a leader of his party; in the latter, he was chosen President of the Royal Society. He is one of those, to whose exertions the Union with Scotland is principally due. In 1708 he became President of the Council to the great Whig administration. In 1710, he resigned with the rest of his colleagues, and was again conspicuous in the ranks of opposition. But age and infirmities were now creeping upon him, and . . . his great faculties gradually sunk from their former energy into torpor, and from torpor, into imbecility; and at his death he had for some time survived the powers of his mind."

\*"As his abilities could not be questioned, he was charged with irreligion and immorality. As to the nature and extent of his heterodoxy, there were many different opinions. He seems to have been a low Churchman of the school of Tillotson, whom he always loved and honored; and he was, like Tillotson, called by bigots, a Presbyterian, an Arian, a Socinian, a Deist, and an Atheist. The private life of this great statesman was malignantly scru-



tinised; and tales were told about his libertinism, which went on growing, till they became too absurd for the credulity, even of party spirit. . . . There is, however, reason to believe, that there was a small nucleus of truth round which this great mass of fiction gathered, and that the wisdom and self command, which Somers never wanted in the senate—on the judgment seat—at the council board—or in the society of wits, scholars, and philosophers, were not always proof against female attractions.”

Lord Somers died on the 26th April, 1716. He never married, his affections having been disappointed in early life, by the opposition of the young lady’s father, who, in obedience to that parental instinct which prefers the certainty of wealth, to promise, however, brilliant, prevented the match, and lived to regret his interference.

“In the whole range of our history, I know not where to find a more upright and unsullied public character than Somers. He had contracted nothing of the baseness and venality of his age. . . . He had all the knowledge, but none of the pedantry of his profession. . . . He loved the laws of England as the armoury from which, when threatened, either by democracy, or by despotism, we may draw our readiest weapons, and which may prevent recourse to any others. . . . As a speaker, his reasoning was close and powerful, his diction flowing and manly. The natural warmth of his temper, which he so successfully mastered in politics, glowed unrestrained in his attachment to his friends; and as no man was ever more deserving of the veneration of posterity, so no one was ever more beloved in private life.”\*

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\* Mahon’s Hist., Vol. I., p. 209.

## FRANCIS MASERES, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.

CURSITOR BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

\*The most eminent of the more recent inhabitants of Reigate was Baron Maseres, who, after a residence of many years in this parish, died at his house in Church Street, in the year 1824. He was of foreign extraction, his grandfather, a French protestant, having been driven into England by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Maseres was a man of great strength of character, range of intellect, and praiseworthy disposition. He also acquired deserved distinction in those branches of study that he more especially followed: but, as these were those rarely attractive subjects, mathematics, and constitutional law and history, he will, we expect, be chiefly remembered here, as the generous endower of the Sunday afternoon sermon in the Parish Church (see p. 71). He was born in 1731—graduated at Cambridge,—was a fellow of Clare Hall, and as one of the first of the Newcastle medallists (for classics), he received the prize from the Duke of Newcastle himself, then Chancellor of the University.

Maseres was called to the Bar; but, though, few possessed equal theoretic knowledge of English law, his non-success as a pleader was so marked, as to be a jest with him in after life. Appointed Attorney-General at Quebec, he distinguished himself by his loyalty during the American contest, and by his zeal for the interests of his province. On return to England (1773), he was made a Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, a post of greater dignity than profit.

Throughout the main portion of his life Maseres was engaged in authorship upon his favorite subjects, mathematics, and the English constitution. The most important of his mathematical works is the "*Scriptores Logarithmici*." The results of his historical studies appeared in political pamphlets and essays, and in editions of Mays' History of Parliament, and of "Select Tracts relating to the Civil Wars in England."

The Baron's sagacity led him to anticipate, in discussion, two constitutional questions, both of which have been raised in later years. One suggestion was the propriety of preventing the disgraceful tumults that attended elections, more particularly by abridging the time occupied in taking the poll. This has been accomplished; but the other,—that the power of punishing for a libel upon the House of Commons should not be vested in that body, but only in the Courts of Law, remains to be fulfilled,—though public opinion tends toward agreement with the Baron.

He was a staunch Whig in politics, and held most liberal views on the toleration of religious opinions: with one exception, however, for the memory of the persecuted French protestant, still influencing his judgment, he argued that Roman Catholics should be treated with somewhat of the intolerance which they shewed to others. The Baron did not, however, carry his theory into practice; and he took a scriptural revenge for his expatriated ancestor, by keeping his house and purse open to Romanist clergy driven from France by the Revolution; and fugitive archbishops and bishops were to be seen in asylum under his roof.

Maseres maintained his intellectual activity to the last; nor did he suffer advancing years, or the absorbing character of his habitual studies, to dull his enjoyment of poetry of the highest class. So hearty was his admiration for Homer, that he knew his works by heart; and he was wont to delight himself in maintaining Milton's poetical supremacy. His eminent mental capacity was well supported by the quality of his disposition. He shewed the sweetness of his nature, not only in doing kindness to others, but by the cheerful equanimity of his temper. His face never shewed whether he was beaten, or a victor, in his favorite game of chess; and a dogmatising spirit excited in him such feelings of aversion, that he declared, annoyed by the severities he heard Doctor Johnson fulminate out against Hume and Voltaire, that he would never willingly be in that man's company again.— In addition to the promptings of a nature so eminently charitable, Baron Maseres was guided by the dictates of inflexible integrity, and of sincere piety. He died on the 19th May, 1824, in his 93rd year.

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#### AMBROSE GLOVER, ESQ.

Ambrose Glover, Esq., F.S.A., died at Reigate, September 16th, 1840, in his 84th year.\* He was descended from a yeoman family, whose unbroken line of ancestry and undisturbed residence in Surrey well exemplified the County proverb, "So far more safe the Vassall, than the Lord."

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\* Abridged from the Gentleman's Magazine 1840, Part II., p. 662.

He was a solicitor of high repute, and was held in much esteem by his fellow townsmen, both in his professional, and social capacity. He devoted his leisure time to historical and antiquarian researches, which he carried on with much industry and ability, and which were much promoted by the skill he had acquired in reading ancient manuscripts.

We felt that this book would be incomplete without some notice of Mr. Glover, for we have availed ourselves of his M.S. history of the Priory, kindly lent to us by Mr. Hart; and also because Mr. Glover furnished a great portion of the matter relating to the Hundred of Reigate contained in that colossal monument of industry, Manning and Bray's County History.

THE END.

## SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER I.

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### THE REIGATE AND REDHILL COTTAGE HOSPITAL. THE BROCKHAM HOME AND INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WORKHOUSE ORPHAN GIRLS.

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While the Reigate Hand-book was in the press, the Editor's attention was drawn to the above-mentioned charitable undertakings. As he is anxious to give what publicity he can to projects so well worthy of support, he inserts this short notice of these Institutions on a supplementary page.

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The Cottage Hospital is not yet established; but the first step towards its foundation was taken at a Public Meeting, held on the 3rd March last, when it was resolved:—"That in consequence of the rapid growth of the neighbourhood, and the more than proportionate increase of the Labouring Class, not entitled to Parochial Relief when Sick, a small local hospital has become a desirable Institution;"—and a Committee was appointed to carry out the proposal.

This institution is specially recommendable on "the stitch in time" principle, as it is designed to help those who can to a certain extent help themselves, and to save them, either from unnecessarily protracted illness, or from sinking into the condition of paupers. "If the head of a family of this class be incapacitated for a time, and has by prudent forethought become a member of a benefit club, his allowances from the club are barely sufficient to meet the wants of the family,—quite insufficient to provide medical aid, and indispensable comforts."—The occurrence of many painful accidents, in a neighbourhood where so



many building operations are going on, is another most cogent reason for the establishment of this local hospital; for the severity of such cases is greatly aggravated by the necessity, either of conveying the sufferers to a metropolitan or provincial hospital, or by their being left, as they are now often obliged to be, in their small, ill-ventilated, and over-crowded dwellings.

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“The Brockham Home and Industrial Training School, near Reigate, has now entered on the second year of its existence. It is open to Orphan Girls from Unions in any part of the kingdom, as we understand, provided the necessary funds are forthcoming for their support. It has been begun in the wisest way, on a small scale. Fourteen girls, only, are as yet enjoying the happiness of a christian home at Brockham; it may be hoped that a large increase in the number will be reported before long. We can conceive few better works than that of tending an orphan and supporting her in this way till old enough to go out to service, with her principles confirmed, her affections drawn out to those who have shielded and helped her, her services rendered sufficiently valuable to secure her an honorable means of support. The indirect benefit to society, by supplying, in ever so small a degree, the want universally felt of steady domestic servants is indeed a secondary consideration, but it is not inconsiderable. The name of the lady, who is entirely responsible for the initiation and management of this institution, requires only to be known to give confidence to its supporters. All communications are to be addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Way, Wonham Manor, Reigate.”\*

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\* Taken from the Guardian Newspaper for 21st March, 1860.

## REDHILL AND REIGATE COTTAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY (LIMITED).

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Capital 8,000*l.*, in 800 Shares of 10*l.* each.

This Society has been established to meet the great deficiency that exists in the number of dwellings for the Working Classes in this locality, and the inadequate accommodation for their health, comfort, and decency. "The Guardians of the Poor in this Union have been made painfully aware of this crying evil, and the fevers and disease which spring up in the over-crowded and undrained habitations, to which the poor have been driven, continue to remind them of this social defect, in this otherwise flourishing neighbourhood." The objects, therefore, of this Society are,—to supply this want by the erection of cottage residences of an improved character—to exhibit models of what such dwellings should be—and, also, to hold out an inducement to others to continue the work, by shewing that such accommodation can be provided for the poor, with a just remuneration to the subscribers.

The motives with which the Society was founded have been, already, very satisfactorily fulfilled. Thirty-one well appointed cottages have been built on a healthy site near the Redhill Station; and the dividend paid to the shareholders has never fallen below 5*l.* per cent.

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## REDHILL MARKET HOUSE COMPANY (LIMITED).

It was resolved at a Public Meeting, held in the Spring of 1857,—“that the Population of Redhill and its im-

mediate Neighbourhood, and the facilities of Railway transit there, require that accommodation for a Market should be provided, and that a Market House and Conveniences, including Public Rooms, should be built."

This resolution has been carried out. The above-mentioned Company, has been established; and the Market House, erected near to the Railway Junction, will shortly be opened to the Public.

The Company is formed under the Limited Liability Act; and the capital will be expended on a calculation which promises to yield a dividend of not less than 5*l.* per cent. to the shareholders.

Applications for shares may be made, either to the Secretary, Mr. A. Ross, Gatton, Reigate; or to the Solicitors, Messrs. Pattison & Wigg, 10, Clement's Lane, London. E.C.

# REIGATE POST OFFICE.

THOMAS NICKALLS, POSTMASTER.

Open from March to October at 7 A. M., and from October to March at halfpast 7; closes at 10. p.m. at Night.

Letter Box closes at 11. 45 A. M for the Morning dispatch; at 10 P. M for the Evening dispatch for London. Letters are received until 12 o'clock in the Morning, and until 10. 15 in the Evening, with an extra stamp

Money Orders are issued and paid Daily, (Sundays excepted), from 9 in the Morning, until 6 in the Evening. The charge for transmitting any sum not exceeding £2. is threepence,—and not exceeding £5. sixpence.

Notices under the Act of the 6th Vic. cap. 18., and Letters registered from 8 in the Morning till 8 at Night.

On Sundays, Postage Stamps may be purchased, Foreign Letters paid, and Letters registered till 10 A. M.; after that time, the Office is closed for the day. The Letter Box, however, is open as usual for unpaid and stamped Letters.

The Town Delivery of Letters during the Eight Summer Months, commences at 7 in the Morning, and in the Four Winter Months, at half-past 7; the Afternoon Delivery begins at 12. 15.

## THE SUB-OFFICES ARE

|                    |               |                       |
|--------------------|---------------|-----------------------|
| Buckland.....      | managed by... | Mr. J. Harman.        |
| Betchworth.....    | "             | .....Mr. W. Sanders.  |
| Brockham .....     | "             | .....Mr. T. Burberry. |
| Leigh .....        | "             | .....Mr. E. Cole.     |
| Woodhatch.....     | "             | .....Mr. J. Burberry. |
| Reigate Hill ..... | "             | .....Mr. J. Pooley.   |

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST of Villages and Places within the Reigate District, to and from which Letters are forwarded and received daily, by foot messengers, who leave at 6 in the Morning, and return at 8 in the Evening.

| <i>Places.</i>                | <i>What Office.</i> | <i>Places.</i>             | <i>What Office.</i> | <i>Places.</i>            | <i>What Office.</i> |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Alders Road. Reigate          |                     | Elm Grove... Betchworth    |                     | Raglan Road Reigate       |                     |
| Alva Road... Reigate          |                     | Flanchford... Reigate      |                     | Reigate Heath Reigate     |                     |
| Belle Vue ... Reigate         |                     | Feltous .... Brockham      |                     | Reigate Hill S.O. Reigate |                     |
| Betchworth S. O. Bag          |                     | Gadbrooke... Betchworth    |                     | Root Hill .....Betchworth |                     |
| Birkheads Road Reigate        |                     | Glovers Hill. Reigate      |                     | Sand Pitts.... Buckland   |                     |
| Brightlands Road Reigate      |                     | Hartswood... Woodhatch     |                     | Santon..... Reigate       |                     |
| Broome Park Betchworth        |                     | Kennersley.. Woodhatch     |                     | Sandfels..... Reigate     |                     |
| Brockham Gn.                  |                     | Leigh, S. O.. Betchworth   |                     | Salmon's Cross Woodhatch  |                     |
| S. O. Betchworth              |                     | Littleton Lane Reigate     |                     | Shelwood Place Betch.     |                     |
| Brockham-hurst ... Betchworth |                     | London Lands Reigate       |                     | Small's Hill...Betchworth |                     |
| Brockham-Borough Betchworth   |                     | Lower Gaton Reigate        |                     | Snowder Hill. Betchworth  |                     |
| Buckland, S.O. Bag            |                     | Middle Street              |                     | Spridgfield ... Reigate   |                     |
| Buckland                      |                     | Lane..... Betchworth       |                     | Sunnyside ... Reigate     |                     |
| Green ... Buckland            |                     | Mynthurst... Betchworth    |                     | The Wilderness Reigate    |                     |
| Bushberry ... Betchworth      |                     | Nolderswood Betchworth     |                     | The Retreat..... Reigate  |                     |
| Bunts Common..... Betchworth  |                     | New Pond... Woodhatch      |                     | The Brookes ... Reigate   |                     |
| Clay Hall ... Reigate         |                     | Nutwood Lodge Reigate      |                     | The Rock..... Reigate     |                     |
| Clay Hill..... Betchworth     |                     | Oakfield ... Reigate lower |                     | Trumpets Hill. . Reigate  |                     |
| Cockshot                      |                     | Gaton                      |                     | Warren Road ... Reigate   |                     |
| Hill ..... Woodhatch          |                     | Park House... Reigate      |                     | Westminster               |                     |
| Colds Hill ... Betchworth     |                     | Park Pale..... Betchworth  |                     | Freehold ... Reigate      |                     |
| Colley ..... Betchworth       |                     | Paddinghole Betchworth     |                     | Westfield ..... Reigate   |                     |
| Daves Green Betchworth        |                     |                            |                     | Whealers Lane. Buckland   |                     |
| Daves Green Woodhatch         |                     |                            |                     | White Hall..... Reigate   |                     |
|                               |                     |                            |                     | Wildcroft..... Buckland   |                     |
|                               |                     |                            |                     | Wray Common.. Reigate     |                     |
|                               |                     |                            |                     | Wray Park ..... Reigate   |                     |
|                               |                     |                            |                     | Wonham..... Betchworth    |                     |

# RED HILL POST OFFICE.

JOHN MARKHAM, POSTMASTER.

Open from March to October at 7 A.M., and from October to March at half-past 7; Letter Box closes at 12. 15 A.M. and at 10. P.M. for London. Brighton and Cuckfield Box close 10. 20. A.M. Reigate, Dorking, &c. 10. 45. A.M. London 12. 15. A.M. The Kent line, 8. 40. P. M. London, Croydon, Bromley and Brighton, &c. 10. P.M. For Reigate, Dorking, etc. 10. P.M.

Money Orders are issued and paid Daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening. The charge for transmitting any sum not exceeding £2 is threepence,—and not exceeding £5. sixpence.

Notices under the Act of the 6th Vic. cap. 18, and Letters Registered from 8 in the Morning till 8 at Night.

The Town Delivery of Letters during the Year commences at 6 in the Morning, and the Second Delivery at 11. 30 A. M.

*Mail Cart to Godstone through Nutfield and Bletchingley, all others Messengers, viz.*

Caterham—Godstone—Nutfield—Bletchingley—Oxted—Tandridge  
Lympsfeld—St. John's, Red Hill, Merstham and Chipstead.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST of Villages and Places within the Red Hill District, to and from which Letters are forwarded and received daily.

| <i>Places.</i>          | <i>What Office.</i> | <i>Places.</i>        | <i>What Office.</i> |
|-------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Arthur's Seat.....      | Godstone            | Great Shabden .....   | Messenger           |
| Barrow Green.....       | Godstone            | Godstone, S.O. ....   | Bag                 |
| Bletchingley, S.O. .... | Bag                 | Grove Road. ....      | Red-hill            |
| Brewer Street. ....     | Bletchingley        | Guildables.....       | Godstone            |
| Brighton Road.....      | Red-hill            | Harewood .....        | Bletchingley        |
| Brickkiln Lane. ....    | Bletchingley        | Harrisham.. ....      | Nutfield            |
| Broadhorn Green.....    | Godstone            | Hatchlands.. ....     | Red-hill            |
| Brown Lands. ....       | Godstone            | High Trees.. ....     | Red-hill            |
| Burstow Park. ....      | Bletchingley        | Hollands House ....   | Nutfield            |
| Caterham, S. O.....     | Godstone            | Hollises Row.....     | Red-hill            |
| Chaldon Quarry. ....    | Bletchingley        | Hoolley .....         | Red-hill            |
| Chat Hill. ....         | Godstone            | Hookwood .....        | Godstone            |
| Chart Lodge .....       | Red-hill            | Hurstgreen.....       | Godstone            |
| Chipstead, S.O. ....    | Messenger           | Idiot Asylum.....     | Red-hill            |
| Coldharbour. ....       | Bletchingley        | Layfield .....        | Messenger           |
| Copyhold.....           | Red-hill            | Lea Place, .....      | Godstone            |
| Earlswood Common. ...   | Red-hill            | Linkfield Lane .....  | Red-hill            |
| East Hill .....         | Godstone            | Linkfield Street..... | Red-hill            |
| Essendean.. ....        | Godstone            | Lympsfeld, S.O. ....  | Godstone            |
| Flint Hall .....        | Godstone            | Marden Park.....      | Godstone            |
| Frenches Gate.....      | Messenger           | Mead Hole .....       | Red-hill            |
| Furze Hill .....        | Red-hill            | Merstham S.O. ....    | Messenger           |
| Garlands .....          | Red-hill            | Mugswell .....        | Messenger           |
| Gatton Tower. ....      | Messenger           | Murrell Common .....  | Godstone            |
| Greenhurst.....         | Godstone            |                       |                     |

| <i>Places.</i>            | <i>What Office.</i> |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Nags Hall ...             | Godstone            |
| New Holland .....         | Godstone            |
| Nobright.....             | Godstone            |
| North Park. ....          | Bletchingley        |
| Nutfield, S. O. ....      | Bag                 |
| Outwood .....             | Bletchingley        |
| Oxted, S.O .....          | Godstone            |
| Park Road.....            | Messenger           |
| Pendell.....              | Bletchingley        |
| Philanthropic Schools ... | Red-hill            |
| Pitch Funt.....           | Godstone            |
| Poplar Corner.....        | Red-hill            |
| Portley .....             | Godstone            |
| Purbright ...             | Messenger           |
| Rabbits-heath .....       | Bletchingley        |
| Red-hill Common .....     | Red-hill            |
| Redstone Hill .....       | Red-hill            |
| Ridge Green .....         | Nutfield            |
| Rooks Nest .....          | Godstone            |
| Roundabout .....          | Red-hill            |
| Shaw's Corner .....       | Red-hill            |
| Shrubhurst.....           | Godstone            |
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| South Lands .....         | Godstone            |
| South Green .....         | Godstone            |
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| Woodhurst.....           | Godstone            |
| Woodside .....           | Godstone            |
| Wottle-in-the-Hole ..... | Bletchingley        |



## ILLUSTRATED REIGATE & DORKING ALMANACKS, for the year 1861.

MR. ROWE begs to announce that he proposes to publish Illustrated Almanacks for the ensuing year, intended especially for the use of the Inhabitants of Reigate and Dorking.

These Almanacks are to contain, besides the particulars usually inserted in such publications, detailed accounts of the Public and Charitable Institutions in Reigate, Dorking, and the neighbouring Parishes—the days and hours when places of Public Worship, &c. are open—the postal arrangements—names of Gentlemen holding Public Offices—lists of the Town and County Members for the last ten years—and many other heads of information calculated to be of use to the Inhabitants of Reigate and Dorking.

The Almanacks will be rendered attractive by ornamental covers, and by many Illustrations prepared especially for these publications.

It is proposed to issue a more detailed prospectus of these Almanacks towards the close of this year, when sufficient notice will be given to all persons desirous of availing themselves of this medium of Advertisement.

---

**H**AND BOOK to DORKING—this valuable Work which is now in the *Second Edition* continues to have a rapid Sale being one of the best Guides written\* it will be found an excellent companion to the Reigate Hand Book, as it takes in a Seven Miles distance South of the Town of Dorking, and joins the Reigate Hand Book at Betchworth, the two Books commanding a continuous range of fourteen Miles. These Books are equal in Size and Price and both profusely Illustrated.

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\* See Athenæum and other Reviews.

SPECIMEN OF ILLUSTRATIONS,



THE MAUSOLEUM AT CLAREMONT.

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J. ROWE

*Takes this opportunity to announce, that having purchased a series of STEEL ENGRAVINGS, comprising views of the principal Mansions, and of some of the most celebrated features of the County of Surrey, (a list of which is given in the two following pages), he has made arrangements for the sale thereof. Those marked with an Asterisk, being small views, are sold on Note Paper at 1d. ; those not marked are on Letter-paper at 2d. each. Proofs 6d., India Proofs 1s. each.*

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Persons desirous of publishing an illustrated Handbook or Guide to any portion of the County, can be supplied with any of these Views at a reasonable rate on application to JOHN ROWE.

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 GATTON CHURCH, Interior View.  
 WOODCOTE PARK, Seat of Robert Brooks, Esq.  
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 THE GROVE, Seat of R. Carter, Esq.  
 EPSOM RACES ON THE DERBY DAY.  
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 NONSUCH PARK, Seat of W. F. Gamul Farmer, Esq.  
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 BETCHWORTH CASTLE.  
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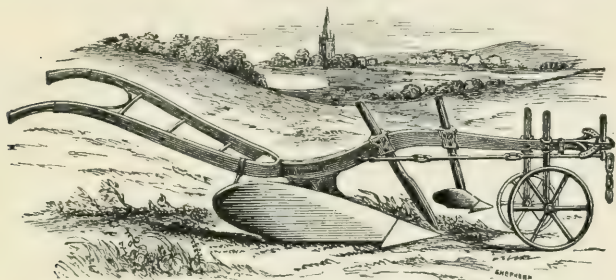
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|-----------------------------|------|------|------|-------------|
| PORT.... good .....         | 36/. | 42/. |      | per dozen.  |
| „ .... superior....         | 48/. | 54/. |      | „           |
| „ .... 1st. Shipments       | 60/. | 72/. |      | „           |
| SHERRY . dinner ....        | 30/. | 36/. | 42/. | „           |
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| „ .... 1st. quality .       | 72/. |      |      | „           |
| MARSALA .....               | 22/. | 26/. |      | „           |
| CLARET . good .....         | 26/. | 30/. | 36/. | „           |
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### SECULAR.

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|-----------------------------------------|---|---|
| Song,—“We yet may meet” .....           | 2 | 0 |
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|                                       |   |   |
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| La Fête Valse .....                   | 2 | 6 |
| The Holmesdale Galop .....            | 3 | 0 |
| Princess Louisa Valse .....           | 2 | 0 |
| Mazurka .....                         | 2 | 6 |
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| Romanza (Violoncello and Piano) ..... | 3 | 6 |

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References:—REV. W. T. JONES, M.A., The College, Sydenham, with whom Mr. Read was for three years an Articled Assistant; REV. J. C. WYNTER, Rector of Gatton; THOMAS MARTIN, ESQUIRE, of Reigate; and to the Parents of Pupils.

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### VIEWS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

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*J. Rowe takes this opportunity of announcing that the Views of the Neighbourhood contained in this Book can be had on Note Headings and Scraps comprising—Reigate from the South—Slipshoe Street—The Guard Chamber The Priory—The Great Chimney Piece—Gate into the Park—Leith Hill from Reigate Park—High Trees House—The Heath—Leigh Place—Dining Hall in Leigh Place—Blacksmith's Forge in Merstham—Merstham Church—Chipstead Church—Gatton Park—Pulpit in Gatton Church.*

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BELL STREET, REIGATE.

## WILLIAM ANDREWS

Returns his sincere thanks to the Public generally for the support he has received since taking to this old Established Commercial House and hopes by careful and unremitting attention to Business combined with moderate Charges to merit that support he so earnestly solicits.

*All kinds of Cordials, Wines and Spirits, of the First quality.*

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**Market Dinner every Tuesday.**

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COMFORTABLE BEDS—EXCELLENT STABLING AND LOCK-UP COACH HOUSE.

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**E. STEVENS,**  
**HOUSE DECORATOR,**  
ORNAMENTAL PAPER HANGER,  
**PLUMBER AND GLAZIER,**  
**LONDON ROAD, REIGATE.**

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WRITING, GRAINING, AND GILDING.

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**J. EDWARDS,**  
**COACH & CART WHEELWRIGHT,**  
**BELL STREET, REIGATE.**

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**KILLICK,**  
**Plumber, Painter and Decorator,**  
**CHURCH STREET, REIGATE.**

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**TO AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS AND MANUFACTURERS.**

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**WOOD ENGRAVINGS.**—Illustrations for Books, Periodicals, Manufacturers Illustrated Catalogues, Pattern Books, Circulars, Advertisements, and every class of Wood Engravings executed in a superior style, at reasonable prices, by

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**ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF 25 YEARS.**

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**WILLIAM WATTS,**  
**ROPE, LINE AND TWINE MANUFACTURER,**  
**SOUTH STREET, DORKING,**

Respectfully returns his most sincere thanks to his friends of Dorking, Reigate, Red Hill & places adjacent for the patronage he has received for this last 25 years, and assures them it will be his anxious endeavour by perseverance and moderate charges to merit their future support.

**FISHING NETS, SHEEP NETS,**  
**WAGON and RICK CLOTHS MADE TO ORDER.**  
**SACKS IN EVERY VARIETY.**  
**ADDRESS, SOUTH STREET, DORKING.**

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YOU SHOULD GO TO

**A. J. DULAKE'S**

Tea, Grocery, and Italian Warehouse,

STATION ROAD, RED HILL,

FOR

HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S

SUPERIOR

READING BISCUITS,

FRESH ONCE A WEEK

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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WILLIAM BEST,

Butcher,

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*Families supplied on the most reasonable terms.*

PICKLED AND DRIED HAMS, TONGUES, &c.

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JAMES REES & SON,

House and Estate Agents, Surveyors, &c.

STATION ROAD RED HILL,

SURREY.

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**W. SANDERS & SON,**  
**DRAPERS, SILK MERCERS, MILLINERS,**  
**&c.**

Beg respectfully to inform the Gentry and Inhabitants of RED HILL and its vicinity, and visitors to the Neighbourhood, that they have now completed their new Drapery Premises and Show Rooms, which will be found replete with novelties for the Season.

**MILLINERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION** made on the shortest notice.

**FUNERALS FURNISHED** on the most reasonable terms.

*Warwick House, Red Hill.*

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**W. SANDERS & SON,**  
**CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, &c.**

Scarfs, Cravats, Ties, Collars, Shirts, Shirt Fronts, Railway Rugs, Silk and Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs.

**BANDANNAS AND HOSIERY** of every description.

*Warwick House, Red Hill.*

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**W. SANDERS & SON,**  
**CARPET AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,**

Brussels, Tapestry, Felt, Kidderminster and other Carpets, Cocoa Matting, Hearth Rugs, Floor Cloths, &c.

*N. B. Carpets fitted to Rooms and made on the  
shortest notice.*

**WARWICK HOUSE, RED HILL.**

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**W. SANDERS & SON,**  
**FAMILY GROCERS, TEA-DEALERS,**  
**PROVISION MERCHANTS,**  
 AND  
**ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN,**  
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Agent for Huntley & Palmer's celebrated Reading Biscuits—Daries of Fresh Butter Daily—Fine York Hams and Wiltshire Bacon—Stilton, Cheshire, Cheddar and Other Cheese.

*Families waited on for orders.*

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**T. CLIFTON,**  
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**Pale Ale and Porter Brewer.**

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FAMILIES SUPPLIED WITH ALL KINDS OF PALE ALES AND PORTER AT THE  
 FOLLOWING PRICES :—

**BITTER ALE.**

|                                                              |    |             |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----|-------------|
| Light Table Ale in Casks of $4\frac{1}{2}$ —9 and 18-gallons | at | 1/ per gal. |
| Pale Bitter Ale in ditto                                     | at | 1/2 „       |

**MILD ALES.**

|                                                    |    |       |
|----------------------------------------------------|----|-------|
| X Ale in Casks of $4\frac{1}{2}$ —9 and 18-gallons | at | /7 „  |
| XX Ale in ditto ditto                              | at | 1/ „  |
| XXX Ale in ditto ditto                             | at | 1/6 „ |

**PORTER.**

|                                                     |    |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----|-------|
| Porter in Casks of $4\frac{1}{3}$ —9 and 18-gallons | at | 1/2 „ |
| Double Stout                                        | at | 1/6 „ |
| TrebleTable Extra Stout                             | at | 1/8 „ |

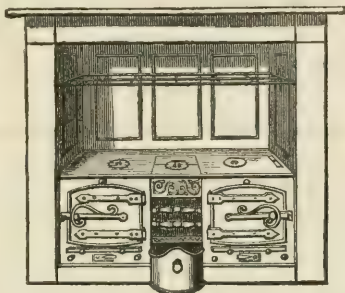
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ALL ORDERS BY POST PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

**THOMAS LANAWAY,**  
**Furnishing Ironmonger, Smith, Bell Hanger, Gas Fitter,**  
**MANUFACTURER OF STOVES, RANGES, &c.**  
**STATION ROAD, RED HILL.**

AGENT FOR  
**FLAVEL'S PRIZE KITCHEN RANGES,**

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RANGE.

**FURNISHING & GENERAL IRONMONGERY**

Will be found to comprise a variety of Articles of the best quality  
 at moderate prices.

Best Sheffield Electro Plate  
 Britannia Metal Goods  
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Copper, Iron & Tin Kitchen Requisites  
 Stoves, Ranges, Fenders and Fire Irons  
 Single and Double Guns  
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Garden Tools of every description.

Powder, Caps and Ammunition.

Wrought and Cut Nails

Carpenter's and other Tools of the best quality.

French Moderator and other Lamps.

*Builders and the Trade supplied at Wholesale Prices.*

T. L. Having had great experience in Bell-hanging and Gas Fittings, invites the attention of the Public to his Stock of Gas Chandiliers, Metres and Fittings, and all work entrusted to his care shall have the best attention and under his own superintendence.

**"THE FINEST FRENCH COLZA OIL"**

ORDERS BY POST PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.



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**MARY WILLETT,**  
*Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker,*  
**PASTRYCOOK & CONFECTIONER,**  
 CORN DEALER, &c.  
 STATION ROAD AND NEAR THE CHURCH,  
**REDHILL.**

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*Families supplied with genuine Home-made, Brown and Welsh Breads.*

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**MISS MORGAN,**  
 STATION ROAD, REDHILL.  
 FANCY REPOSITORY,  
**BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.**

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*A choice Selection of Fancy Work and Materials.*

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Materials for Embroidery and Berlin Work—Fancy Stationery—  
 Views of the Neighbourhood on Note Headings or for  
 Scraps.

**PERIODICALS REGULARLY SUPPLIED.**

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**Registry Office for Servants.**

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**WALTER RUSSELL,**  
*Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker, Confectioner,*  
*AND CORN DEALER,*  
 4 & 5, HIGH STREET & STATION ROAD, REDHILL.

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**ESTABLISHED 1851.**

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Families waited on daily with pure Home made and Welsh unfermented Bread.

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IRONMONGERY, TIN, CUTLERY, AND GENERAL  
HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENT.

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IMPORTANT TO ALL

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THE NEW PATENT  
PARAFFIN OIL LAMP

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W. ELMSLIE,  
FURNISHING IRONMONGER,

&c

HIGH STREET, RED HILL,



Begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of RED-HILL and adjoining Neighbourhoods, that he has been appointed by the PARAFFIN LIGHT COMPANY, their "SOLE AGENT FOR REDHILL AND REIGATE" for the above new Lamp.

THIS is unquestionably the Best and Cheapest Lamp that has yet been produced. It gives a light equal to Gas at a cost of a halfpenny to a penny per night according to the size of the Lamp.

Unlike the moderator, it is very simple in its construction, does not get out of order, requires little or no trimming, and *no winding up*. One wick will last for six months, although burning every night. It is suitable for Table, Hall, Chandelier, or Lobby Lamp.

For Economy, Cleanliness, Brilliancy of Light, and easy management it is unequalled by any Lamp at present in existence, and is decidedly the cheapest Oil Lamp in use. One Gallon of Paraffin Oil which costs 3s. 2d. will give more light than 22lb. of Spermacandle, which, at 1s. 3d. per lb. (the Retail price) cost 27s. 6d.

**OIL 3s. 2d. per Gallon.**

**WORKING-MAN'S LAMP, 1s. 6d. complete.**

**HANDSOME TABLE LAMPS, 5s., 10s., 20s. and upwards.**

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*Burners fitted to Candel, Camphine, Moderator, and other Lamps.*

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**W. Elmslie, High Street Warwick Town, Red Hill.**

NEAR THE JUNCTION RAILWAY STATION.

**FREDERICK BONNY,**  
**Tailor, Hatter and Hosier,**  
**STATION ROAD, REDHILL.**

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F. B. begs to acknowledge his grateful thanks to the Nobility and Gentry of the above Neighbourhood, for the favours he has hitherto received.

It having for a long time past been a source of complaint, that sufficient attention has not been paid to Liveries which constitute a branch of the Trade, possessing peculiar characteristics, and requiring more than ordinary care in their execution. F. B. has for a considerable period devoted a large portion of his time to this important subject, and flatters himself that his conception of uniforms for every description of servant, combined with superior workmanship, and moderation in charges, will ensure him a constant flow of the favours of those Gentry, who may honor him with their patronage.

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CONTRACTS TAKEN BY THE YEAR.

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LETTERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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**F. WALLIS,**  
**Plumber, Painter, & Glazier,**  
**HOUSE DECORATOR,**  
**PAPER HANGER & ZINC WORKER,**  
**STATION ROAD, REDHILL.**

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WRITING, GRAINING, GILDING, &c.

ENGINE PUMPS AND WATER CLOSETS FIXED AND REPAIRED.

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**JOHN ELMSLIE,**  
WHOLESALE AND  
**Family Grocer, Cheesemonger, &c.**  
**11, HIGH STREET, REDHILL**

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*Agent for the Surrey Standard and Sussex Express  
Newspaper.*

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THE  
**REDHILL**  
**LAND, INVESTMENT & BUILDING SOCIETY,**  
LIMITED.

CAPITAL £20,000 IN SHARES OF £50 EACH, TO BE PAID BY  
MONTHLY INSTALMENTS OF 8s. PER SHARE.

ENTRANCE FEE, 2s. 6d.

*Registered under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, 1856, by which each  
Shareholder's Liability is Limited to the amount of his Share.*

OFFICES: STATION ROAD, REDHILL,  
**Surrey.**

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*Profits equally divided among the Shareholders Annually.*

**ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,**  
**Nurseryman, Florist & Seedsman,**  
**BOX-HILL NURSERY, LONDON ROAD,**

( *Established 1800* ),

ADJOINING THE BOX-HILL STATION ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

BOUQUETS SUPPLIED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

**MR. E. J. R. RUSSELL,**

ORGANIST TO ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, DORKING,

AND

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,  
 EAST STREET, DORKING.

*Pianofortes, Organs, &c. Tuned, Repaired, Bought, Sold or  
 Let on Hire.*

Attends Reigate and Red-Hill every Wednesday.

DORKING, SURREY.

**ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES**

**Mrs. & Miss RUSSELL,**

*Receive a Limited number of Young Ladies as Resident  
 Pupils.*

TERMS

30 *Guineas per Annum.*

*Washing 4 Guineas per Annum extra.*

References permitted to the Rev. W. H. Joyce, M. A. Vicar of Dorking.











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